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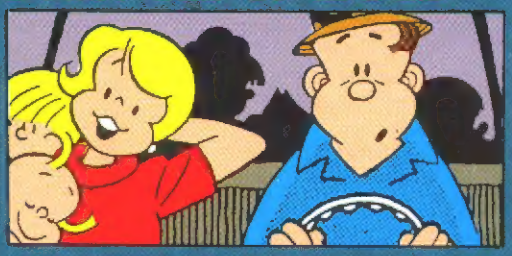
the classic comics library

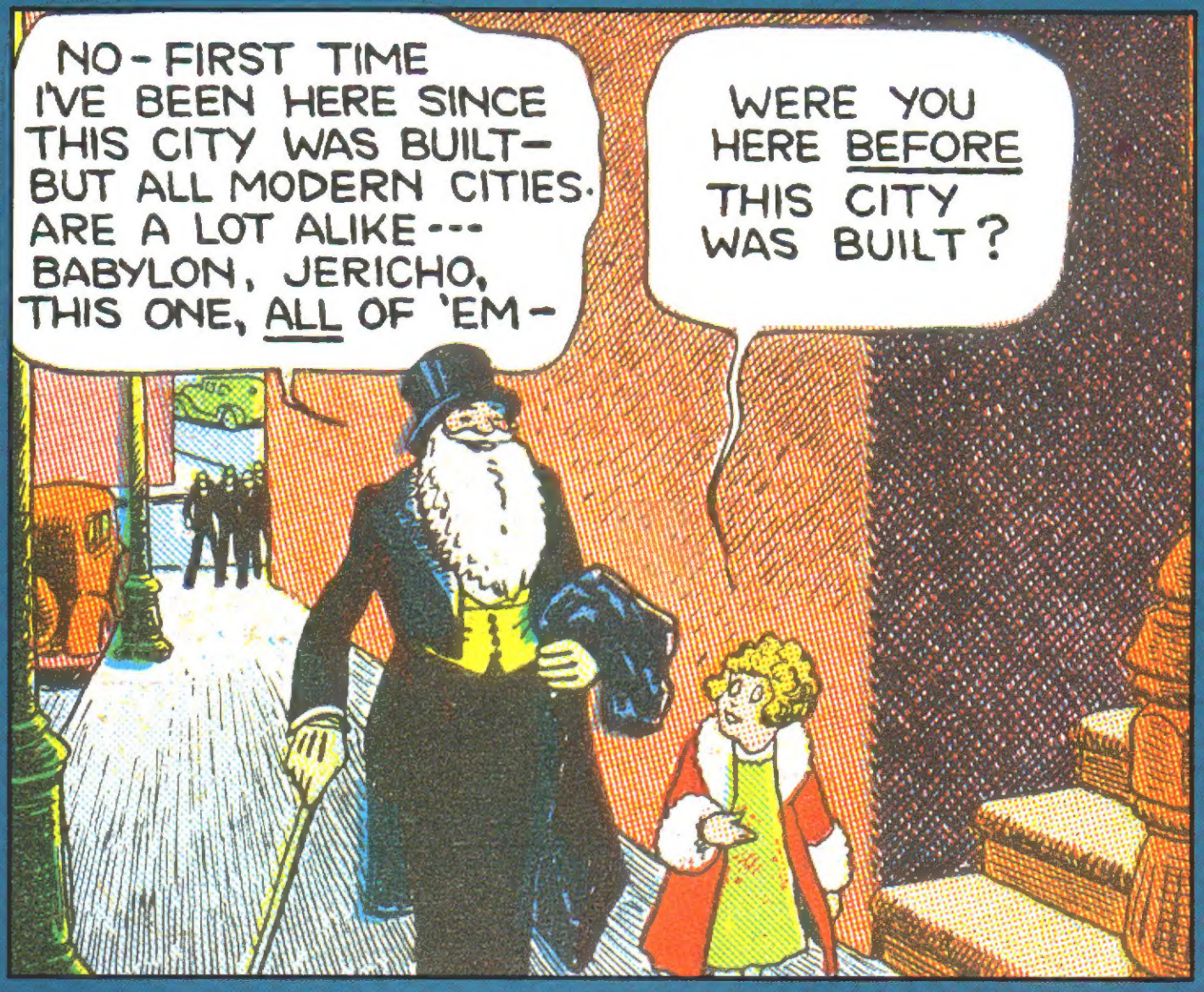
Plus: HI & LOIS



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

And The Man Who Lived A Billion Years

A Complete Episode From 1937


NO - FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN HERE SINCE THIS CITY WAS BUILT— BUT ALL MODERN CITIES ARE A LOT ALIKE --- BABYLON, JERICHO, THIS ONE, ALL OF 'EM—
WERE YOU HERE BEFORE THIS CITY WAS BUILT?

Fontaine Fox And The Toonerville Trolley

A Personal Reminiscence

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E-E-EH? IT IS THE ASP!
YES - IT IS, INDEED, THE ASP - - SOMETIMES ALSO CALLED, IN MY COUNTRY, "THE GRIM REAPER" - DEPART QUICKLY, LEST YOUR SPIRITS TAKE WINGS AND LEAVE YOU TWITCHING IN THE ROAD -

No. 23 **December 1986**

The Am That Was

An astounding episode from Little Orphan Annie's exploits of the mid-1930s, when her adventures were as fantasy-tinged as they were reality-laden. You'll meet Annie and Sandy; "Daddy" and the murderous Boris Sirob; The Asp and Punjab; and one of the comics' most amazing creations, the eternal Mr. Am. Previewing a major reprint series from The NEMO Bookshelf..... 5

Hi and Lois's Family Album

A quiet comic masterpiece, now more than 30 years old, has been *Hi and Lois* by Mort Walker and Dik Browne. Brian Walker offers some reflections and introduces a portfolio of vintage strips from the first dailies to nostalgic Sundays to picturesque continuities, in this *NEMO* exclusive..... 33

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Toonerville Folks, with its famous Trolley and dozens of distinctive characters, was one of America's favorite comics for decades. Creator Fontaine Fox's longtime assistant, Arthur Clark, wrote a memoir of the feature and Fox's studio, printed here for the first time. Also: Rare early drawings and a portfolio of memorable panels and pages of this classic..... 46

The Strip of Mr. Sam

Be the first reader to name all the classic comic characters in the heading-piece to the *Sam's Strip* section and win a free one-year's subscription to *NEMO*. Honest!..... 64

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Cover by Harold Gray. Hi and Lois illustration on cover © 1986 King Features Syndicate.

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Although some of the earlier issues of **NEMO: The Classic Comics Library** are sold out, we can still offer the discriminating comics connoisseur a superb collection of most issues of the finest magazine devoted to classic comics:

1 *BACK IN STOCK!* Featuring a vintage *Terry and the Pirates* sequence, revelations on George Herriman's early career, Cliff Sterrett's *Polly*, an interview with Dik Browne, and more.

2 Exclusive material on the birth of *Superman*, including the never-before-seen original Siegel/Shuster fanzine version. Also: *Terry and the Pirates* concludes, Fred Harman, Art Young.

7 Special Carl Barks issue, with six pages of full-color Barks work! Also, an interview with the Duck Man; rare animation art; Clare Briggs, *Smilin' Jack*, Floyd Gottfredson talks, more.

8 All-*Little Orphan Annie* issue, including a complete reprint of a 1929 tale, an analysis of the series by Donald Phelps, and a biography of Harold Gray. Full-color Annie cover by Gray.

9 *BACK IN STOCK!* Hal Foster interviewed, with a humorous Foster cover. Plus, an interview with animator Joe Barbera, George McManus's *Nibsy the Newsboy*, and more.

10 Christmas issue, with a portfolio of cartoonists' Christmas cards. Also, Gustave Verbeek's *Upside-Downs*, Mell (*Miss Peach*) Lazarus interviewed, Ray Ewer, and *Mutt and Jeff*!

11 *Sam's Strip*, by Walker and Browne, premieres; "Dwig's" cartoons; giant Charles Dana Gibson portfolio; James Montgomery Flagg remembered; and the forgotten antics of *Slim Jim*.

12 The cartoonists who fought World War II; Frank King's most fantastic strip; Jack Williamson and Lee Elias's *Beyond Mars* SF strip; and penwoman Rose O'Neill.

13 Big half-year sequence from Will Gould's classic, violent *Red Barry*; *Major Hoople*; a look back at classic cartoonist TAD; and another installment of *Sam's Strip*.

15 A long sequence from Milton Caniff's *Dickie Dare* reprinted; *Tim Tyler's Luck*; *Hairbreadth Harry* continues; an extra-long "European Heroes" installment; plus reviews and letters.

16 A retrospective of the comic-strip adaptations of *Huckleberry Finn*; George Herriman's pre-Kat strip, *Baron Bean*; *Hairbreadth Harry* concludes; the art of Joseph Clement Coll.

17 Special all-*Dick Tracy* issue, including a complete reprint of the brutal "Brow" sequence, a rare interview, and an in-depth study of Tracy by Donald Phelps. Extra pages!

18 *Li'l Abner's* Al Capp is featured, with his final interview, a hilarious speech, and the complete 1955 "Bald Iggie" sequence. Also, the graphic art of Winsor McCay, and *Sam's Strip*.

19 A classic episode of *Kerry Drake*, Andriola's detective strip; with *Big Chief Wahoo* in Hollywood; the political art of Frank King; and Penman of the Past Russell Patterson.

20 Gustave Verbeek's classic *Terrors of the Tiny Tads*; R.B. Fuller's adventurous *Oaky Doaks*; *Sam's Strip*; letters; and an special pictorial spread on strip promotion art. Cover by Alex Raymond.

21 A big helping of Jack Kent's classic *King Aroo*; a look at Percy Crosby's paintings of slum kids; and a complete '40s episode of Harold Gray's little-known Western series, *Little Joe*.

22 A special collection of features on Jimmy Swinnerton, including a portfolio of rare work; plus *Joe Palooka*, the cartoons of John Held, Jr., and political cartoonists and the labor disputes.

23 A complete episode of *Little Orphan Annie* from 1937; a look back at *Hi and Lois*; Fontaine Fox's assistant talks about working on *Toonerville Trolley*; and more great *Sam's Strip*.

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The Ageless Golden Age Of LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

In many books about comics history, the adventure comic is recorded as beginning in 1929, on the first week of January, when *Tarzan* and *Buck Rogers* made their debuts on the same day. But there was a wealth of drama, melodrama, action and adventure in the comics for years before 1929. Roy Crane filled *Wash Tubbs* with excitement and suspense, and (as documented in *Nemo* #4) George Storm infused *Phil Hardy* and *Bobby Thatcher* with mystery and violent action.

Possibly the most forthright pioneer of serious themes in the "funnies" was Harold Gray. He had on-the-job training in comic-strip continuity techniques as assistant to Sidney Smith on *The Gumps* in the early 1920s; the strip routinely alternated between vaudeville-style comedy patter and melodrama. *Annie*, too, aimed at humor in self-contained Sunday pages, but some of the color pages and virtually all of the dailies dealt in sterner stuff—two-fisted endings, sentiment and sentimentality, moralizing and cliff-hangers.

And Harold Gray didn't let the dust settle on him, either. In seeming contradiction to its stolid appearance, *Little Orphan Annie* was a strip of amazing vitality and resiliency. When the Depression hit, Gray's personal philosophy, always so close to the surface and worn on Gray's ink-stained sleeve, was merely reinforced. But he responded to the Depression's effects by simultaneously making the strip grimmer and more hopeful—no easy feat, but one that evoked intense affection and loyalty on the part of millions of readers.

Gray also responded to trends in comics and other popular arts in the Golden Age of the 1930s by infusing fantasy into his otherwise hyper-realistic world. For years "Daddy" Warbucks's wealth represented respite, contrasts, and, most of all, a wonderful plot device; but in the 1930s it took on mythic connotations. The new characters Punjab and the Asp had superhuman, magical powers that freed Annie from *always* being reduced to nothing but her own wits when problems beset her.

But the most fantastic character in Gray's cast—perhaps in all of comics history—is the wonderful Mr. Am. He was a man (or at least he resembled a mortal) who had lived thousands of years, possessed superior wisdom, and had seen dozens of civilizations—not just our own, Western-type civilizations, but epochs of recorded history—rise and fall.

Am has been described as Gray's alter ego, or as a Santa Claus figure, but to this writer it is clear that Gray meant to represent the Deity Himself. One of the Pentateuch's revealed names for God is "The Great I Am," and when Jesus Christ asserted his Divinity, he stated, "Before Abraham was, I am." Gray's ego—alter or otherwise—may have taken liberties in ascribing individualized views to Am about slavery and justice . . . but even these practices point to Gray's audacious creativity and creative audacity.

The following episode, from 1937, is possibly the brightest moment among the fantasy side-trips upon which Harold Gray set Annie. It is a comparatively brief, self-contained sequence, without the many sub-plots (and corresponding greater length) that were hallmarks of *Little Orphan Annie*. It features all the main characters of the strip ("Daddy" Warbucks was absent at least half the time throughout the strip's run), and presents one of Gray's most murderous of villains, Boris Sirob. There is suspense and violence aplenty, but also fantasy and magic.

Harold Gray wrote other sorts of stories, with Annie in very different settings, most of those stories equaling this episode's high quality. That quality—and Gray's virtuosity—will soon be available to all comics fans via *The Nemo Bookshelf*'s reprint series of the *Little Orphan Annie* strip, a project that will extend to several dozen volumes. But for the moment enjoy one of the greatest stories of one of the greatest strips in comics history.

—Rick Marschall

PREVIEWING A MAJOR NEW BOOK SERIES

Little Orphan Annie sequence (3-14-37 to 6-13-37) from Special Collections, Mugar Memorial Library, Boston University.

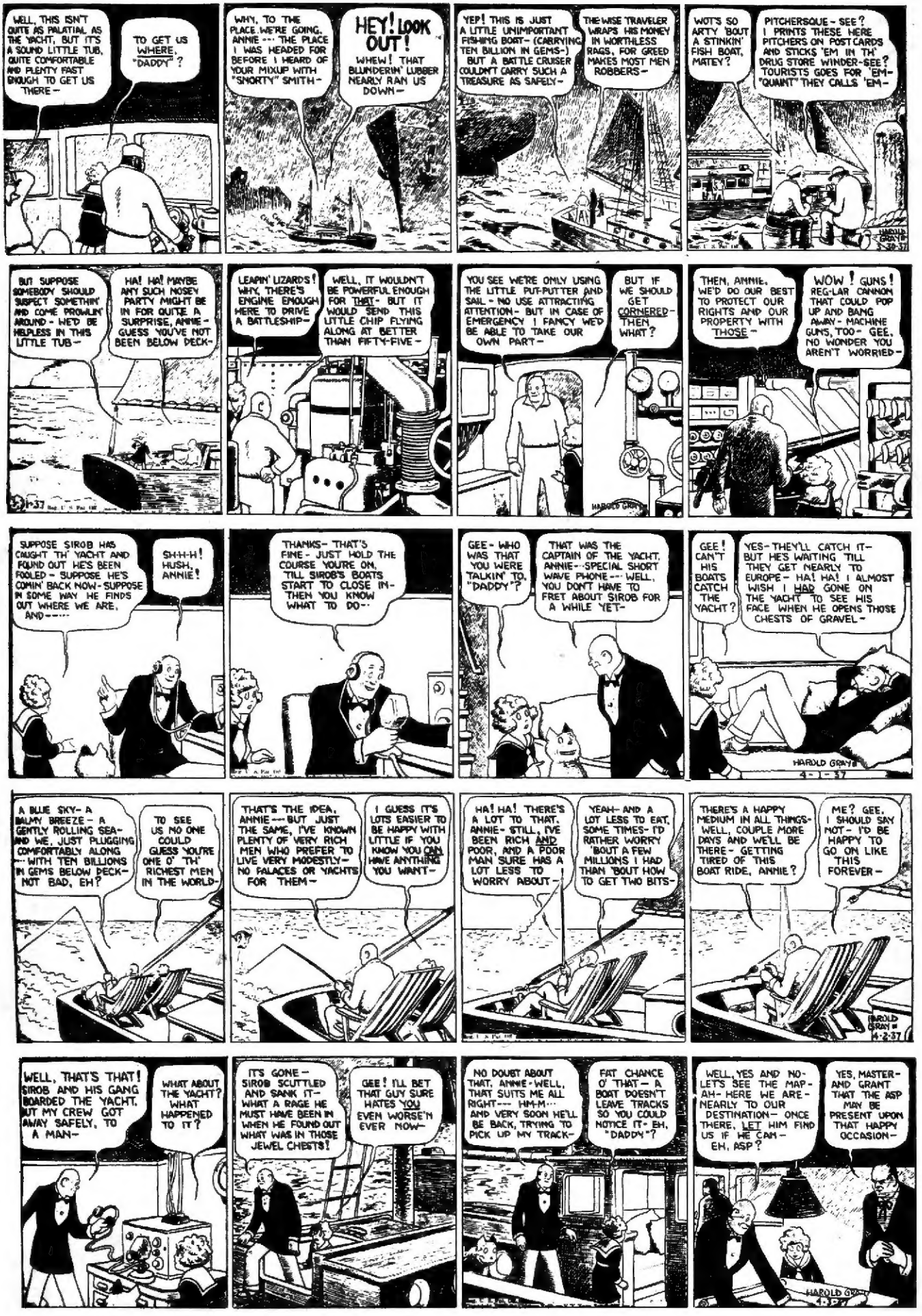
Little Orphan Annie
LEAPIN' LIZARDS!
ARE THEY REAL DIMONDS AN' EMRALDS AN' RUBIES?
YES ANNIE - RATHER PRETTY, DON'T YOU THINK?
OH, THEYRE BEE-U-TIFUL! WHY, THEY MUST BE WORTH MILLIONS!-
BILLIONS, RATHER THAN MILLIONS - TEN BILLIONS, AT THE LEAST - MAYBE MANY TIMES THAT MUCH -
BUT I NEVER EVEN DREAMED THERE COULD BE SO MUCH TREASURE -
ONLY A FEW OTHER PEOPLE KNOW ABOUT THIS, ANNIE -
BUT AREN'T YOU SCARED O' ROBBERS? SUPPOSE TH NEWS O' THIS GOT AROUND - YOU WOULDN'T BE SAFE A SECOND -
OH, BORIS SIROB AND A FEW OTHERS WOULD BE GLAD TO SLIT MY THROAT FOR THESE BAUBLES--- IF THEY COULD CATCH ME OFF GUARD -
BUT ANYONE WHO WOULD HAVE GREAT POWER AND RICHES MUST NEVER FEAR TO FACE ANY DANGER--- AS TO SAFETY NO AMOUNT OF WEALTH CAN PURCHASE COMPLETE SECURITY, EVER -
BUT GEE WHISKERS! THINK O' TH FUN YOU COULD HAVE WITH ALL THAT WEALTH!
HOW? BY GIVING TO HELP OTHERS? IT'S AN OLD TRUTH THAT WE CAN GET PLEASURE BY GIVING ONLY WHEN GIVING CAUSES US SOME SACRIFICE -
LIBERAL GIVING BRINGS HAPPINESS TO OTHERS--- IT MAY WARM MY VANITY, BUT IT BRINGS ME LITTLE PLEASURE--- NO, ANNIE - NO AMOUNT OF WEALTH CAN BUY HAPPINESS -
MAYBE NOT- BUT WEALTH CAN BUY SWELL CARS AND PALACES WITH SERVANTS, AND FUR COATS AND TRAVEL---
WEALTH MAY NOT BUY HAPPINESS, BUT IT SURE CAN BUY A SWELL YACHT FOR YUH TO USE IN GOIN' TO LOOK FOR HAPPINESS -
HA! HA! RIGHT YOU ARE, ANNIE---- EH ---WHAT IS IT?
I HAVE UNPLEASANT TIDINGS, MASTER - BORIS SIROB AND TWO COMPANIONS ARE NOW STARING AT THIS HOUSE FROM THE SHADOWS ACROSS THE STREET -
TRACKED US TEN THOUSAND MILES, EH? HOPE HE HAD A PLEASANT TRIP--- THAT'S ALL HELL GET FOR HIS TROUBLE--- JUST THE TRIP!
THE WEALTH TO BUY AN EMPIRE--- BUT NOT HAPPINESS OR SECURITY— THE WEALTH TO RANSOM A NATION'S POOR AND BEATEN SLAVES OF FATE--- OR TEMPT THE MOST CUNNING, POWERFUL AND RUTHLESS OUTLAWS IN THE WORLD---
SEE, BORIS - THE HOUSE OF THE DOG, WARBUCKS -
AND HE HAS THE TREASURE WITH HIM -
WE STRUCK IN MANDALAY--- AND MISSED - AGAIN IN SINGAPORE WE STRUCK--- AND MISSED AGAIN - THIS TIME WE SHALL NOT MISS!
U. S. Pat. Off.
ight, 1937, by Chicago Tribune-N. Y. News Syndicate, Inc.
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! TEN BILLION DOLLARS WORTH O' JEWELS!
YEP - QUITE A FORTUNE - MORE THAN ANY ONE MAN SHOULD HAVE, AS THOSE WITH LITTLE SAY OF THOSE WHO HAVE A LOT ---- TILL THEY TOO HAPPEN TO GET A LOT -
GEE WHIZ, DADDY! I SAW IN A PAPER 'BOUT TH' RICHEST RULER IN TH' WORLD, SOME GUY IN INDIA, AND HE HAD ONLY THREE OR FOUR BILLION IN GEMS -
SURE - BUT I'M NOT A RULER - JUST A BUSINESS MAN - BUT I WILL ADMIT MY BUSINESS HAS BEEN PRETTY GOOD LATELY -
BUT SUCH AN AWFUL LOT OF EM'RALDS AND RUBIES AN' DI'MONDS AND PEARLS--- HOW DID YOU GET SO MANY?
HA! HA! HARD WORK AND INDUSTRY - OH, I CAME BY THEM HONESTLY - THERE WAS A LITTLE ARGUMENT - HAD A FIGHT OR TWO---
CHAP NAMED BORIS SIROB HAD AN IDEA HE COULD TAKE THEM AWAY FROM ME - I FOUND THEM WHERE THEY'D BEEN HIDDEN FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS - I HAVE THEM AND I INTEND TO KEEP THEM -
HAROLD GRAY
3-15-37

SEE, MASTER? BORIS SIROB AND TWO COMPANIONS- THIS HOUSE IS BEING WATCHED FROM EVERY SIDE-
QUITE AN ENTERPRISING CHAP, BORIS - HE'S COME A LONG WAY TO LOOK FOR TROUBLE -
THE DOG, WARBUCKS - SEE HIM STARING FROM THE WINDOW?
THE ASP IS POINTING TO US - WE ARE SEEN-
LET THEM SEE US- THIS TIME WE HAVE WARBUCKS CORNERED-
IN MANDALAY TOO WE HAD HIM "CORNERED"-
YES- AND IN SINGAPORE WE TRAPPED HIM-
BAH! TWICE PERHAPS DOES BORIS SIROB STRIKE AND MISS - BUT NOT THE THIRD TIME - TEN BILLION DOLLARS!
TEN THOUSAND MILES - QUITE A TRIP TO TAKE FOR NOTHING - NICE TRACKING AT THAT - I ALWAYS SAID BORIS WAS MORE THAN HALF BLOOD-HOUND -
BLOOD, YES - BUT NOT THE WARM BLOOD OF THE GENTLE HOUND - RATHER THE COLD BLOOD OF THE COBRA-
HAROLD GRAY 3-16-37
WHO IS THIS GUY, BORIS SIROB? IS HE A GANGSTER, LIKE "SNORTY" SMITH?
HM-M--- HARDLY - TRUE, HE HAS A GANG, ALL RIGHT - HIS MEN OPERATE ALL OVER THE WORLD, HOWEVER - NOT JUST IN ONE CITY-
"SNORTY" WAS JUST A BUSH LEAGUER COMPARED TO BORIS - SIROB'S BOYS ARE THE WORST ROBBERS AND MURDERERS ON EARTH - THAT TAKES IN A LOT OF TERRITORY -
HE HAS HIS TIE-UP WITH POLITICS — WORLD POLITICS - A CROOKED PREMIER OR TWO - A FEW WAR LORDS - HE'S SMOOTH AND MOST EFFICIENT - OH, I RESPECT BORIS A LOT - HE'S PLENTY DANGEROUS -
B-BUT, "DADDY" - IF YOU DON'T DO SOMETHING HE'LL GET YOU - ISN'T THERE SOME WAY YOU CAN FOOL HIM AND GET AWAY?
MY THOUGHT EXACTLY, ANNIE - YOU SEE I HAVE FOOLED BORIS A COUPLE OF TIMES - PERHAPS--- WHO KNOWS--- WE MIGHT FOOL HIM AGAIN-
HAROLD GRAY 3-17-37
TWICE THE MASTER HAS OUTWITTED THE EVIL ONE - SIROB'S WITS HAVE BEEN SHARPENED BY FAILURE - THIS TIME HIS STRIKE WILL BE SWIFT AND SURE-
YES - IF HE GETS A CHANCE TO STRIKE - WE'RE SAFE HERE - HE'S SMART - HE'LL WAIT FOR ME TO MOVE FIRST-
THE LAST TIME I GOT AWAY CLEAN WITH THE JEWELS - I HAD IT ALL PLANNED - HE NEVER WOULD HAVE CAUGHT UP TILL THESE GEMS WERE SAFELY DISPOSED OF - BUT I PAUSED ---.
YOU PAUSED TO RESCUE THE CHILD, ANNIE - IT IS THAT SOFTNESS IN THE MASTER'S CHARACTER WHICH DRAWS THE ASP AS A GIANT MAGNET DRAWS A PIN -
"SOFTNESS"! WHERE DO YOU GET THAT STUFF? WHAT'S ANY SUM OF MONEY COMPARED TO THAT CHILD'S SAFETY?
EXACTLY, MY MASTER - WOULD IT NOT BE WELL TO WARN HER FULLY OF SIROB AND HER PERSONAL DANGER?
KIDNAP FOR RANSOM, EH? NO! NOT A CHANCE - SHE'LL NOT LEAVE THE HOUSE AND I DON'T WANT HER FRIGHTENED-
HAROLD GRAY 3-18-37
BUT HE HAS THE TREASURE IN HIS HOUSE-
ONE BOLD STROKE - WHY DELAY?
NO! DOES ONE LASH BLINDLY AT A DEADLY SERPENT? NO! WAIT! WATCH! LET HIM STRIKE FIRST - THEN, WHEN HE IS EXPOSED AND HELPLESS, WE STRIKE -
BUT, MASTER - UNLESS THE CHILD IS WARNED OF THE PERIL - TOLD THE TRUTH - SHE MAY STRAY---
NO, ASP - I WON'T HAVE IT - SHE'S ONLY A CHILD - OF COURSE, SHE'S NO MOLLY-CODDLE - SHE'S KNOWN REAL DANGER BEFORE -
BUT I'LL NOT HAVE HER FRIGHTENED NEEDLESSLY - AS TO HER STRAYING, I'VE ASKED HER TO STAY IN THE HOUSE--- YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANNIE -
YES, MASTER - AS YOU WILL -
SHUX! IT'S AWFUL DOG-GONED STUFFY IN HERE - I DON'T SEE ANYBODY WATCHIN' TH' HOUSE - WHAT HARM COULD THERE BE IN JUST A LITTLE WALK 'ROUND TH' BLOCK?
HAROLD GRAY 3-19-37
HUH! TH' WAY "DADDY" TALKS YUH'D THINK THIS WAS AN OLD FORT WITH NOTHIN' OUTSIDE BUT WILD INDIANS WAITIN' TO SCALP ME -
3-20-37
HE'S BUSY - HE WON'T EVER KNOW WE'VE BEEN OUT - HE DIDN'T TELL ME NOT TO GO — THERE'S A COP ON EVERY CORNER ·····ULP···OH!
AH - I TAKE IT THE LITTLE ONE DOES NOT REALIZE THAT THE WEATHER IS MOST INCLEMENT-
TH' WEATHER? WHY, TH' SUN IS BLAZIN' - IT'S JUST LIKE SUMMER OUTSIDE -
YES? PERHAPS THE OUTSIDE WOULD PROVE TO BE EVEN WARMER THAN YOU IMAGINE - THE HOTTEST OF ALL PLACES, IN FACT--AH- MAY I TAKE YOUR COAT-
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! THAT GUY POPS RIGHT OUT OF TH' GROUND. HOW'D HE KNOW I FIGGERED ON TAKIN' A WALK? HE'S TOO DOG-GONED OFFICIOUS, IF YUH ASK ME -
HAROLD GRAY

Little Orphan Annie
SHH-H – HURRY, SANDY – THIS IS OUR CHANCE –
'DADDY'S' BUSY – AND TH' ASP WASN'T LOOKIN' – GEE, IT'S SURE GREAT TO GET OUT DOORS AND GET A BREATH O' FRESH AIR – ANOTHER DAY IN THAT OLD HOUSE AND I'D GET TH' JITTERS –
HUH! TO HEAR 'DADDY' WARN ME YUH'D THINK WE WERE LIVIN' IN A JUNGLE, FULL O' SAVAGES – WHAT DANGER COULD THERE BE HERE IN TH' PARK? ANYWAY, WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW WON'T WORRY HIM – EH, SANDY?
ARF!
LOOK, BORIS! IT IS THE CHILD – IT CAN BE NO OTHER WITH THAT DOG –
IS THAT PIG, WARBUCKS, SUCH A FOOL? BUT NO – IT IS OUR LUCKY FATE – QUICK! FOR THE MOMENT NO ONE OBSERVES – STOP THE CAR!
AH-H-H – WITH HER IN OUR GRASP, ZE GREAT WARBUCKS WILL BE AS SAMSON AFTER ZE HAIRCUT, EH?
THERE MUST BE NO OUTCRY – QUICK! SEIZE HER!
ER... WHO? WHAT? WHY I KNOW YOU!!! YOU'RE BORIS SIROB!
E-E-EH? IT IS THE ASP!
YES – IT IS INDEED, THE ASP – SOMETIMES ALSO CALLED, IN MY COUNTRY, THE GRIM REAPER – DEPART QUICKLY, LEST YOUR SPIRITS TAKE WINGS AND LEAVE YOU TWITCHING IN THE ROAD –
A STRANGE LAND, WHERE IT IS A CRIME TO BLOT OUT SUCH ONES – PERHAPS SOME HAPPY DAY WE SHALL MEET AGAIN – IN MY COUNTRY – ---- BUT COME – WE MUST HASTEN TO THE MASTER –
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! I DIDN'T KNOW---
– AND THEN THEY DROVE RAPIDLY AWAY AND WE HURRIED HERE –
GREAT SCOTT! BORIS SIROB! THAT MURDEROUS DEMON! TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAVE ---
OH, ANNIE! ANNIE! HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING? YOU KNEW I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO LEAVE THE HOUSE ----
HONEST, DADDY – I HAD NO IDEA IT WAS REALLY DANGEROUS –
YOU SAVED HER LIFE – OF COURSE, IT WAS ALL MY FAULT – I SHOULD HAVE EXPLAINED IT ALL TO HER MORE CLEARLY – BUT THIS SETTLES IT – WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE AT ONCE –
THIS HOUSE IS WATCHED EVERY SECOND – WE GAVE BORIS THE SLIP ONCE AND WE'RE WELL ON OUR WAY TO A SAFE PLACE – WE PAUSED HERE TOO LONG – NOW WE'VE GOT TO OUTWIT HIM AGAIN – LOSING HIM THIS TIME WILL BE MORE DIFFICULT ---
VIOLENCE AND DEATH WALK EVER AT THE SHOULDER OF THE TEMPORARY POSSESSOR OF SUCH TREASURE
"TEMPORARY POSSESSOR"! EH? I PLAY FOR KEEPS AND THERE'LL BE NO MORE BLOOD SPILLED OVER THOSE BAUBLES, IF I CAN HELP IT –
HAROLD GRAY • 5-21-37
YESTERDAY, ANNIE SLIPPED OUT FOR A STROLL IN THE PARK --- BUT FOR THE ASP, SHE WOULD HAVE FALLEN INTO THE CLUTCHES OF THE MONSTER, BORIS SIROB, AND HIS MURDEROUS BAND –
GEE, "DADDY" – I NEVER WAS SO SCARED IN ALL MY LIFE –
YOU HAD A RIGHT TO BE SCARED – THAT WAS A MIGHTY NARROW ESCAPE –
YOU TOLD ME I'D BETTER STAY IN TH' HOUSE – BUT I HAD NO IDEA THAT GOIN' OUT DOORS COULD REALLY BE SO DANGEROUS –
WELL, SIROB DIDN'T GET YOU – YOU'RE SAFE – AND YOU'LL KNOW BETTER NEXT TIME –
BUT ONE THING I CAN'T FIGGER IS HOW THE ASP KNEW WHERE I'D GONE – HE SURE POPPED UP JUST WHEN HE WAS NEEDED MOST –
WELL, IT'S USELESS TO TRY TO ACCOUNT FOR THE ASP – BUT HE'S USUALLY JOHNNIE ON THE SPOT –
AND AFTER WHAT YOU SAW OF HIS EFFICIENCY YESTERDAY I THINK YOU'LL AGREE HE'S A VERY COMPETENT JOHNNIE – EH, ANNIE?
WHEW! I'LL SAY HE'S COMPETENT, AND THEN SOME –
HAROLD GRAY • 3-22-37

SIROB'S MEN ON EVERY SIDE - IT'S TOO DANGEROUS AROUND HERE, AT LEAST FOR ANNIE - WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE-
BUT WHERE CAN WE GO, "DADDY"? WHERE ON EARTH CAN WE HOPE TO HIDE FROM MEN LIKE THAT?
OH, THAT'S EASY ENOUGH - I HAVE A PLACE IN MIND WHERE THEY WOULDN'T BE LIABLE TO LOOK FOR US FOR YEARS-
THAT'S SWELL- BUT HOW ARE WE GOIN' TO GET TO THIS HIDE-OUT?
AH- THAT'S THE HARD PART TO FIGURE OUT- HOW CAN WE GIVE SIROB THE SLIP?
I ONLY HAD ONE GOOD LOOK AT BORIS SIROB BUT HE LOOKED TO ME LIKE AN AWFUL TOUGH GUY TO FOOL -
YES- HE IS - BUT WHAT'S BEEN DONE TWICE BEFORE MAY BE DONE AGAIN- EH, ASP?
SOON THE ASP WILL HAVE A PLAN TO LAY BEFORE THE MASTER -
HAROLD GRAY 3-23-37
WHAT DO YOU GUESS THE ASP'S PLAN WILL BE, "DADDY"?
LONG AGO I QUIT TRYING TO READ THE ASP'S MIND - BUT WHATEVER HIS IDEA IS, I'LL BET IT WILL BE GOOD -
GEE, IT'LL HAVE TO BE GOOD - DIDN'T YOU SAY BORIS SIROB IS THE SMARTEST CROOK IN THE WORLD?
YES, ANNIE - AND THE MOST DANGEROUS- BUT I'VE ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT HONEST PEOPLE ARE SMARTER AND CAN BE MORE DANGEROUS THAN ANY CROOK -
LET THE DOG, WARBUCKS, MAKE THE FIRST MOVE - WHICHEVER WAY HE JUMPS HE CAN NOT FAIL TO FALL INTO OUR HANDS - HIS EVERY PATH OF ESCAPE IS BLOCKED, BUT ONE-
SOON HE WILL ATTEMPT TO TAKE THAT PATH--- TO HIS YACHT! LET HIM GO WITH THE JEWELS - WE HAVE FASTER BOATS - MORE MEN - BETTER ARMS -- ONCE ON HIS YACHT AND AT SEA, HE WILL BE IN OUR POWER---THE TREASURE OURS!
HAROLD GRAY 3-24-37
FOLLOW MY ORDERS - LET HIM GAIN THE YACHT --- FAR FROM SHORE, WHO IS THERE TO SEE OR INTERFERE? YOU FOOLS WOULD STRIKE NOW, EH?
BUT HE HAS THE TREASURE IN HIS HOUSE-
IT WOULD BE A SIMPLE THING- ONE QUICK, BOLD STROKE----
STOP! SUPPOSE WE KILLED THE DOG, WARBUCKS- CONSIDER THE TUMULT- POLICE WOULD RUSH IN- QUICK ESCAPE FOILED - OUR IDENTITY DISCOVERED - THE TREASURE LOST TO US FOREVER --- NO- WE SHALL WAIT AND BE SAFE --- AND SURE!
NO- THE POLICE WOULD BE JUST THE BOYS TO CALL IN TO GUARD MY WATCH, OR IF IT WERE ONLY A MATTER OF A MILLION OR SO - BUT TEN BILLION IN GEMS!
IT'S TOO BIG - TOO MANY NOSEY QUESTIONS - TOO MUCH TURMOIL, RED TAPE, PUBLICITY - OF COURSE, MOST PEOPLE ARE HONEST--BUT THEY DO SAY EVERY PERSON HAS A PRICE - AND TEN BILLION DOLLARS! WHY, IT'S ENOUGH TO WRECK THE PUBLIC HONESTY OF A NATION -
HAROLD GRAY 3-25-37
BOY, OH BOY! YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, ASP - YES, I BELIEVE IT WILL WORK -
IT IS A VERY SIMPLE PLAN, MASTER - FOR THAT REASON, PERHAPS, SIROB WILL NOT SUSPECT, TILL TOO LATE -
YES - THE MORE I THINK OF IT THE BETTER I LIKE IT - WHAT CAN HE BE WAITING FOR, EXCEPT FOR ME TO MAKE A DASH FOR THE YACHT?
HE HAS TWO FAST BOATS LYING IN WAIT- THEY CARRY MANY MEN AND MUCH ARMS AND AMMUNITION -
FAST BOATS, EH? THE YACHT IS NO SCOW, WHEN IT COMES TO SPEED - HIS BOATS WON'T OVERHAUL THE YACHT SO EASILY, ONCE IT GETS UNDER WAY -
ONE MORE POINT, MASTER - SHALL I ARRANGE FOR SIROB TO HEAR BY CHANCE OF OUR PLAN TO BOARD THE YACHT?
SPLENDID! THAT WILL BE CERTAIN TO HOLD HIS ATTENTION WHERE WE WANT IT - HAVE YOU THE BAGS OF GRAVEL? COME - LET'S GET TO WORK -
HERE, MASTER, ARE THE BAGS - AND I HAVE A MAN SELECTED OF THE PROPER BUILD AND CARRIAGE TO PLAY HIS PART -
HAROLD GRAY 3-26-37
SEE? MY STRATEGY SUCCEEDS! THE TRAPPED ONE WOULD ESCAPE HIS CAGE - HE RUSHES THROUGH THE PREPARED OPENING ----- TO HIS DESTRUCTION -
A TIP FROM AN INFALLIBLE SOURCE - TOMORROW, WARBUCKS PLANS TO DASH ABOARD HIS YACHT WITH THE TREASURE --- WE WILL WATCH CLOSELY FOR A TRICK, BUT HE WILL NOT SEE US - HE WILL THINK HE IS SAFE - HA! HA! HA! WAS I NOT RIGHT?
WELL, ALL SET - EH, ASP? THE JEWEL CHESTS - SIROB KNOWS THEM WELL - AND HERE THE LOWLY GRAVEL BAGS --- AH, YES - AND LET ME SEE THAT CHAP YOU'VE BEEN REHEARSING -
THIS WIN, MASTER - IN THIS ONE THE STAGE LOST A GREAT GENIUS -
DOG-GONE IT - I FEEL JITTERY - SOMETHIN' BIG IS POPPIN' RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE, BUT NOBODY'LL TELL ME A THING - GEE! I SURE HOPE "DADDY" ISN'T TRYIN' ANYTHING TOO RISKY -
3-27-37

Little Orphan Annie
HEY, "DADDY"! WAIT FOR ME!!!
OH! I THOUGHT---- THAT IS---
BY CLOSE INSPECTION, LITTLE MISSIE WILL DISCOVER THIS ONE IS NOT "DADDY"- SO SORRY - MUST GO NOW-
HERE, ANNIE - WHAT'S THIS? I'VE HEARD IT SAID, "CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN" - BUT I NEVER THOUGHT---
O-OH, "DADDY"- THAT MAN -- WHEN HE TURNED AROUND I FELT SO LOST AND FUNNY --- BUT WHY---?
HE'S ACTING AS MY DOUBLE - SAME SIZE AND BUILD - SAME CLOTHES-- THE SAME BRIGHT SPARKLER - AT NIGHT, AND FROM A DISTANCE, HE'D FOOL ANYONE---EVEN BORIS SIROB---I HOPE-
AND ALL THE JEWELS!
THERE - TO BORIS IT WILL BE PLAIN I'M MAKING A DASH FOR MY YACHT, AND TAKING THE JEWELS WITH ME---SEE? HE WANTS NO MORE PUBLICITY THAN I DO - HE'LL FOLLOW AND PLAN TO GRAB THE YACHT WELL OUT AT SEA ---IF I HAVE FIGURED RIGHT----
AH-H--- JUST AS I THOUGHT- OUR CAR ISN'T HALF A BLOCK AWAY--AND SEE? SIROB AND SOME OF HIS GANG RIGHT BEHIND -TO MAKE SURE THOSE JEWEL CASES DON'T GET OUT OF THEIR SIGHT-
B-BUT ALL THOSE JEWELS!!! HE'LL GET ALL THOSE JEWELS!
HM-M- PERHAPS, SOME DAY- BUT NOT THIS TIME, ANNIE - HERE ARE THE JEWELS, TEN BILLION DOLLARS WORTH -- THOSE CHESTS, WHEN HE GETS THEM, WILL PROVE TO CONTAIN A FEW BUSHELS OF COMMON GRAVEL-
GEE! WILL HE BE SORE!
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! A SECRET PASSAGE- I NEVER KNEW 'BOUT THIS-
NO- IT WAS THE ASP'S IDEA- IT LEADS FROM OUR LATE HOME TO THE RIVER - HURRY- WE DON'T WANT TO MISS THE NEXT ACT, ANNIE -
AH - HERE WE ARE - RIGHT AT THE LEVEL OF THE WATER, IN THE WELCOME SHADOW OF A WHARF --- THERE, ANNIE - QUICK - SEE THE YACHT OUT THERE AT ANCHOR?
YES! AND THERE GOES A LITTLE BOAT OUT TO IT-
THERE - MY MEN ARE ABOARD WITH THE CHESTS- AH--ALREADY THE YACHT IS UNDER WAY-
HA! LOOK- THOSE TWO BLACK BOATS - SIROB'S BOATS - AND THEY'RE MIGHTY FAST, TOO-
WILL THEY CATCH THE YACHT, "DADDY"?
OH, PROBABLY--- BUT NOT TILL THEY'RE NEARLY TO EUROPE, I SHOULD SAY --- IN THE MEANTIME, WE CHUG AWAY AT OUR LEISURE-
WHY, THAT LOOKS LIKE JUST A DIRTY LITTLE FISHIN' BOAT-
THE BEARER OF A GREAT TREASURE DOES WELL TO DRESS IN RAGS, FOR GREED MAKES ALL MEN THIEVES-
SUDDENLY, LAST NIGHT, "DADDY" ACTED - A SERGEANT, DRESSED AS WARBUCKS, AND THE JEWEL CHESTS, FILLED WITH WORTHLESS GRAVEL, WERE RUSHED ABOARD THE YACHT- RECEIVED, SIROBS TWO FAST BOATS SHOT OUT IN SWIFT PURSUIT. WHILE-----
GEE- I NEVER GUESSED THERE WAS A SECRET PASSAGE FROM TH' HOUSE TO TH' RIVER-
NEITHER DID I, ANNIE, BUT IT SEEMS THE ASP KNEW IT BEFORE WE LEASED THE HOUSE-
5/29-30
WELL, IT SURE CAME IN HANDY TO NIGHT-- LOOK- SIROBS BOATS AND THE YACHT ARE ALMOST OUT OF SIGHT-
YES- OUR LITTLE PLAN IS WORKING OUT VERY WELL-- ARE YOU CHECKING THE BAGS, ASP?
YES, MASTER - ONE BILLION IN EACH BAG, AND TEN BAGS -
HA! HA! I'D GIVE A LOT TO SEE SIROB'S FACE WHEN HE OPENS THOSE JEWEL CHESTS FULL OF GRAVEL - GALL STONES FOR HIM, EH? HA! HA! HA!
HAROLD GRAY
BUT WON'T HE FIND OUT HE'S BEEN FOOLED AND BE BACK HERE IN A HURRY?
NO, ANNIE - HE'LL HAVE MORE TROUBLE CATCHING THE YACHT THAN HE ANTICIPATES - AND HE'LL NOT TRY TILL NEARLY TO EUROPE --- IN THE MEANTIME, WE WILL CHUG CASUALLY AWAY, AT OUR LEISURE -


WELL, THIS ISN'T QUITE AS PALATIAL AS THE YACHT, BUT IT'S A SOUND LITTLE TUB, QUITE COMFORTABLE AND PLENTY FAST ENOUGH TO GET US THERE—
TO GET US WHERE, "DADDY"?
WHY, TO THE PLACE WE'RE GOING, ANNIE — THE PLACE I WAS HEADED FOR BEFORE I HEARD OF YOUR MIXUP WITH "SNORTY" SMITH—
HEY! LOOK OUT!
WHEW! THAT BLUNDERIN' LUBBER NEARLY RAN US DOWN—
YEP! THIS IS JUST A LITTLE UNIMPORTANT FISHING BOAT— (CARRYING TEN BILLION IN GEMS—) BUT A BATTLE CRUISER COULDN'T CARRY SUCH A TREASURE AS SAFELY—
THE WISE TRAVELER WRAPS HIS MONEY IN WORTHLESS RAGS, FOR GREED MAKES MOST MEN ROBBERS—
WOT'S SO ARTY 'BOUT A STINKIN' FISH BOAT, MATEY?
PITCHERSQUE — SEE? I PRINTS THESE HERE PITCHERS ON POST CARDS AND STICKS 'EM IN TH' DRUG STORE WINDER—SEE? TOURISTS GOES FOR 'EM— "QUAINT" THEY CALLS 'EM—
HAROLD GRAY 10-30-37
BUT SUPPOSE SOMEBODY SHOULD SUSPECT SOMETHIN' AND COME PROWLIN' AROUND — WE'D BE HELPLESS IN THIS LITTLE TUB—
HA! HA! MAYBE ANY SUCH NOSEY PARTY MIGHT BE IN FOR QUITE A SURPRISE, ANNIE — GUESS YOU'VE NOT BEEN BELOW DECK—
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! WHY, THERE'S ENGINE ENOUGH HERE TO DRIVE A BATTLESHIP—
WELL, IT WOULDN'T BE POWERFUL ENOUGH FOR THAT— BUT IT WOULD SEND THIS LITTLE CHIP FLYING ALONG AT BETTER THAN FIFTY-FIVE—
YOU SEE WE'RE ONLY USING THE LITTLE PUT-PUTTER AND SAIL — NO USE ATTRACTING ATTENTION — BUT IN CASE OF EMERGENCY I FANCY WE'D BE ABLE TO TAKE OUR OWN PART—
BUT IF WE SHOULD GET CORNERED — THEN WHAT?
HAROLD GRAY
THEN, ANNIE, WE'D DO OUR BEST TO PROTECT OUR RIGHTS AND OUR PROPERTY WITH THOSE—
WOW! GUNS! REG-LAR CANNON THAT COULD POP UP AND BANG AWAY — MACHINE GUNS, TOO — GEE, NO WONDER YOU AREN'T WORRIED—
SUPPOSE SIROB HAS CAUGHT TH' YACHT AND FOUND OUT HE'S BEEN FOOLED — SUPPOSE HE'S COMIN' BACK NOW — SUPPOSE IN SOME WAY HE FINDS OUT WHERE WE ARE, AND — ···
SH-H-H! HUSH, ANNIE!
THANKS — THAT'S FINE — JUST HOLD THE COURSE YOU'RE ON, TILL SIROB'S BOATS START TO CLOSE IN — THEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO··
GEE — WHO WAS THAT YOU WERE TALKIN' TO, "DADDY"?
THAT WAS THE CAPTAIN OF THE YACHT, ANNIE — SPECIAL SHORT WAVE PHONE — WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO FRET ABOUT SIROB FOR A WHILE YET—
GEE! CAN'T HIS BOATS CATCH THE YACHT?
YES — THEY'LL CATCH IT — BUT HE'S WAITING 'TILL THEY GET NEARLY TO EUROPE — HA! HA! I ALMOST WISH I HAD GONE ON THE YACHT TO SEE HIS FACE WHEN HE OPENS THOSE CHESTS OF GRAVEL—
HAROLD GRAY 4-1-37
A BLUE SKY — A BALMY BREEZE — A GENTLY ROLLING SEA — AND WE, JUST PLUGGING COMFORTABLY ALONG — WITH TEN BILLIONS IN GEMS BELOW DECK — NOT BAD, EH?
TO SEE US NO ONE COULD GUESS YOU'RE ONE O' TH' RICHEST MEN IN THE WORLD—
THAT'S THE IDEA, ANNIE — BUT JUST THE SAME, I'VE KNOWN PLENTY OF VERY RICH MEN WHO PREFER TO LIVE VERY MODESTLY — NO PALACES OR YACHTS FOR THEM—
I GUESS IT'S LOTS EASIER TO BE HAPPY WITH LITTLE IF YOU KNOW YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING YOU WANT—
HA! HA! THERE'S A LOT TO THAT, ANNIE — STILL, I'VE BEEN RICH AND POOR, AND A POOR MAN SURE HAS A LOT LESS TO WORRY ABOUT—
YEAH — AND A LOT LESS TO EAT, SOME TIMES — I'D RATHER WORRY 'BOUT A FEW MILLIONS I HAD THAN 'BOUT HOW TO GET TWO BITS—
THERE'S A HAPPY MEDIUM IN ALL THINGS — WELL, COUPLE MORE DAYS AND WE'LL BE THERE — GETTING TIRED OF THIS BOAT RIDE, ANNIE?
ME? GEE, I SHOULD SAY NOT — I'D BE HAPPY TO GO ON LIKE THIS FOREVER—
HAROLD GRAY 4-2-37
WELL, THAT'S THAT! SIROB AND HIS GANG BOARDED THE YACHT, BUT MY CREW GOT AWAY SAFELY, TO A MAN—
WHAT ABOUT THE YACHT? WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?
IT'S GONE — SIROB SCUTTLED AND SANK IT — WHAT A RAGE HE MUST HAVE BEEN IN WHEN HE FOUND OUT WHAT WAS IN THOSE JEWEL CHESTS!
GEE! I'LL BET THAT GUY SURE HATES YOU EVEN WORSE'N EVER NOW—
NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT, ANNIE — WELL, THAT SUITS ME ALL RIGHT — HM-M··· AND VERY SOON HE'LL BE BACK, TRYING TO PICK UP MY TRACK—
FAT CHANCE O' THAT — A BOAT DOESN'T LEAVE TRACKS SO YOU COULD NOTICE IT — EH, "DADDY"?
WELL, YES AND NO — LET'S SEE THE MAP — AH — HERE WE ARE — NEARLY TO OUR DESTINATION — ONCE THERE, LET HIM FIND US IF HE CAN — EH, ASP?
YES, MASTER — AND GRANT THAT THE ASP MAY BE PRESENT UPON THAT HAPPY OCCASION—
HAROLD GRAY 4-3-37

Little Orphan Annie
GEE, DADDY- DO YOU S'POSE BORIS SIROB AND HIS GANG HAVE CAUGHT THE YACHT YET?
YES, ANNIE - JUST HAD IT VIA SHORT WAVE - SIROB SCUTTLED AND SANK MY YACHT, BUT ALL MY CREW ESCAPED - SIROB IS RACING BACK NOW TO WHERE WE GAVE HIM THE SLIP -
BR-R-R-- WITH THOSE FAST BOATS O' HIS HE SURE WOULDN'T HAVE MUCH TROUBLE CATCHIN' THIS LITTLE TUB -
TRUE ENOUGH, ONLY WATER HOLDS NO TRACKS FOR HIM TO FOLLOW - HE CAN'T HAVE THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHERE WE'RE GOING - -- WHILE I HAVE A VERY EXACT IDEA ON THAT POINT -
OH! IS THIS WHERE WE'RE GOING? LOOKS LIKE JUST A CREEK RUNNIN' INTO A SWAMP - GEE! I HOPE YOU KNOW WHERE WE'RE HEADIN' -
HA! HA! DON'T WORRY, ANNIE - YOU'LL FIND IT'S NOT SO BAD, I BELIEVE - JUST AROUND THE NEXT BEND, NOW -
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! WHAT A SWELL LAYOUT - BUT TILL YOU'RE RIGHT HERE YOU'D NEVER GUESS THERE WAS ANYTHING BUT SWAMP FOR HUNDREDS O' MILES -
EXACTLY - I CALL IT "THE REFUGE", ANNIE - I BELIEVE BORIS SIROB WILL HAVE PLENTY TROUBLE FINDING THIS PLACE ---
AND HE'LL RUN INTO EVEN MORE TROUBLE IF HE SHOULD DISCOVER IT - EH, ASP?
SWIFT DISASTER MEETS HIM WHO BLUNDERS UPON THE TIGER IN HIS LAIR -
BUT FROM A PLANE IT'D BE A CINCH TO SPOT THIS PLACE -
NO - THE TREES HIDE THE HOUSE ALMOST COMPLETELY - AND THE ROOF IS WELL CAMOUFLAGED - OF COURSE, IF SIROB FLEW LOW ENOUGH --- --- BUT IN THAT CASE ---
WOW! WHAT A POP GUN THAT IS - HAVE YOU GOT MEN WHO KNOW HOW TO USE IT?
THE BEST, ANNIE - I'M A PEACEFUL CITIZEN. BUT WHAT I HAVE I INTEND TO KEEP, EVEN IF IT BECOMES NECESSARY TO FIGHT TO KEEP IT -
BUT GEE, DADDY - DOESN'T IT GET AWFUL LONESOME HERE, SO FAR FROM THE CITY, OR EVEN FROM ANOTHER HOUSE?
NOT AT ALL, ANNIE - HERE - COME INTO THIS ROOM AND HAVE A CHAIR - NOW WATCH THAT SCREEN - ---SUNG -- MY SINGAPORE HEADQUARTERS, PLEASE -
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! IT'S --- IT'S PUNJAB -
AH - IT IS A PLEASURE AGAIN TO SEE THE LITTLE PRINCESS AND TO HEAR HER VOICE -
ARF!
B-B-BUT, "DADDY" IT COULDN'T REALLY BE --- SOME KIND OF TRICK ---?
NO, ANNIE - TELEVISION - HERE I MAY TALK TO MY FRIENDS, FACE TO FACE, THOUGH THEY BE HALF WAY 'ROUND THE WORLD - YOU SEE, THOUGH IN A WILDERNESS, WE NEED NOT BE ALL ALONE -
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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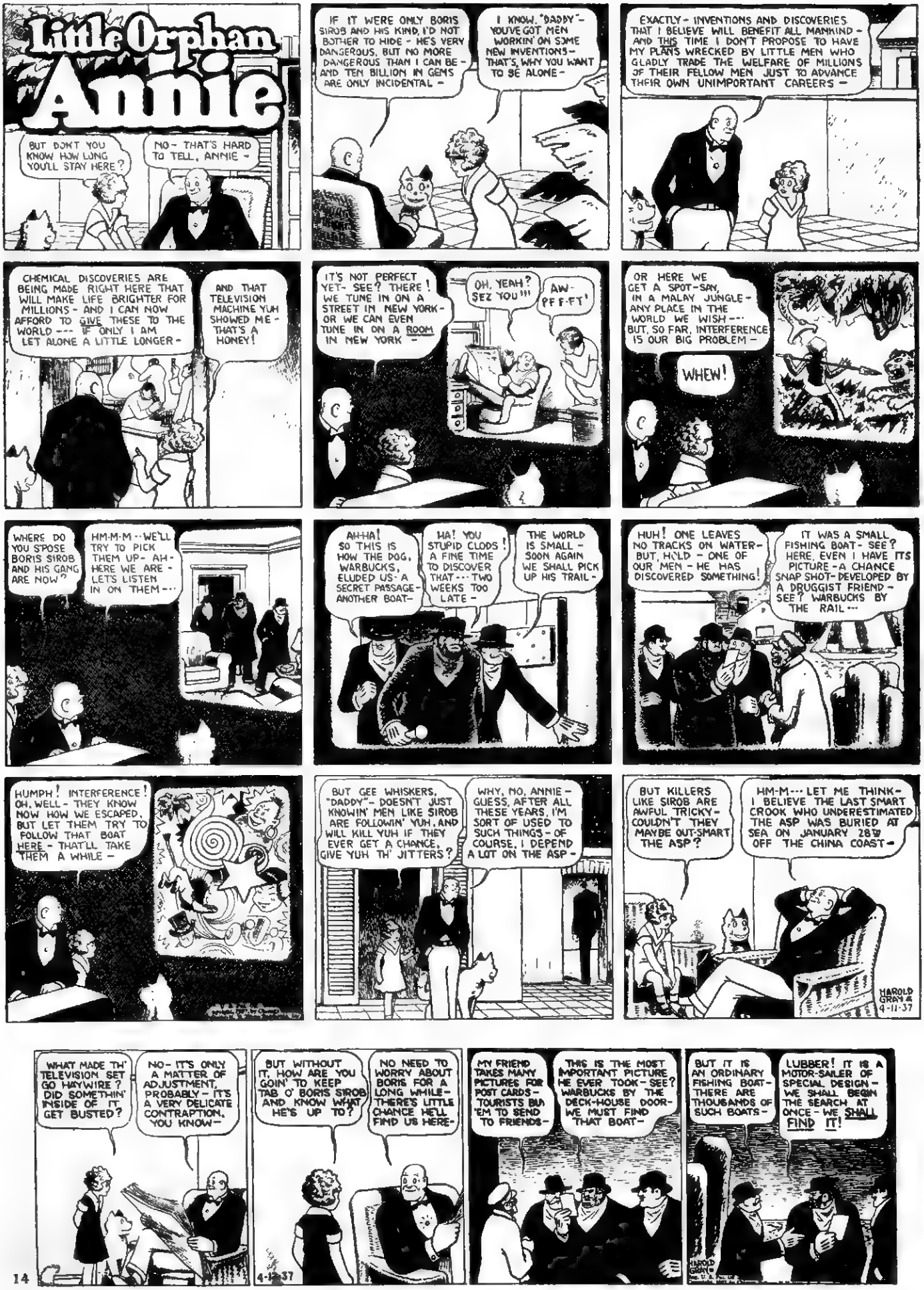
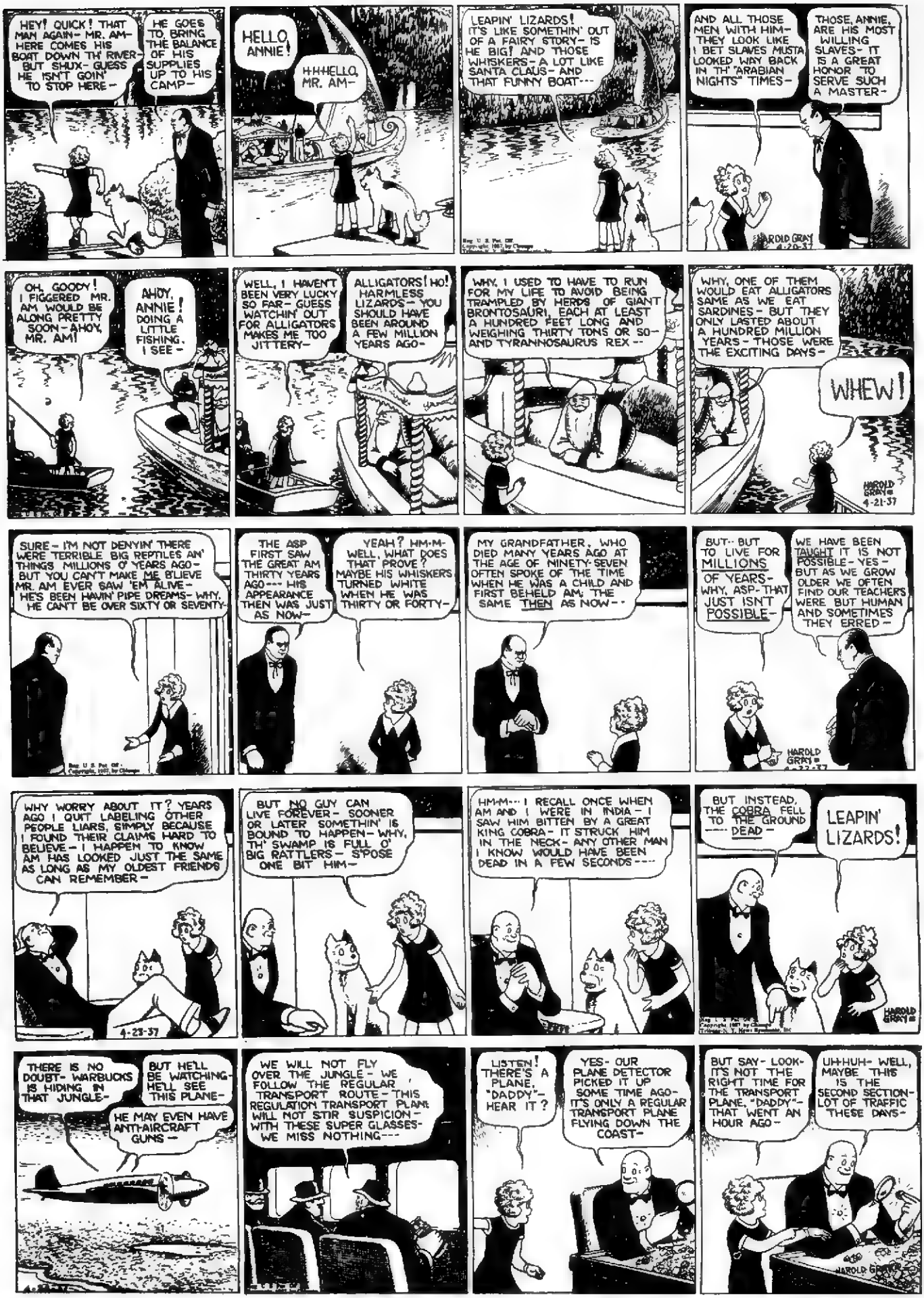
BUT TELEVISION - I THOUGHT IT WAS STILL A LONG WAY OFF -
HMM - PERHAPS IT IS, FOR GENERAL USE - IT'S ONLY A TOY, SO FAR -
BUT A VERY USEFUL TOY, MASTER -
HAROLD GRAY 4-5-37
YESTERDAY, THE LITTLE FISHING BOAT BROUGHT "DADDY" WARBUCKS AND HIS PARTY TO THEIR DESTINATION: A FINE HOUSE, SET ON A RIVER BANK, IN THE HEART OF A JUNGLE -
WELL, ANNIE - YOU'VE LOOKED THE PLACE ALL OVER - WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?
GEE, "DADDY" - THIS PLACE IS SWELL - IT'S GOT EVER'THING -
THERE ARE ACRES O' WALLED GARDENS AND A MILE OR SO O' WALKS - ROOMS FOR FIFTY PEOPLE - AND LOTS O' OTHER ROOMS FULL O' GADGETS AND THING-A-MA-JIGS -
YES - THE TELEVISION EQUIPMENT, AND THE LABORATORIES AND WORK SHOPS -
AND TH' WAY TH' BIG TREE TOPS SPREAD OUT, AND TH' WAY ALL TH' ROOFS ARE CAMOUFLAGED, NOBODY'D EVER GUESS THERE WAS A HOUSE HERE ---
NOT LIKELY, UNLESS THEY KNEW WHERE TO LOOK, OR WERE FLYING VERY LOW -
AND IN THAT CASE THERE'D BE THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN TO BRING THEM EVEN LOWER - I DON'T SEE HOW ANYBODY COULD EVER FIND US HERE -
NO - IT'S PRETTY SAFE HERE, I THINK - A GOOD REFUGE, EVEN FROM SUCH A HUNTER AS BORIS SIROB -
HAROLD GRAY 4-5-37

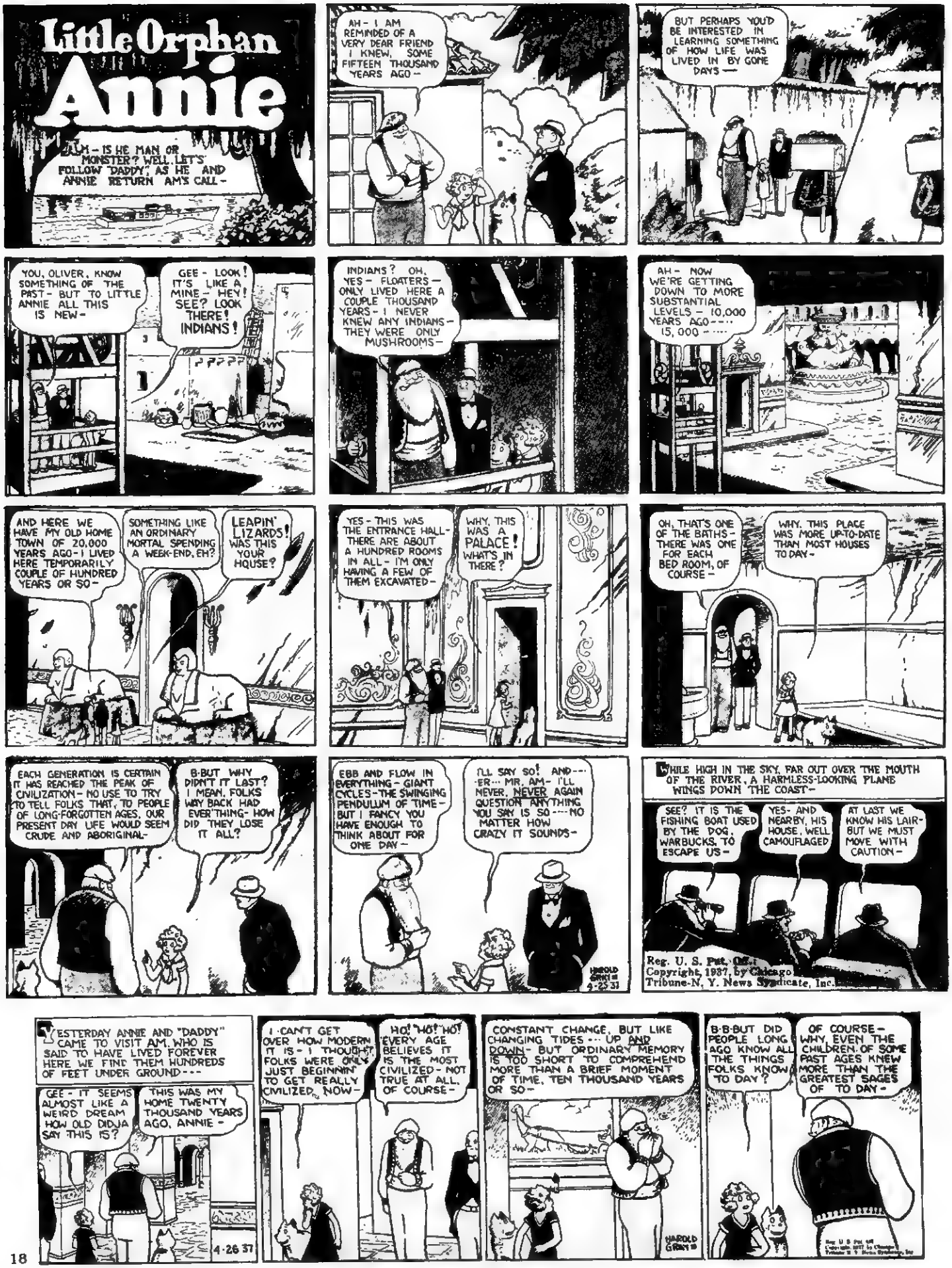
GEE - I CAN'T GET OVER TALKIN' TO PUNJAB AND SEEIN' HIM, JUST AS IF WE WERE IN TH' SAME ROOM, THOUGH HE WAS OVER TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY-
YES, TELEVISION IS GREAT STUFF. WHEN IT WORKS- AS YET IT'S FAR FROM PERFECT- LET'S SEE IF WE CAN REACH HIM AGAIN TO-DAY -
4-6-37
THERE HE IS- HELLO, PUNJAB- CAN YOU SEE ME AND HEAR ME, TOO, 'WAY OVER THERE IN SINGAPORE?
INDEED, YES- PUNJAB SEES AND HEARS THE LITTLE PRINCESS PERFECTLY····
SH-H--HERE, ANNIE- LUCKY STAB- WE HAVE TUNED IN ON ONE OF BORIS SIROB'S BOATS- LISTEN -
BAH- WE WERE FOOLS- DUPED BY THE DOG, WARBUCKS - I SEE IT ALL NOW-
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! DID HE MEAN HE CAN SEE US, TOO?
NO, ANNIE-- HE COULD IF HE HAD THE SAME SORT OF APPARATUS WE HAVE- BUT NO ONE OUTSIDE OF MY OWN ORGANIZATION HAS ONE OF THESE -- YET -
HAROLD GRAY
DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO BE LONESOME HERE, ANNIE?
LONESOME? HOW COULD I, BE, HERE? WHY, THERE'S SOMETHIN' TO DO EVERY MINUTE -
THAT TELEVISION SET IS A HONEY- I CAN TUNE IN ON ANY PLACE IN TH' WORLD AND WATCH AND LISTEN, JUST AS IF I WAS RIGHT THERE- IT'S LIKE BEIN' INVISIBLE -
HM-M-M- IT'S A LOT OF FUN- AND IT'S A GADGET THAT CAN BE MIGHTY USEFUL-
BUT I WOULDN'T BE TOO CURIOUS, ANNIE - AHEM - AFTER ALL, YOU KNOW, OTHER PEOPLE'S PRIVATE LIVES SHOULD BE AS PRIVATE AS POSSIBLE-
OH, I WASN'T BEING NOSEY - AND THERE ARE SWELL FISH IN TH' RIVER - I KNOW 'CAUSE I CAUGHT SOME -
AND LOAF? WHY, ONE COULD LOAF HERE FOR A YEAR IF HE FELT LIKE IT AND NOTHIN' WOULD BOTHER HIM - LONESOME? WHY THIS PLACE IS PERFECT-
YES, ANNIE - IT SEEMS SO TO ME, TOO -
HAROLD GRAY
HOW LONG DO YOU FIGGER ON STAYING HERE, "DADDY"?
NO TELLING, ANNIE - MAYBE ONLY A FEW MONTHS - MAYBE MUCH LONGER -
I KNOW - YOU'RE HIDING OUT WITH ALL THOSE GEMS TILL YOU FIGGER IT'S SAFE TO MAKE ANOTHER MOVE -
THAT'S PARTLY RIGHT, BUT ONLY PARTLY RIGHT, ANNIE - I HAD EONITE AND LOST IT - I'VE LEARNED A LOT SINCE THEN -
THIS TIME I PROPOSE TO KEEP MY DISCOVERIES AWAY FROM JEALOUS OR GREEDY PEOPLE, IF POSSIBLE, TILL THE RIGHT TIME COMES -
THEN, WITH THE WEALTH THESE GEMS WILL GIVE ME, I'LL BE ABLE TO PROTECT MY NEW DISCOVERIES FROM ANY POWER THAT TRIES TO STEAL THEM OR RUIN ME -
HAROLD GRAY
4 - 8 - 37
WHAT DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS DID YOU MEAN WHEN YOU FIGGERED THIS TIME NOBODY'D STEAL 'EM FROM YOU?
WE HAVE SEVERAL THINGS WE'RE WORKING ON, ANNIE - A COUPLE OF CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS -
HERE IN THIS LABORATORY I HAVE, I BELIEVE, THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC MINDS IN THE WORLD - IT ALL TAKES A LOT OF MONEY - BUT MORE IMPORTANT ARE THE TIME, PATIENCE AND SOLITUDE REQUIRED FOR GREAT DISCOVERY -
AND HERE ARE MEN PIONEERING IN THE FIELD OF RADIO - THE BEST BRAINS, FINEST EQUIPMENT - SOON THEIR DISCOVERIES WILL ASTOUND THE WORLD - ALL HUMANITY WILL RECEIVE THE BENEFIT -- WHEN WE ARE READY -
THIS TIME A HANDFUL OF LITTLE SOULS, WITH A LUST FOR POWER AND GLORY, WILL NOT STAND IN THE WAY OF PUBLIC WELFARE - I'VE GOT TEN BILLION DOLLARS TO BACK THAT PROMISE, TOO - MY MONEY!
HAROLD GRAY
4-9-37
HUMPH! HARD BOILED CYNICISM SEEMS TO BE THIS AUTHOR'S MAIN STOCK IN TRADE - SNEERS AT EVERY GOOD HUMAN MOTIVE - HE MUST HAVE BEEN NURSED ON A PICKLE -
HE SAYS, "SUPPOSE A MAN DEVOTES HIS WHOLE LIFE TO THE UNSELFISH SERVICE OF HIS FELLOW MEN; WHO CARES?" HE CLAIMS SUCH A MAN IS A SAP -
WELL, THAT'S HIS OPINION, IS IT? AFTER ALL, WHAT'S HIS OPINION WORTH? WHO IS HE? AN AUTHOR - AND HIS OPINION IS WORTH JUST WHAT HIS ROYALTIES AMOUNT TO ON THAT BOOK -
"WHO CARES," EH? WELL, I CARE - AND IT'S PART OF MY LIFE AND IT'S MY FORTUNE THAT I PROPOSE TO SPEND IN AN EFFORT TO HELP MANKIND - IF THAT'S BEING A SAP I'M PROUD TO BE A SAP -
HAROLD GRAY
4-10-37

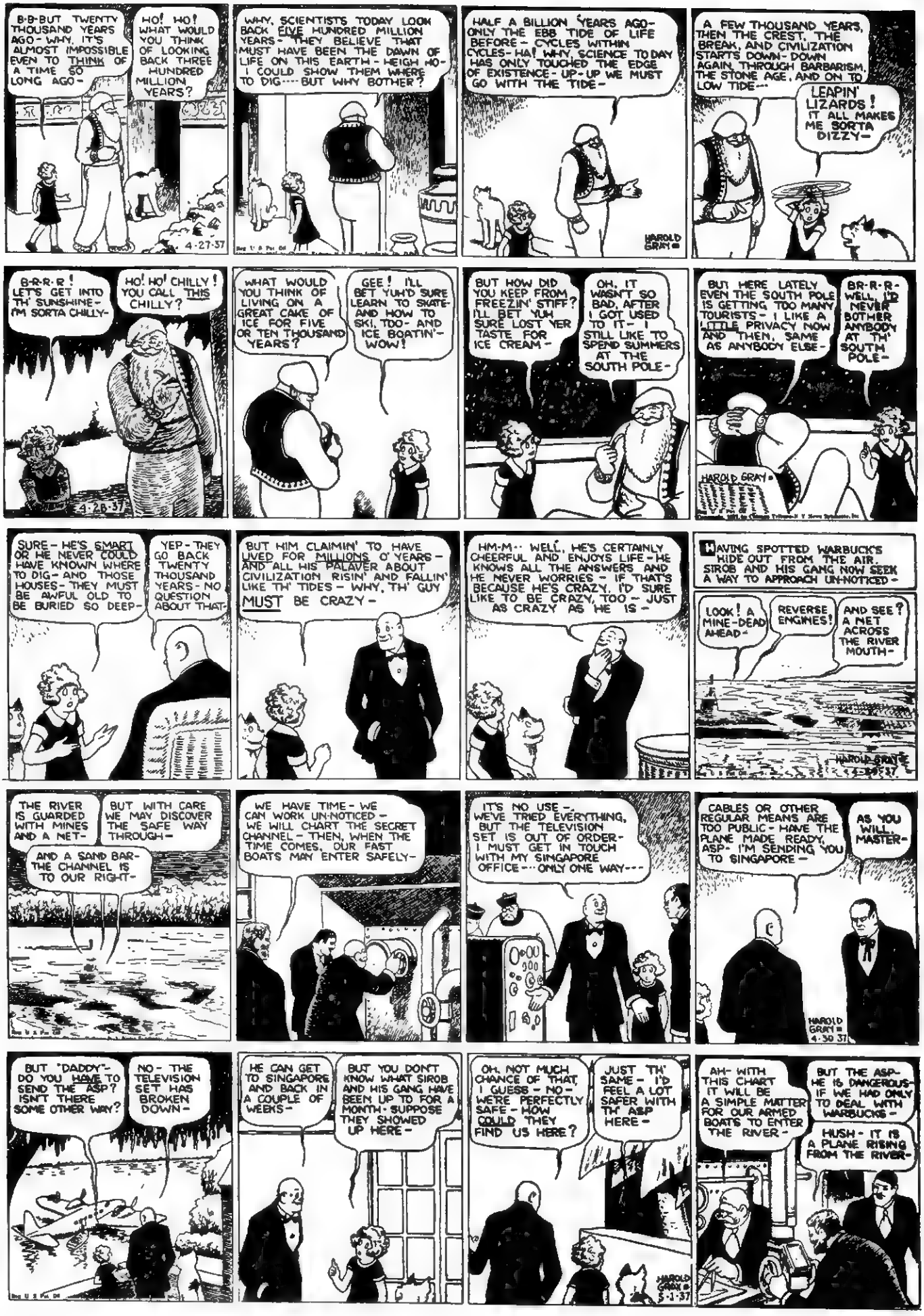

Little Orphan Annie
BUT DON'T YOU KNOW HOW LONG YOU'LL STAY HERE?
NO- THAT'S HARD TO TELL, ANNIE -
IF IT WERE ONLY BORIS SIROB AND HIS KIND, I'D NOT BOTHER TO HIDE - HE'S VERY DANGEROUS, BUT NO MORE DANGEROUS THAN I CAN BE - AND TEN BILLION IN GEMS ARE ONLY INCIDENTAL -
I KNOW, "DADDY" - YOU'VE GOT MEN WORKIN' ON SOME NEW INVENTIONS - THAT'S WHY YOU WANT TO BE ALONE -
EXACTLY - INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES THAT I BELIEVE WILL BENEFIT ALL MANKIND - AND THIS TIME I DON'T PROPOSE TO HAVE MY PLANS WRECKED BY LITTLE MEN WHO GLADLY TRADE THE WELFARE OF MILLIONS OF THEIR FELLOW MEN JUST TO ADVANCE THEIR OWN UNIMPORTANT CAREERS -
CHEMICAL DISCOVERIES ARE BEING MADE RIGHT HERE THAT WILL MAKE LIFE BRIGHTER FOR MILLIONS - AND I CAN NOW AFFORD TO GIVE THESE TO THE WORLD --- IF ONLY I AM LET ALONE A LITTLE LONGER -
AND THAT TELEVISION MACHINE YUH SHOWED ME - THAT'S A HONEY!
IT'S NOT PERFECT YET - SEE? THERE! WE TUNE IN ON A STREET IN NEW YORK - OR WE CAN EVEN TUNE IN ON A ROOM IN NEW YORK -
OH, YEAH? SEZ YOU!!!
AW- PFFFT!
OR HERE WE GET A SPOT-SAN, IN A MALAY JUNGLE - ANY PLACE IN THE WORLD WE WISH --- BUT, SO FAR, INTERFERENCE IS OUR BIG PROBLEM -
WHEW!
WHERE DO YOU SPOSE BORIS SIROB AND HIS GANG ARE NOW?
HM-M-M -- WE'LL TRY TO PICK THEM UP - AH- HERE WE ARE - LET'S LISTEN IN ON THEM ---
AH-HA! SO THIS IS HOW THE DOG, WARBUCKS, ELUDED US - A SECRET PASSAGE - ANOTHER BOAT -
HA! YOU STUPID CLODS! A FINE TIME TO DISCOVER THAT --- TWO WEEKS TOO LATE -
THE WORLD IS SMALL - SOON AGAIN WE SHALL PICK UP HIS TRAIL -
HUH! ONE LEAVES NO TRACKS ON WATER - BUT, HOLD - ONE OF OUR MEN - HE HAS DISCOVERED SOMETHING!
IT WAS A SMALL FISHING BOAT - SEE? HERE, EVEN I HAVE ITS PICTURE - A CHANCE SNAP SHOT - DEVELOPED BY A DRUGGIST FRIEND - SEE? WARBUCKS BY THE RAIL ---
HUMPH! INTERFERENCE! OH, WELL - THEY KNOW NOW HOW WE ESCAPED, BUT LET THEM TRY TO FOLLOW THAT BOAT HERE - THAT'LL TAKE THEM A WHILE -
BUT GEE WHISKERS, "DADDY" - DOESN'T JUST KNOWIN' MEN LIKE SIROB ARE FOLLOWIN' YUH, AND WILL KILL YUH IF THEY EVER GET A CHANCE, GIVE YUH TH' JITTERS?
WHY, NO, ANNIE - GUESS, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I'M SORT OF USED TO SUCH THINGS - OF COURSE, I DEPEND A LOT ON THE ASP -
BUT KILLERS LIKE SIROB ARE AWFUL TRICKY - COULDN'T THEY MAYBE OUT-SMART THE ASP?
HM-M --- LET ME THINK - I BELIEVE THE LAST SMART CROOK WHO UNDERESTIMATED THE ASP WAS BURIED AT SEA ON JANUARY 28TH OFF THE CHINA COAST -
HAROLD GRAY 4-11-37
WHAT MADE TH' TELEVISION SET GO HAYWIRE? DID SOMETHIN' INSIDE OF IT GET BUSTED?
NO - IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF ADJUSTMENT, PROBABLY - IT'S A VERY DELICATE CONTRAPTION, YOU KNOW -
BUT WITHOUT IT, HOW ARE YOU GOIN' TO KEEP TAB O' BORIS SIROB AND KNOW WHAT HE'S UP TO?
NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT BORIS FOR A LONG WHILE - THERE'S LITTLE CHANCE HE'LL FIND US HERE -
4-12-37
MY FRIEND TAKES MANY PICTURES FOR POST CARDS - TOURISTS BUY 'EM TO SEND TO FRIENDS -
THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT PICTURE HE EVER TOOK - SEE? WARBUCKS BY THE DECK-HOUSE DOOR - WE MUST FIND THAT BOAT -
BUT IT IS AN ORDINARY FISHING BOAT - THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF SUCH BOATS -
LUBBER! IT IS A MOTOR-SAILER OF SPECIAL DESIGN - WE SHALL BEGIN THE SEARCH AT ONCE - WE SHALL FIND IT!
HAROLD GRAY

GEE - WHAT A CORKIN' SWIMMIN' HOLE - MADE TO ORDER - SWELL PLACE TO DIVE FROM - NO ONE AROUND - I'LL HAVE A QUICK ONE - OH!
AH! ONE MOMENT, PLEASE -
4-13-37
SEE? THIS WILD PIG, CAUGHT IN A SNARE - IT WAS FOR OUR DINNER - WATCH!
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! B-R-R-R!!!
HAROLD GRAY
WHERE ALL SEEMS MOST QUIET AND SERENE, OFTEN DANGER LURKS JUST BELOW THE SURFACE -
WHEW! YOU SAID IT!
THIS SWAMP IS ONE OF THE FEW PLACES IN THE WORLD WHERE WE CAN FIND THE MATERIAL MY SCIENTISTS NEED FOR ONE OF OUR MOST IMPORTANT EXPERIMENTS -
STAY CLOSE TO ME, ANNIE - LOT OF SNAKES IN HERE - POISONOUS PLANTS, TOO - AND QUICK-SAND IN PLACES -
GEE - JUST LOOKIN' AROUND IT SEEMS SAFE ENOUGH - NEVER GUESS IT'S SO DANGEROUS -
OH, IT'S SAFE ENOUGH WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO WATCH OUT FOR -
BUT IT'D BE EASY TO GET LOST IN HERE - AND YUH'D NEVER GET FOUND - WOW! GIVE ME A CITY, EVERY TIME -
HA! AND GET HIT WITH A TRUCK - CITY OR JUNGLE, EITHER ONE CAN BE SAFE - IT'S ALL A MATTER OF KNOWING YOUR WAY AROUND -
I S'POSE "DADDY" IS RIGHT 'BOUT TH' SWAMP BEIN' PLENTY DANGEROUS - BUT IT'S SURE BEAUTIFUL - JUST LIKE A WONDERFUL GARDEN - MILLIONS O' GORGEOUS BIRDS - BILLIONS O' FLOWERS -----
YI! LOOK OUT, SANDY! IT'S A RATTLER AND HE MUST BE SEVEN FEET LONG!
R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R
BR-R-R-R..
4-15-37
GEE! YUH GOT HIM, ALL RIGHT - WOW! AM I GOIN' TO STAY OUT OF HERE AFTER THIS!
IT WAS A SERPENT THAT CAUSED THE PEOPLE TO LEAVE THE FIRST GARDEN -
YEAH! BUT ACCORDIN' TO MY BOOK THAT WAS ONLY A FRUIT-PEDDLER SNAKE - HE COULDN'T HAVE SCARED ME OUT O TH' GARDEN O' EDEN - BUT A RATTLER - BR-R!
HAROLD GRAY
HARK! WHAT'S UP? EVER'BODY'S RUNNING - THERE GOES "DADDY" -
4-16-37
A PLANE ALMOST OVER US, BUT VERY HIGH - HM-M-- IT'S ALL RIGHT - ONLY ONE OF THE REGULAR TRANSPORTS - OFF ITS COURSE - FLYING AROUND THAT STORM AT SEA -
GEE, "DADDY" - THE BOYS SURE WERE READY IN A HURRY WITH THAT GUN - COULD THEY HAVE HIT THAT PLANE?
EASILY - OH, WE'RE READY FOR TROUBLE, IF IT COMES, ANNIE, THOUGH I DOUBT THAT WE'LL HAVE ANY -
WE'RE BEST OFF HERE - IN ANY PLACE BUT THIS WILDERNESS WE'D BE PESTERED BY SPIES - WILD EYED BIRDS ASKING QUESTIONS - SNOOPS DEMANDING TO KNOW MORE ABOUT MY BUSINESS THAN EVEN I KNOW - I'D RATHER BE FOUND BY BORIS SIROB -
HAROLD GRAY
EVERY PORT - EVERY FISHING VILLAGE - NOT ONE HAVE WE MISSED -
BUT NOT EVEN A TRACE OF THAT SMALL SAIL BOAT HAVE WE FOUND SO FAR -
4-17-37
UGH! BOATS! BOATS! I DREAM OF THEM - I SMELL OF THE ACCURSED FISH - EVEN THE CATS FOLLOW ME -
ONCE I WAS FOND OF THE CLAM - THE TENDER LOBSTER - BAH! NEVER AGAIN -
THE STENCH OF MUD FLATS WHEN THE TIDE IS OUT --- MORE BOATS, BUT IT IS NOT ONE OF THEM -
AH! BORIS -
ANY LUCK? FIND ANYTHING YET?
NO! IT IS ALL NO USE -
THIS SEARCH IS HOPELESS - LET US DESIST -
BAH! QUIT? NEVER - WE'LL KEEP ON - DO YOU HEAR ME? WE MUST SUCCEED - KEEP ON SEARCHING KEEP ON - ON - ON!

Little Orphan Annie
GEE WHISKERS! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
IT'S O. K., ANNIE - THE BOYS JUST SPOTTED A BOAT COMING UP THE RIVER, AND GOT EXCITED - BUT IT'S MY OLD FRIEND, THE WORLD TRAVELER, AM-
WHO? "AM"? IS THAT A NAME? WHO IS HE, ANYWAY?
YES - AM - THAT'S ALL THE NAME HE HAS - AS TO WHO, OR WHAT HE IS, I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE MYSELF - BUT SEE FOR YOURSELF! HERE HE COMES -
LEAPIN LIZARDS!
W-W-WHERE DOES HE COME FROM? WHAT LANGUAGE DOES HE SPEAK?
HM-M-- AM SEEMS TO COME FROM ALL COUNTRIES, AND HE SPEAKS ALL LANGUAGES AND DIALECTS, PERFECTLY -
AH, OLIVER, MY FRIEND - IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU - OF COURSE, I KNEW YOU WERE HERE -
HA! YOU WOULD KNOW OF MY SECRET HIDE OUT, AM - NO NEED TO ASK HOW YOU FIND OUT SUCH SECRETS -
YES - AND THIS? TO BE SURE - THIS IS LITTLE ANNIE, OF WHOM YOU HAVE TOLD ME - HM-M-- WE SHALL BE BETTER FRIENDS, MY CHILD -
ULP! YES, SIR -
AREN'T YOU GOING TO STAY WITH US FOR A WHILE, AM?
NO, OLIVER - SORRY - FOR ONCE, I MUST HURRY - I'VE HAD MEN DIGGING FOR YEARS UP RIVER A BIT - GUESS YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT, EH?
WHAT? UP THIS RIVER? WHY, I THOUGHT WE HERE WERE THE ONLY HUMANS WHO EVEN KNEW OF THIS RIVER -
HO! HO! TO BE SURE - BUT I FORGET MYSELF - YOU SEE, I LEFT SOME VALUABLES IN A TOWN HOUSE I HAD -- BUT THAT WAS OVER 20,000 YEARS AGO -- BURIED, CITY AND ALL NOW -
BUT MY BOYS ARE DOWN TO IT AT LAST - SO I MUST HURRY - YOU MUST COME UP AND SEE ME - BRING LITTLE ANNIE WITH YOU - SO LONG -
THANKS, AM - WE'LL SURE BE UP TO CALL SOON - GOOD-BYE, AND I HOPE YOU FIND THINGS AS YOU LEFT THEM -
GEE! HE LOOKS LIKE SANTA CLAUS, ONLY BIGGER - AND HE LOOKS RIGHT THROUGH YUH - DID YUH SEE TH' ASP? HE BOWED TILL HIS HEAD TOUCHED TH' GROUND -
YES, ANNIE - AM HAS MORE POWER THAN ANY MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN - HE'S A STRANGE BEING ....
WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT TALK O' LEAVIN' SOME VALUABLES IN A BURIED HOUSE 20,000 YEARS AGO?
THAT'S THE FUNNY PART - IT'S SAID AM HAS LIVED FOREVER AND WILL LIVE FOREVER - SOMETIMES -- THE THINGS I'VE SEEN HIM DO -- --- I WONDER - --
B-B-BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! WHY, THE MAN MUST BE CRAZY!
YES - PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT - I THOUGHT SO, TOO, ONCE - BUT THE MORE I KNOW OF HIM THE MORE I WONDER IF HE'S NOT SANE AND MOST OF THE REST OF US ARE CRAZY -
YESTERDAY A STRANGE, BEARDED TRAVELER PAUSED ON HIS WAY UP RIVER TO GREET HIS OLD FRIEND, WARBUCKS - ANNIE IS IN A DITHER ---
BUT HE TALKED ABOUT HAVIN' A HOUSE HERE OVER TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO!
HM-MM - THAT DOESN'T SOUND POSSIBLE, DOES IT, ANNIE?
"POSSIBLE"? WHY THE OLD GUY MUST BE CRAZY - OR DOES HE THINK WE'RE CRAZY ENOUGH TO SWALLOW BUNK LIKE THAT?
I WOULDN'T BE TOO HASTY IN JUDGING AM, ANNIE - HE'S QUITE A FELLOW -
YOU KNOW, IT'S SAID AM HAS LIVED FOR EVER AND WILL LIVE FOR EVER - I ADMIT IT SEEMS FANTASTIC - BUT SOME TIMES I WONDER - I'VE SEEN SOME MIGHTY PECULIAR THINGS, ANNIE - WE DON'T KNOW EVERYTHING YET -
WELL, I KNOW ONE THING - NO GUY CAN KID ME INTO BELIEVING HE'S LIVED EVEN ONE THOUSAND YEARS - HE'S BALMY!
THAT'S YOUR OPINION, ANNIE - MY OPINION IS HE'S THE WISEST MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN -
HAROLD'S GRAY


HEY! QUICK! THAT MAN AGAIN- MR. AM- HERE COMES HIS BOAT DOWN TH' RIVER- BUT SHUX- GUESS HE ISN'T GOIN' TO STOP HERE-
HE GOES TO BRING THE BALANCE OF HIS SUPPLIES UP TO HIS CAMP-
HELLO, ANNIE!
H-H-HELLO, MR. AM-
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! IT'S LIKE SOMETHIN' OUT OF A FAIRY STORY- IS HE BIG! AND THOSE WHISKERS- A LOT LIKE SANTA CLAUS- AND THAT FUNNY BOAT---
AND ALL THOSE MEN WITH HIM- THEY LOOK LIKE I BET SLAVES MUSTA LOOKED WAY BACK IN TH' "ARABIAN NIGHTS" TIMES-
THOSE, ANNIE, ARE HIS MOST WILLING SLAVES- IT IS A GREAT HONOR TO SERVE SUCH A MASTER-
HAROLD GRAY 4-20-37
OH, GOODY! I FIGGERED MR. AM WOULD BE ALONG PRETTY SOON- AHOY, MR. AM!
AHOY, ANNIE! DOING A LITTLE FISHING, I SEE-
WELL, I HAVEN'T BEEN VERY LUCKY SO FAR- GUESS WATCHIN' OUT FOR ALLIGATORS MAKES ME TOO JITTERY-
ALLIGATORS! HO! HARMLESS LIZARDS- YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN AROUND A FEW MILLION YEARS AGO-
WHY, I USED TO HAVE TO RUN FOR MY LIFE TO AVOID BEING TRAMPLED BY HERDS OF GIANT BRONTOSAURI, EACH AT LEAST A HUNDRED FEET LONG AND WEIGHING THIRTY TONS OR SO- AND TYRANNOSAURUS REX --
WHY, ONE OF THEM WOULD EAT ALLIGATORS SAME AS WE EAT SARDINES- BUT THEY ONLY LASTED ABOUT A HUNDRED MILLION YEARS- THOSE WERE THE EXCITING DAYS-
WHEW!
HAROLD GRAY 4-21-37
SURE- I'M NOT DENYIN' THERE WERE TERRIBLE BIG REPTILES AIN' THINGS MILLIONS O' YEARS AGO- BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE ME B'LIEVE MR. AM EVER SAW 'EM ALIVE- HE'S BEEN HAVIN' PIPE DREAMS- WHY, HE CAN'T BE OVER SIXTY OR SEVENTY-
THE ASP FIRST SAW THE GREAT AM THIRTY YEARS AGO--- HIS APPEARANCE THEN WAS JUST AS NOW-
YEAH? HM-M- WELL, WHAT DOES THAT PROVE? MAYBE HIS WHISKERS TURNED WHITE WHEN HE WAS THIRTY OR FORTY-
MY GRANDFATHER, WHO DIED MANY YEARS AGO AT THE AGE OF NINETY-SEVEN OFTEN SPOKE OF THE TIME WHEN HE WAS A CHILD AND FIRST BEHELD AM; THE SAME THEN AS NOW--
BUT-- BUT TO LIVE FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS- WHY, ASP- THAT JUST ISN'T POSSIBLE-
WE HAVE BEEN TAUGHT IT IS NOT POSSIBLE- YES - BUT AS WE GROW OLDER WE OFTEN FIND OUR TEACHERS WERE BUT HUMAN AND SOMETIMES THEY ERRED -
HAROLD GRAY 4-22-37
WHY WORRY ABOUT IT? YEARS AGO I QUIT LABELING OTHER PEOPLE LIARS, SIMPLY BECAUSE I FOUND THEIR CLAIMS HARD TO BELIEVE - I HAPPEN TO KNOW AM HAS LOOKED JUST THE SAME AS LONG AS MY OLDEST FRIENDS CAN REMEMBER -
4-23-37
BUT NO GUY CAN LIVE FOREVER - SOONER OR LATER SOMETHIN' IS BOUND TO HAPPEN - WHY, TH' SWAMP IS FULL O' BIG RATTLERS - S'POSE ONE BIT HIM -
HM-M--- I RECALL ONCE WHEN AM AND I WERE IN INDIA - I SAW HIM BITTEN BY A GREAT KING COBRA - IT STRUCK HIM IN THE NECK - ANY OTHER MAN I KNOW WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD IN A FEW SECONDS ----
BUT INSTEAD, THE COBRA FELL TO THE GROUND ----- DEAD -
LEAPIN' LIZARDS!
HAROLD GRAY
THERE IS NO DOUBT- WARBUCKS IS HIDING IN THAT JUNGLE-
BUT HE'LL BE WATCHING- HE'LL SEE THIS PLANE-
HE MAY EVEN HAVE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS -
WE WILL NOT FLY OVER THE JUNGLE - WE FOLLOW THE REGULAR TRANSPORT ROUTE - THIS REGULATION TRANSPORT PLANE WILL NOT STIR SUSPICION - WITH THESE SUPER GLASSES - WE MISS NOTHING---
LISTEN! THERE'S A PLANE. "DADDY" - HEAR IT?
YES - OUR PLANE DETECTOR PICKED IT UP SOME TIME AGO - IT'S ONLY A REGULAR TRANSPORT PLANE FLYING DOWN THE COAST -
BUT SAY - LOOK - IT'S NOT THE RIGHT TIME FOR THE TRANSPORT PLANE, "DADDY" - THAT WENT AN HOUR AGO -
UH-HUH - WELL, MAYBE THIS IS THE SECOND SECTION - LOT OF TRAFFIC THESE DAYS -
HAROLD GRAY


Little Orphan Annie
HUH - IS HE MAN OR MONSTER? WELL, LET'S FOLLOW "DADDY," AS HE AND ANNIE RETURN AM'S CALL -
AH - I AM REMINDED OF A VERY DEAR FRIEND I KNEW, SOME FIFTEEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO -
BUT PERHAPS YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN LEARNING SOMETHING OF HOW LIFE WAS LIVED IN BY GONE DAYS —
YOU, OLIVER, KNOW SOMETHING OF THE PAST - BUT TO LITTLE ANNIE ALL THIS IS NEW -
GEE - LOOK! IT'S LIKE A MINE - HEY! SEE? LOOK THERE! INDIANS!
INDIANS? OH, YES - FLOATERS - ONLY LIVED HERE A COUPLE THOUSAND YEARS - I NEVER KNEW ANY INDIANS - THEY WERE ONLY MUSHROOMS -
AH - NOW WE'RE GETTING DOWN TO MORE SUBSTANTIAL LEVELS - 10,000 YEARS AGO - - - - 15,000 - - - - -
AND HERE WE HAVE MY OLD HOME TOWN OF 20,000 YEARS AGO - I LIVED HERE TEMPORARILY COUPLE OF HUNDRED YEARS OR SO -
SOMETHING LIKE AN ORDINARY MORTAL SPENDING A WEEK-END, EH?
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! WAS THIS YOUR HOUSE?
YES - THIS WAS THE ENTRANCE HALL - THERE ARE ABOUT A HUNDRED ROOMS IN ALL - I'M ONLY HAVING A FEW OF THEM EXCAVATED -
WHY, THIS WAS A PALACE! WHAT'S IN THERE?
OH, THAT'S ONE OF THE BATHS - THERE WAS ONE FOR EACH BED ROOM, OF COURSE -
WHY, THIS PLACE WAS MORE UP-TO-DATE THAN MOST HOUSES TO DAY -
EACH GENERATION IS CERTAIN IT HAS REACHED THE PEAK OF CIVILIZATION - NO USE TO TRY TO TELL FOLKS THAT, TO PEOPLE OF LONG-FORGOTTEN AGES, OUR PRESENT DAY LIFE WOULD SEEM CRUDE AND ABORIGINAL -
B-BUT WHY DIDN'T IT LAST? I MEAN, FOLKS WAY BACK HAD EVER'THING - HOW DID THEY LOSE IT ALL?
EBB AND FLOW IN EVERYTHING - GIANT CYCLES - THE SWINGING PENDULUM OF TIME - BUT I FANCY YOU HAVE ENOUGH TO THINK ABOUT FOR ONE DAY -
I'LL SAY SO! AND - - - ER - - - MR. AM - I'LL NEVER, NEVER AGAIN QUESTION ANYTHING YOU SAY IS SO - - - NO MATTER HOW CRAZY IT SOUNDS -
HAROLD GRAY 4-25-37
WHILE HIGH IN THE SKY, FAR OUT OVER THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER, A HARMLESS-LOOKING PLANE WINGS DOWN THE COAST -
SEE? IT IS THE FISHING BOAT USED BY THE DOG, WARBUCKS, TO ESCAPE US -
YES - AND NEARBY, HIS HOUSE, WELL CAMOUFLAGED
AT LAST WE KNOW HIS LAIR - BUT WE MUST MOVE WITH CAUTION -
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright, 1937, by Chicago Tribune-N. Y. News Syndicate, Inc.
YESTERDAY ANNIE AND "DADDY" CAME TO VISIT AM. WHO IS SAID TO HAVE LIVED FOREVER HERE. WE FIND THEM HUNDREDS OF FEET UNDER GROUND - - -
GEE - IT SEEMS ALMOST LIKE A WEIRD DREAM. HOW OLD DIDJA SAY THIS IS?
THIS WAS MY HOME TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO, ANNIE -
4-26-37
I CAN'T GET OVER HOW MODERN IT IS - I THOUGHT FOLKS WERE ONLY JUST BEGINNIN' TO GET REALLY CIVILIZED, NOW -
HO! HO! HO! EVERY AGE BELIEVES IT IS THE MOST CIVILIZED - NOT TRUE AT ALL, OF COURSE -
CONSTANT CHANGE, BUT LIKE CHANGING TIDES - - - UP AND DOWN - BUT ORDINARY MEMORY IS TOO SHORT TO COMPREHEND MORE THAN A BRIEF MOMENT OF TIME, TEN THOUSAND YEARS OR SO -
HAROLD GRAY
B-B-BUT DID PEOPLE LONG AGO KNOW ALL THE THINGS FOLKS KNOW TO DAY?
OF COURSE - WHY, EVEN THE CHILDREN OF SOME PAST AGES KNEW MORE THAN THE GREATEST SAGES OF TO DAY -


B-B-BUT TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO- WHY, IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE EVEN TO THINK OF A TIME SO LONG AGO-
HO! HO! WHAT WOULD YOU THINK OF LOOKING BACK THREE HUNDRED MILLION YEARS?
4-27-37
WHY, SCIENTISTS TODAY LOOK BACK FIVE HUNDRED MILLION YEARS- THEY BELIEVE THAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE DAWN OF LIFE ON THIS EARTH - HEIGH HO- I COULD SHOW THEM WHERE TO DIG---- BUT WHY BOTHER?
HALF A BILLION YEARS AGO- ONLY THE EBB TIDE OF LIFE BEFORE - CYCLES WITHIN CYCLES- HA! WHY, SCIENCE TO DAY HAS ONLY TOUCHED THE EDGE OF EXISTENCE - UP - UP WE MUST GO WITH THE TIDE-
HAROLD GRAY
A FEW THOUSAND YEARS, THEN THE CREST, THE BREAK, AND CIVILIZATION STARTS DOWN - DOWN AGAIN, THROUGH BARBARISM, THE STONE AGE, AND ON TO LOW TIDE---
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! IT ALL MAKES ME SORTA DIZZY-
B-R-R-R! LET'S GET INTO TH' SUNSHINE- I'M SORTA CHILLY-
HO! HO! CHILLY! YOU CALL THIS CHILLY?
4-28-37
WHAT WOULD YOU THINK OF LIVING ON A GREAT CAKE OF ICE FOR FIVE OR TEN THOUSAND YEARS?
GEE! I'LL BET YUH'D SURE LEARN TO SKATE- AND HOW TO SKI, TOO- AND ICE BOATIN'- WOW!
BUT HOW DID YOU KEEP FROM FREEZIN' STIFF? I'LL BET YUH SURE LOST YER TASTE FOR ICE CREAM -
OH, IT WASN'T SO BAD, AFTER I GOT USED TO IT- I STILL LIKE TO SPEND SUMMERS AT THE SOUTH POLE-
BUT HERE LATELY EVEN THE SOUTH POLE IS GETTING TOO MANY TOURISTS - I LIKE A LITTLE PRIVACY NOW AND THEN, SAME AS ANYBODY ELSE-
BR-R-R- WELL, I'D NEVER BOTHER ANYBODY AT TH' SOUTH POLE-
HAROLD GRAY
SURE - HE'S SMART OR HE NEVER COULD HAVE KNOWN WHERE TO DIG - AND THOSE HOUSES - THEY MUST BE AWFUL OLD TO BE BURIED SO DEEP-
YEP - THEY GO BACK TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS - NO QUESTION ABOUT THAT-
BUT HIM CLAIMIN' TO HAVE LIVED FOR MILLIONS O' YEARS - AND ALL HIS PALAVER ABOUT CIVILIZATION RISIN' AND FALLIN' LIKE TH' TIDES - WHY, TH' GUY MUST BE CRAZY -
HM-M-- WELL, HE'S CERTAINLY CHEERFUL AND ENJOYS LIFE - HE KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS AND HE NEVER WORRIES - IF THAT'S BECAUSE HE'S CRAZY, I'D SURE LIKE TO BE CRAZY, TOO - JUST AS CRAZY AS HE IS -
HAVING SPOTTED WARBUCK'S HIDE OUT FROM THE AIR, SIROB AND HIS GANG NOW SEEK A WAY TO APPROACH UN-NOTICED -
LOOK! A MINE - DEAD AHEAD -
REVERSE ENGINES!
AND SEE? A NET ACROSS THE RIVER MOUTH -
HAROLD GRAY
4-29-37
THE RIVER IS GUARDED WITH MINES AND A NET-
BUT WITH CARE WE MAY DISCOVER THE SAFE WAY THROUGH -
AND A SAND BAR- THE CHANNEL IS TO OUR RIGHT-
WE HAVE TIME - WE CAN WORK UN-NOTICED - WE WILL CHART THE SECRET CHANNEL - THEN, WHEN THE TIME COMES, OUR FAST BOATS MAY ENTER SAFELY-
IT'S NO USE -, WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING, BUT THE TELEVISION SET IS OUT OF ORDER - I MUST GET IN TOUCH WITH MY SINGAPORE OFFICE --- ONLY ONE WAY---
CABLES OR OTHER REGULAR MEANS ARE TOO PUBLIC - HAVE THE PLANE MADE READY, ASP- I'M SENDING YOU TO SINGAPORE -
AS YOU WILL, MASTER-
HAROLD GRAY
4-30-37
BUT "DADDY"- DO YOU HAVE TO SEND THE ASP? ISN'T THERE SOME OTHER WAY?
NO - THE TELEVISION SET HAS BROKEN DOWN -
HE CAN GET TO SINGAPORE AND BACK IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS -
BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT SIROB AND HIS GANG HAVE BEEN UP TO FOR A MONTH - SUPPOSE THEY SHOWED UP HERE -
OH, NOT MUCH CHANCE OF THAT, I GUESS - NO - WE'RE PERFECTLY SAFE - HOW COULD THEY FIND US HERE?
JUST TH' SAME - I'D FEEL A LOT SAFER WITH TH' ASP HERE -
HAROLD GRAY
5-1-37
AH- WITH THIS CHART IT WILL BE A SIMPLE MATTER FOR OUR ARMED BOATS TO ENTER THE RIVER -
BUT THE ASP- HE IS DANGEROUS- IF WE HAD ONLY TO DEAL WITH WARBUCKS -
HUSH - IT IS A PLANE RISING FROM THE RIVER-

Little Orphan Annie
TILL WE MEET AGAIN, MASTER-
WELL, HOPE YOU HAVE A GOOD TRIP- TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, ASP-
OVER OCEAN AND LAND, LIKE SOME GREAT BIRD - THAT PLANE WILL HOP OVER THE HIMALAYAS EASY AS A GRASS HOPPER JUMPS OVER AN OLD LOG -
SURE CARRIES ME BACK - HAD A FINE STABLE OF BIRDS ONCE - PASSENGER BIRDS - ABOUT THE SIZE OF THAT PLANE - SAME WING SPREAD - NEARLY AS FAST - ALL EXTINCT MILLIONS OF YEARS, OF COURSE -
GEE WHISKERS! REAL BIRDS. THAT COULD CARRY A MAN?
YES, INDEED, ANNIE - OR TWENTY MEN - THEY WERE MANEATERS - EXPENSIVE TO KEEP FED - HAD TO BE CAREFUL, BUT THEY WERE SAFE ENOUGH WHEN MUZZLED PROPERLY -
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! MR. AM, WHY DON'T YOU WRITE A BOOK, OR TELL TH' PROFESSORS 'BOUT ALL YOU'VE SEEN? ALL 'BOUT 'WAY, 'WAY BACK, MILLIONS O' YEARS AGO -
NO, ANNIE - I'VE NOT LIVED FOREVER WITHOUT LEARNING THAT DISCOVERY IS THE IMPORTANT THING - --- FACTS ONLY INCIDENTAL AND SOON FORGOTTEN -
NO - THEY'D ONLY TRY TO SHUT ME IN AN INSANE ASYLUM IF I TALKED - HO! HO! HOW COULD A BE-WHISKERED OLD FOGEY KNOW MORE THAN THE PROFESSORS EVEN DREAM? IF I TRIED TO TELL THEM, I WOULD BE CRAZY -
YEP - NOT SO FAR BACK ANY SMART PERSON WAS A WITCH AND GOT HUNG FOR IT -
BIRDS AS BIG AS AIRPLANES THAT FOLKS RODE ON! GEE, 'DADDY' - DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT ONE?
WHY NOT? IT'S A GOOD STORY, ANYWAY, SO WHY NOT BELIEVE IT? AND THE OLD FELLOW HAS MADE GOOD ON SO MANY OF HIS CLAIMS I'D ALMOST BELIEVE ANYTHING HE TELLS NOW -
BUT LIVING FOREVER- AHEAD A MILLION YEARS OR BACK A MILLION-- I MIGHT GET THAT ONE - BUT BOTH WAYS -- AND FOR EVER !!!
YES - THAT'S SURE A LONG TIME - ETERNITY - NO BEGINNING AND NO END - GUESS ANYBODY'D GET PRETTY SMART IN THAT TIME AND SEE A LOT -
B-BUT I CAN'T EVEN T-T-THINK OF ANYTHING SO BIG -
BETTER NOT TRY TOO HARD, ANNIE - WE'RE JUST LITTLE PEOPLE OF TODAY WITH MINDS TO FIT - BUT AM IS A MIGHTY INTERESTING CHAP -
SAY - ABOUT THE ASP - HE'LL BE GONE FOR A LONG TIME - HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ABOUT BORIS SIROB? AREN'T YOU 'FRAID ---
OH, BORIS - NO - HE'LL NOT FIND US HERE - ANYWAY, I'M TOO BUSY WITH THE EXPERIMENTS WE'RE WORKING ON NOW TO WORRY ABOUT BORIS -
THE TELEVISION DETECTOR HAS GONE WRONG, FOR ONE THING - PRETTY COMPLICATED, YOU KNOW --- AND THERE'S A CHEMICAL FORMULA --- IF ONLY ---
WELL, I S'POSE IF "DADDY" SAYS WE'RE SAFE HERE, WE'RE SAFE - JUST TH' SAME, THAT GUY, SIROB, IS A BAD NUMBER -
HAROLD GRAY 5-2-37
OFF SHORE FROM THE RIVER'S MOUTH A TINY PERISCOPE HARDLY BREAKS THE PLACID SURFACE OF THE WATER --- IN THE GIANT SUBMARINE BELOW ---
AH - THERE HE GOES - THE ASP -
A SIMPLE MATTER TO BRING HIM DOWN - BUT LET HIM GO -
HIS ABSENCE WILL SIMPLIFY THE MATTER - NOW WE HAVE ONLY THE DOG, WARBUCKS, TO DEAL WITH -
HE IS WELL ARMED AND HAS MANY MEN - WE MUST ACT WITH EXTREME CAUTION -
YES - TIME - A LITTLE MORE TIME - THEN, WHEN ALL IS PREPARED, WITHOUT WARNING, WE SHALL STRIKE!
THE ASP IS FAR ON HIS WAY TO SINGAPORE --- HERE AT "DADDY'S" HOME IN THE JUNGLE ALL IS PEACEFUL AND SERENE ---
NO! NO! DON'T WORRY, ANNIE - WE'RE PERFECTLY SAFE HERE -
JUST TH' SAME, I'D FEEL A LOT SAFER IF THE ASP HADN'T GONE AWAY -
5-3-37
THAT GUY COULD SMELL TROUBLE, I BETCHA - AND HE'S ALWAYS READY FOR ANYTHING -
TRUE ENOUGH - BUT SIROB IS THE ONLY ONE WE HAVE TO WATCH OUT FOR - HE'LL NEVER FIND THIS PLACE -
ALAS! FOR ONCE "DADDY" HAS GUESSED WRONG ---
THE ASP WILL BE GONE FOR AT LEAST TWO WEEKS, BUT LONG ENOUGH -
TRUE - BUT LET US NOT UNDERESTIMATE THE DOG, WARBUCKS - HE IS DANGEROUS -
WE SHALL LEAVE NOTHING TO CHANCE - WE HAVE MUCH TO DO, BUT IF WE MOVE QUICKLY AND WITH A PURPOSE WE WILL HAVE TIME TO SPARE -
HA! HA! WHAT THE DOG WARBUCKS BELIEVES A REFUGE SHALL BE HIS TRAP -

HA! HA! HA! BIRDS BIG AS AIRPLANES - AND MAN-EATERS! IT'S A SWELL STORY - BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL ME!
AH, CHILDREN TO DAY - THEY MUST BE SHOWN - BY THE WAY - WOULD YOU CARE TO SEE THE LOWER LEVELS OF MY DIGGINGS?
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! IS IT ALIVE?
OH, NO - DEAD HALF A BILLION YEARS OR SO - BUT VERY WELL PRESERVED - PLENTY MORE AT THIS LEVEL, BUT A LOT OF WORK TO DIG THEM OUT -
MEN - MEN - THOUSANDS OF 'EM - IT'S LIKE ANTS WORKIN' - WHY DON'T YOU USE MACHINERY?
WHY SHOULD I USE MACHINERY? I HAVE PLENTY OF MEN TO DO THE JOB -
BUT THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS O' MEN WORKIN' DOWN HERE IN THE GROUND - THINK O' TH' TERRIFIC PAY ROLL!
PAY ROLL? OH, YES - TO BE SURE - THE PAY ROLL! HA! HA! HA! OH, HO! HO! HO! THE PAY ROLL!
B-BUT MR. AM! YOU CAN'T HAVE SLAVES - IT'S AGAINST THE LAW!
SLAVES? HA! THEY ARE NOT NEARLY AS MUCH ENSLAVED AS MILLIONS OF SO-CALLED FREE MEN IN THE WORLD -
BUT YOU ADMIT YOU DON'T PAY THEM A CENT OF WAGES -
WHY SHOULD I, WITH A SCORE OF CLUTCHING HANDS REACHING FOR EACH WORKER'S ENVELOPE? NO - HERE ONLY THE REAL WORKER REAPS THE FRUITS OF HIS TOIL -
MY MEN WORK FOR ME VOLUNTARILY - THEY ARE WELL FED AND KEPT SAFELY AND IN SECURITY - THEY ARE NEVER OUT OF WORK - THEY NEVER QUIT -
B-BUT THEY WORK SUCH LONG HOURS!
WHAT OF THAT? NONE OF THEM WORKS LONGER HOURS THAN I? LAW! THE GREATEST LAW OF HUMANITY IS THAT WE ARE BORN TO LABOR - THE ONLY TRUE CONTENTMENT IS TO BE HAD IN HARD WORK WELL DONE -
HM-M-- I'VE HEARD SOME HOT ARGUMENTS 'BOUT THAT -
HAROLD GRAY 5-5-37
YOU NEVER REALLY GO TO SLEEP! ONLY A LITTLE CAT NAP NOW AND THEN - DON'T YOU GET AWFULLY TIRED?
NO - NOT ANY MORE - GUESS I GOT ALL MY SLEEPING DONE MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO -
GEE - LIVIN' FOR EVER! I'D THINK THAT'D TIRE OUT ALMOST ANYBODY -
HA! HA! WHAT'S THAT SAYING? "THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS ARE THE HARDEST" - LOT OF TRUTH IN THAT, ALL RIGHT -
I S'POSE ANY PERSON WHO LIVES SO LONG IS BOUND TO GET MIGHTY SMART -
OH, ONE SEES A LOT, IN MILLIONS OF YEARS, AND REMEMBERS A LOT, OF COURSE -
YOU CAN SEE WAY, WAY BACK - BUT CAN YOU SEE AHEAD, TOO?
NO, ANNIE - THAT'S WHAT MAKES LIFE SO INTERESTING - MORE FASCINATING EVERY DAY - I'LL NEVER GET TIRED OF IT -
HAROLD GRAY 5-6-37
YES - GIANT LIZARD - EVERY FIRST CLASS KING USED TO HAVE THOUSANDS OF THEM - THEY WERE MIGHTY EFFECTIVE - IF ONE OF THOSE BOYS MET THE BIGGEST ARMORED TANK OF TODAY HE'D CRUNCH IT LIKE AN EGG SHELL -
5-7-37
BUT THAT WAS WAY, WAY BACK BEFORE PEOPLE KNEW THAT MIGHT DOESN'T MAKE RIGHT - TCH! TCH! WHAT DARK AGES!
BUT, MR. AM! HADN'T THOSE FOLKS EVER LEARNED THAT THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD?
HA! HA! SOME HAD SOME SUCH IDEA, I BELIEVE - BUT IT ALWAYS TURNED OUT THAT THE TOUGH LAD WITH THE KNIFE GOT THE APPLE - THE CHAP WITH THE PEN GOT THE CORE - OF COURSE HE COULD PLANT THE CORE -----
AND RAISE A WHOLE TREE OF APPLES -- AND HE USUALLY DID, TO THE DELIGHT OF THE TOUGH LAD, WHO ALWAYS SHOWED UP AGAIN JUST WHEN THE FRUIT WAS RIPE - BUT, AS I SAY, THAT WAS ALL LONG, LONG AGO -
YOU CAN SEE BACK MILLIONS OF YEARS - BUT YOU CAN'T SEE AHEAD AT ALL?
NO - BUT AFTER WATCHING THE PATTERN OF THE AGES, ONE CAN GUESS WHAT IS AHEAD PRETTY CLOSELY
PEOPLE NEVER CHANGE VERY MUCH - UNDER SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES THEY'VE ALWAYS REACTED ABOUT THE SAME AND PROBABLY ALWAYS WILL -
BUT -- BUT PEOPLE TO DAY KNOW WHAT IS RIGHT AND WHAT IS WRONG!
FOLKS TO DAY FOLLOW LAWS!
HA! HA! THE LAW IS ONLY PUBLIC OPINION, ANNIE - WHAT IS "RIGHT" TO DAY MAY HAVE BEEN "WRONG" A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, AND SOON MAY BE "WRONG" AGAIN -
IDEAS CHANGE, LIKE CHANGING TIDES - THAT'S WHAT MAKES SO-CALLED PROGRESS - BUT PEOPLE? AS LONG AS I'VE LIVED THEY'VE NEVER CHANGED -
HAROLD GRAY 5-8-37

Little Orphan Annie

WHILE "DADDY" WARBUCKS' LOLLS CARELESSLY IN THE FANCIED SECURITY OF HIS RIVER-SIDE RETREAT--

HM.M---RADIO OUT OF ORDER— NO DIFFERENCE - WE'RE PERFECTLY SAFE HERE—

BORIS SIROB PREPARES TO DEAL A FINAL AND DEVASTATING BLOW---

EVERY ONE IS AN EXPERT WITH A MACHINE GUN - OR WITH A KNIFE—

MANY ARE VETERANS OF JUNGLE CAMPAIGNS, BORIS - ARE THEY NOT PERFECT FOR OUR USE?

THEY WILL DO - SEND THEM BELOW, AND BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES TILL WE ARE BEYOND THE CHANCE OF SPYING EYES— BE READY TO SAIL IN AN HOUR—

WHAT OF THE SUBMARINE?

IT WOULD BE USELESS IN THE RIVER - OUR MEN WILL SURROUND THE HOUSE ON THE SWAMP SIDE— OUR TWO ARMED BOATS WILL BLOCK THE RIVER— WARBUCKS AND HIS MEN WILL BE OVERWHELMED BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO DEFEND THEMSELVES—

FAR, FAR AWAY, IN A FOREIGN LAND, A GIANT PLANE HAS DROPPED TO A LONELY LANDING FIELD TO RE-FUEL--- A STRANGE FIGURE DASHES TO THE PLANE--

AH- AHMED— WHAT URGENT MISSION BRINGS YOU HERE?

THIS MESSAGE, SIRE— I CAME TO MEET THE ASP, FOR IT SEEMED MOST URGENT—

THE ASP READS THE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE, THEN WITH FRANTIC HASTE THE PLANE IS SERVICED, TURNED ABOUT, AND ROARS BACK TOWARD THE PLACE FROM WHENCE IT CAME—

SO YOU'RE READING HISTORY, EH? ALL ABOUT "THE HUNDRED YEARS WAR"— NICE SCRAP, WHILE IT LASTED— YEP— I SOLD ARMS TO BOTH SIDES— DID A PRETTY GOOD BUSINESS—

BR-R-R- WARS ARE TERRIBLE - WOULDN'T YOU THINK FOLKS WOULD LEARN SOME TIME HOW FOOLISH WARS ARE?

FOLKS AREN'T MADE THAT WAY, ANNIE— YOU CAN TELL THEM THE FACTS YOU KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE — SHOW THEM FIGURES TO PROVE EVERY CLAIM YOU MAKE— BUT NO ONE EVER REALLY LEARNS THAT WAY—

EXPERIENCE— THAT'S THE ONLY TEACHER— BUT DOWN WITH EXPERIENCE! IN EVERY AGE THE CALLOW YOUTH IS SURE HE'S GOT A NEW ANGLE— THAT THE OLD FOSSILS ARE ONLY WINDBAGS, BLOCKING PROGRESS—

WHY, I REMEMBER FOUR HUNDRED MILLION YEARS AGO— THERE WAS AN OLD ONE-ARMED CHAP WHO TRIED TO WARN PEOPLE AGAINST THE PTERODACTYLS— THEY'D NEVER SEEN ANY— HE HAD—

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! WEREN'T THOSE PTERODACTYLS THOSE FLYIN' REPTILES THAT'D EAT PEOPLE?

YES! WELL, ONE DAY A SWARM OF THEM DROPPED INTO TOWN— AFTER THAT THE FEW PEOPLE WHO ESCAPED ALIVE KNEW ALL ABOUT PTERODACTYLS— FOR THE OTHERS, IT DIDN'T MATTER ANY MORE—

WHEW! BUT I S'POSE NOBODY THEY TOLD BOUT IT BELIEVED THEM EITHER—

HM-M- COME TO THINK OF IT I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE HIM— THAT OLD GUY MUST BE LOONEY---- GEE— "DADDY'S" TAKIN' A NAP— LUCKY THERE AREN'T ANY PTERODACTYLS TO WATCH OUT FOR THESE DAYS—

HAROLD GRAY ■ 5-9-37

GEE! THAT SURE WAS A FUNNY STORY AM WAS TELLIN' 'BOUT TH' ONE-ARMED FELLA AND TH' PTERODACTYLS, THOSE TERRIBLE, MONSTROUS BIRDS THAT'D EAT PEOPLE—

HE SAID NOBODY'D BELIEVE THERE WERE SUCH THINGS, TILL THEY'D SEEN 'EM— THEN, USUALLY, IT WAS TOO LATE—

HM-M--- I WONDER IF MR. AM WAS HINTING WE'RE IN FOR A MESS O' TROUBLE, BUT HE WON'T WHEN "DADDY" 'CAUSE HE FIGGERS IT'S NO USE—

I WISH TH' ASP HADN'T GONE AWAY— SUPPOSE SIROB AND HIS GANG SHOULD FIND THIS PLACE—

NONSENSE! BUT EVEN IF HE SHOULD, I GUESS WE'D HAVE THE MEDICINE FOR HIM—

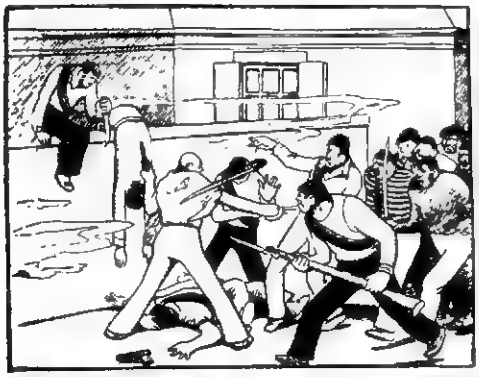
HAROLD GRAY ■ 5-10-37

TWO HUNDRED OF THE BEST JUNGLE FIGHTERS - TRAINED TO MOVE AS SILENTLY AS REPTILES OF THE SWAMP --- AH, AND FAR MORE DEADLY-
NOT EVEN THE BUZZARDS WILL SEE AND BETRAY THEM-
FOUR DAYS, AND THEY WILL HAVE REACHED THE HOUSE AND CLOSED IN ABOUT IT- THERE THEY WILL LIE IN WAIT-
5-11-37
AT THE SIGNAL THEY SHALL ATTACK FROM THE SWAMP— WE, WITH TWO HUNDRED MORE, SHALL LAND FROM THE RIVER- IN A TWINKLING IT WILL BE ALL OVER-
WARBUCKS AND HIS FOLLOWERS WILL BE CAUGHT OFF GUARD AND OVERWHELMED WITHOUT A CHANCE TO RESIST-
AH! TEN BILLION IN COINS!
FOUR DAYS MORE- AND THEN --- BILLIONS!
HAROLD GRAY
"DADDY" MAY NOT BE WORRIED, BUT I AM- OF COURSE, TH' RIVER IS WELL GUARDED ---
5-12-37
AND HE SAYS IT'D BE JUST ABOUT IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANY ONE TO GET THROUGH TH' SWAMP AND SLIP UP FROM BEHIND TH' HOUSE ---
BUT IT'S SO STILL- ALMOST AS IF THERE WAS A GREAT BEAST IN THERE, GETTIN' ALL SET TO SPRING- I'M SCARED!
I CAN ALMOST FEEL SOMETHIN' MOVIN' IN THAT JUNGLE- SOMETHIN' BAD --- AND BIG! BUT SHUX! GUESS I'VE BEEN LISTENIN' TO TOO MANY O' AM'S WILD STORIES-
HAROLD GRAY
TOUGH GOIN'- EH, PAL?
YEAH! BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT-
THERE'S ONLY TWO HUNNERT O' US IN THIS PARTY- AN' TWO HUNNERT MORE ON TH' BOATS-
THAT'S FOUR HUNNERT OF US, IN ALL-
YEAH- AND A BILLION O' SWAG TO SPLIT-
TH' CHIEF SAID TEN BILLION-
G'WAN- THERE AIN'T TEN BILLION ON EARTH-
WELL, ONE BILLION IS NICE MONEY-
H'M-- SPLIT FOUR HUNDRED WAYS- LET'S SEE- THAT'D BE TWO AND A HALF MILLION PER EACH OF US-
BUT TH' CHIEF- BORIS SIROB- HE'S A MEAN NUMBER, OR I MISS MY GUESS- WILL HE KEEP HIS WORD?
HA! FOUR HUNDRED O' US- GUESS WE WON'T HAVE NO TROUBLE WIT' HIM-
I'D SLIT A HUNNERT GULLETS FER A CRACK AT DOUGH LIKE THAT-
BUT WHAT OF THE MEN, BORIS? TWO HUNDRED IN THE SWAMP- TWO HUNDRED MORE ABOARD OUR BOATS-
YES- YOU PROMISED EACH OF THEM AN EQUAL SHARE OF THE TREASURE-
HA! ARE YOU FOOLS? ONCE THEY HAVE SERVED THEIR PURPOSE, WE WILL KNOW HOW TO "REWARD" THEM, EH?
THE LESS TALK OF THIS ADVENTURE AFTERWARD, THE BETTER- "DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES"-
WE THREE, AND WE THREE ALONE, KNOW HOW TO KEEP A SECRET--- AND LIVE! IS IT NOT SO?
HAROLD GRAY 5-14-37
I CAN'T GET OVER IT- WHERE LATELY THIS PLACE HAS BEEN GIVIN' ME TH' CREEPS-
C'MON, SANDY- IT GETS DARK EARLY HERE UNDER TH' TREES- LET'S GET BACK TO TH' HOUSE-
OH! SH-H-H! S-SANDY! LOOK! MEN- EVER'WHERE! TWENTY--- FIFTY- WHY, THERE MUST BE A HUNDRED OR MORE- A SURPRISE ATTACK!
OH-H! AND "DADDY" DOESN'T EVEN GUESS! WE'RE TOO FAR AWAY TO YELL- THERE ISN'T A THING WE CAN DO TO HELP--- OOO-OH-- S-S-SANDY !!!
GRAY
5-15-37

Little Orphan Annie

JUST AS ANNIE IS ABOUT TO RETURN TO THE HOUSE SHE IS FROZEN WITH HORROR FOR, FROM HER PERCH IN THE LOW BRANCHES OF A TREE, SHE IS WITNESSING THE MASSACRE OF ALL THOSE DEAREST TO HER---

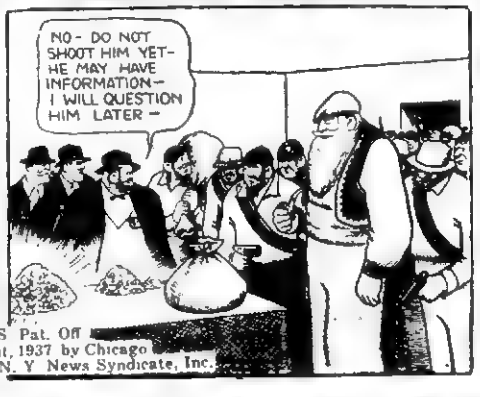
OH! OH! THERE WASN'T A SECOND'S WARNING - 'DADDY' HASN'T A CHANCE - THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF 'EM COMIN' OUT OF TH' SWAMP - AND SIROB'S BOATS LANDIN' A COUPLE HUNDRED MORE - OH-H-H SANDY!



LOOK! THERE'S "DADDY"! FIVE - SIX DOWN - BUT THERE ARE TWENTY MORE - - - OH-H-HE'S DOWN - - - BUT WAIT! THE ASP - OOO - - - I NEVER KNEW ANYBODY COULD BE SO WILD AND TERRIBLE -

ALLIGATORS AND SNAKES AND WILDCATS AND QUICKSAND - BUT, IF AM KNEW, MAYBE HE STILL COULD DO SOMETHIN' - IF WE DON'T MAKE IT - BUT "DADDY'D" RISK AS MUCH FOR US -

WHO'S THIS BIRD? SOME GUY OUT OF A CIRCUS?
HELLO, WHISKERS! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
TAKE HIM TO SIROB -
NO USE FRISKIN' THEM GUYS - WE TOOK CARE O' THAT -
5 16 37



Reg. U S Pat. Off
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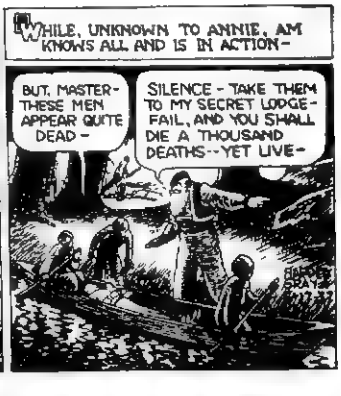
WHERE'S OLD SANTA CLAUS?
HE WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO -
QUICK - - - TAKE THESE TWO TO MY SECRET LODGE IN THE JUNGLE - FAIL FOR ANY REASON AND YOU SHALL FRY IN OIL -
WE SHALL NOT FAIL, YOUR HIGHNESS -

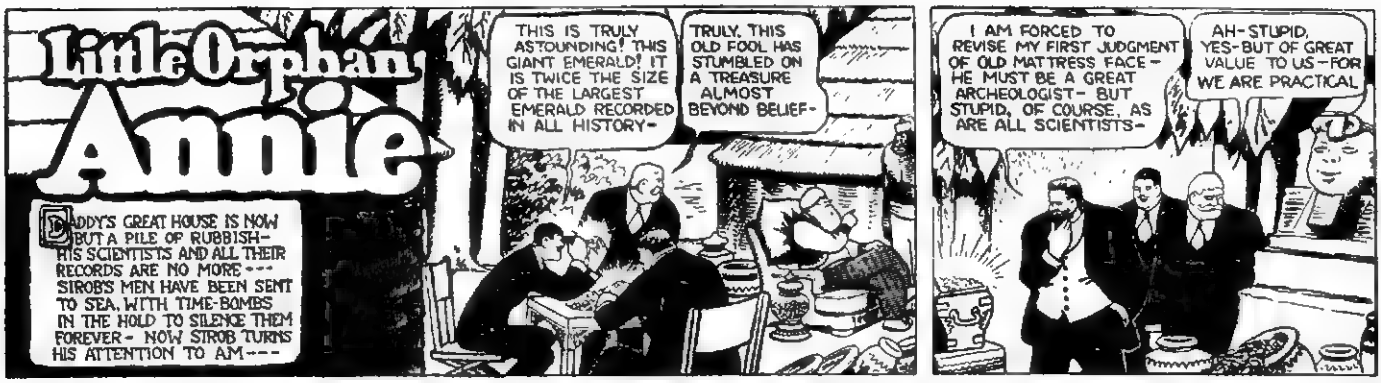
YESTERDAY, WITHOUT WARNING, SIROB'S KILLERS STRUCK - - - "DADDY" AND HIS COMPANIONS FOUGHT LIKE TIGERS, BUT WERE CUT DOWN TO THE LAST MAN, EVEN THE ASP WHO RETURNED AS THE BATTLE RAGED, FELL FIGHTING -
NOT ONE OF THEM LEFT ALIVE, BORIS -
GOOD - HA! HA! SO! AT LAST THE DOG, WARBUCKS, WILL SNAP AT US NO MORE -

POOR, POOR, BRAVE "DADDY" - IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE HIM - - - BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET TO MR. AM - IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO GET BORIS SIROB PUNISHED - - - IT'LL NEVER BE TOO LATE FOR THAT - - - OH!


WHILE, UNKNOWN TO ANNIE, AM KNOWS ALL AND IS IN ACTION -
BUT, MASTER - THESE MEN APPEAR QUITE DEAD -
SILENCE - TAKE THEM TO MY SECRET LODGE - FAIL, AND YOU SHALL DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS - - YET LIVE -

OH, S-SANDY- THAT'S NOT TH' RIVER - THAT'S ANOTHER RIVER --- WE'RE --- WE'RE LOST--- LOST IN A THOUSAND MILES O' SWAMP--- WE MIGHT AS WELL ST-T-TAY RIGHT HERE-
BUT WE MUST GO ON - "DADDY'D" WANT US TO- HE NEVER WOULD HAVE QUIT-----Y!-!-!
QUICK SAND!
OO! SANDY! THIS IS OUR FINISH-
BUT, MASTER! THE SAHIB, WARBUCKS, AND HIS SERVANT! AT LEAST FIFTY BULLETS---AND THE GREAT KNIFE WOUNDS---THEY HAD NO CHANCE- THEY ARE--- D-D-D--
ENOUGH, SLAVE! GUARD THIS DOOR-LET NONE APPROACH- SPY UPON ME AND YOU SHALL BE LIVE BAIT FOR AN ALLIGATOR TRAP-
HAROLD GRAY 5-18-37
YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS - TAKE THE TWO BOATS TO THE POINT AGREED ON, JUST OFF THE RIVER MOUTH, AND LIE TO TILL WE JOIN YOU- WE WILL BRING THE TREASURE IN THE LAUNCH-
YES- AND SEE THAT YOU DO, OR WE SHALL BE BACK-
5-19-37
IT'S O.K., MATES- SURE, HE'S GOT THEM JEWELS, BUT TH' RIVER IS HIS ONLY WAY OUT- HOW FAR D'YUH THINK HE COULD GET IN THAT LAUNCH IF HE TRIED MAKIN' A BREAK FOR IT?
YEAH- GUESS YER RIGHT-
SURE- WE'LL GIT OURS-
WELL, ADIOS, MY SIMPLE-MINDED FRIENDS - ARE YOU SURE THE TIME BOMBS ARE PROPERLY PLACED AND SET?
YES, BORIS- THEY WILL GO OFF WHEN THEY ARE OVER DEEP WATER - THE RESULT WILL BE MOST COMPLETE-
WHILE THROUGH THE SWAMP AM'S GREAT DOGS, HAVING FOUND ANNIE AND SANDY, LEAD THEM TOWARD SAFETY-
AT FIRST THEY SCARED ME AWFUL BAD -- BUT I'M GLAD TO HAVE SUCH BIG AND TERRIBLE FRIENDS IN A PLACE LIKE THIS-
HAROLD GRAY
NO-NO! HE'S ONLY A CRAZY OLD FOOL- QUITE HARMLESS- BUT OTHERS MAY BE UP-RIVER - HE WILL LEAD US TO THEM LATER-
HUMPH! BAUBLES! YOU SHOULD COME UP AND SEE MY REAL COLLECTION OF GEMS-
5 20 37
WE MUST LEAVE NO ONE BEHIND TO TELL WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE- BUT HE CAN WAIT---HUSH! IT IS THE MOMENT-
AH-H-H! YES- ANY SECOND NOW-
SH-H-H!
WELL, THOSE THREE CHISELERS BETTER SHOW UP MIGHTY QUICK OR WE'LL GO BACK AND--- WHAT TH'---?
HAROLD GRAY
OVER WATER AND JUNGLE IS WAFTED TO STROB AND HIS CONFEDERATES A SOUND AS OF TWO CLAPS OF DISTANT THUNDER-
BOOM!
BOOM!
BANG!
THERE-
A PILE OF RUBBISH SOON HIDDEN BY THE CREEPING JUNGLE- THE LAST TRACE OF WARBUCKS AND HIS WORKS! HA! HA! HA!
NICE WORK, BOYS - AND A GOOD PROFIT, TOO-HEH! HEH!
EH?
OH, IT'S OLD WHISKERS-
THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T CARE MUCH FOR THOSE JEWELS - CALLED THEM CHEAP BAUBLES-
OH, THEY ARE ALL RIGHT FOR THESE DAYS - BUT, IN THIS BURIED CITY I'M DIGGING INTO IS REAL TREASURE -
LOONEY-
HM-M--- I WONDER-
ARCHEOLOGIST, EH? BURIED CITY- HUM-M-- MUST HAVE QUITE A CREW HELPING YOU DIG- IS IT NOT SO?
OH, A FEW HELPERS- BUT YOU MUST COME AND SEE IT ALL FOR YOURSELVES-
YES- WE SHALL- RIGHT NOW-
LOOK! MR. AM WITH THOSE MEN! BUT I THOUGHT HE WAS "DADDY'S FRIEND - HOW CAN HE EVEN TALK TO THOSE BUTCHERS?
HUSH! COME QUICKLY- IT IS HIS ORDER THAT YOU BE NOT SEEN HERE---YET-
BUT IN THESE SACKS ARE TEN BILLIONS IN PRECIOUS STONES-
HO! HO! HO! YOU AND YOUR FEW BAGS OF MARBLES - YOU HAVE SEEN NOTHING YET!
THERE! LOOK AT THE CONTENTS OF THOSE CHESTS AND VASES - YES! LOOK CLOSELY-
WHY, THIS IS ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF-
BUSHELS OF RARE GEMS!
AND THE VASES! PRICELESS IN THEMSELVES-
YOU SAY, WITH THESE FEW HELPERS, YOU DUG UP THIS TREASURE NEAR HERE?
HO! HO! SO YOU BELIEVE ME NOW- AH, I KNOW WHERE TO DIG - PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT STUFF CAME FROM---

Little Orphan Annie


DADDY'S GREAT HOUSE IS NOW BUT A PILE OF RUBBISH- HIS SCIENTISTS AND ALL THEIR RECORDS ARE NO MORE--- SIROB'S MEN HAVE BEEN SENT TO SEA, WITH TIME-BOMBS IN THE HOLD TO SILENCE THEM FOREVER- NOW SIROB TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO AM---
THIS IS TRULY ASTOUNDING! THIS GIANT EMERALD! IT IS TWICE THE SIZE OF THE LARGEST EMERALD RECORDED IN ALL HISTORY-
TRULY, THIS OLD FOOL HAS STUMBLED ON A TREASURE ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF-
I AM FORCED TO REVISE MY FIRST JUDGMENT OF OLD MATTRESS FACE- HE MUST BE A GREAT ARCHEOLOGIST- BUT STUPID, OF COURSE, AS ARE ALL SCIENTISTS-
AH- STUPID, YES- BUT OF GREAT VALUE TO US- FOR WE ARE PRACTICAL

YOU SAY YOU DUG UP THESE THINGS NEAR HERE? PERHAPS YOU WOULD SHOW US WHERE-
OH, THOSE! HA! ONLY CHEAP BAUBLES- BUT IF YOU ARE INTERESTED, I COULD SHOW YOU TREASURE BEYOND ALL YOUR DREAMS-
BOF S! LOOK! EVEN THE CAVE OF ALI BABA HELD NO SUCH WEALTH AS THIS-
AH, YES- MOST INTERESTING- BUT COME- LET US NOT TARRY IN THIS PIT-
AS YOU WILL-
STRANGE- I FELT DANGER IN THAT BURIED CHAMBER- AS IF SPIRITS OF THE LONG-DEAD PAST STILL TARRIED THERE-
NONSENSE- A WEEK HERE AND ALL OF VALUE WILL BE OURS- THEN THIS OAF AND HIS SLAVES BELOW IN THE PIT-- ONE BLAST TO CLOSE THE NARROW OPENING--- AND ADIOS!

HIST! LOOK! HE WANDERS AWAY INTO THE SWAMP-
NO! DO NOT FRIGHTEN HIM- IT WOULD DESTROY HIS USEFULNESS TO US- LET HIM GO- WHAT HARM IF HE WANDERS INTO THE WOODS- HE MUST RETURN-
SHOULD WE HOLD HIM UNDER GUARD?
OH, MR. AM- YOU GOT AWAY FROM THEM- HURRY- LET'S RUN AND RUN AND RUN-
NO, ANNIE- THERE IS NO DANGER- AT ANY TIME I COULD END THEM IN A MOMENT- BUT SUCH IS NOT THE PLAN-
THE "PLAN"? BUT I WON'T ASK WHAT YOU MEAN, MR. AM- YOU SAVED SANDY AND ME- I GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO-
AND SOON WE SHALL REACH A SECRET BIVOUAC- AH- THIS IS THE TURN- ANOTHER THOUSAND YARDS---

B-B-BUT "DADDY"! OH, "DADDY"! I THOUGHT--
YES, ANNIE- I KNOW- YOU THOUGHT THEY GOT ME- WELL- NO ORDINARY DOCTOR COULD HAVE SAVED ME- BUT AM DID-
5-23-37
AND YOU SAVED THE ASP, TOO- WHY, I SAW WHAT HAPPENED TO 'EM- YOU MUST BE AN AWFUL SMART DOCTOR, MR. AM-
NO, ANNIE- I MERELY REMEMBER SOME THINGS FORGOTTEN FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS-
GEE, MR. AM- IF YOU KNOW HOW TO SAVE FOLKS THAT NO ONE ELSE COULD SAVE, WHY NOT GIVE YER KNOWLEDGE TO TH' WORLD?
HMPH! IN MILLIONS OF YEARS I'VE SEEN, MAYBE, THREE OR FOUR MEN WORTH SAVING- OLIVER WARBUCKS IS ONE OF THEM- I SAVED THE ASP JUST FOR PRACTICE-
HAROLD GRAY

WHO IS THIS BEWHISKERED GIANT? WHAT IS HE? IS IT POSSIBLE HE IS ALL HE CLAIMS? OR IS HE THE GREATEST PALEONTOLOGIST ON EARTH? ONE THING IS SURE- HE IS NOT THE AMIABLE OLD FOOL HE SOMETIMES SEEMS TO BE-
BAH! HE'S HALF CRAZY- NO WONDER- DIGGING IN SUCH RUINS-
HALF CRAZY, PERHAPS- THE OTHER HALF A GREAT SCIENTIST- AN EXPERT ON ANTIQUITY-
WHAT DIFFERENCE? WE ARE PRACTICAL- HERE WE HAVE A TREASURE SO VAST IT IS BEYOND COUNTING-
AH! BUT BEHOLD- IT IS OF ONE PIECE OF PUREST JADE-
YES- THE JADE IS PRICELESS, BUT SUCH A PIECE IS UNWIELDY- HERE- THE SLEDGEHAMMER- IN BAGS IT WILL BE EASILY TRANSPORTED-
BUT- THE VANDALS DESTROY THE MASTERPIECES- IT IS TOO MUCH- PLEASE! LET US TEACH THESE ONES A LESSON-
NO! WAIT! I COMMAND IT! WHEN THE PROPER TIME COMES I SHALL ACT-
HAROLD GRAY
5-24-37

YES, ANNIE - YOU THOUGHT I WAS DONE FOR - I KNOW - SO DID I - IN FACT, I THINK I WAS BEYOND THE AID OF ANY MEDICAL SCIENCE KNOWN TO-DAY -
BUT IS MR. AM REALLY A DOCTOR?
I'LL SAY HE IS! HIS METHODS MAY NOT BE ORTHODOX BUT THEY'RE MOST EFFECTIVE - HE SAYS IT'S ONLY A FEW TRICKS HE HAS REMEMBERED -
YES - AND HE SAVED TH' ASP TOO - HE WAS ALL SHOT AND CUT UP WORSE THAN YOU -
MR. AM TOLD ME THAT IN MILLIONS O' YEARS HE'S KNOWN ONLY THREE OR FOUR MEN HE FIGGERED WERE WORTH SAVIN' - HE SAID YOU WERE ONE OF 'EM - SAID HE SAVED TH' ASP JUST FOR PRACTICE -
HE SAID THAT? HA! HA! FUNNY OLD CODGER - OF COURSE, IT'S HIS JOKE ABOUT HAVING LIVED FOR EVER---STILL - THAT OLD GEEZER HAS AN AWFUL LOT ON THE BALL - SOME TIMES I WONDER ------
HAROLD GRAY 5-25-37
HUNDREDS OF MEN MUST HAVE BEEN WORKING HERE RECENTLY - THOUSANDS, PERHAPS -
ONLY A DOZEN NOW -
THE REST ARE GONE - THESE FEW ARE IN OUR POWER - WHY WORRY - ?
BUT THE BEARDED ONE - IS HE SUCH A FOOL AS TO TURN OVER THIS TREASURE TO US SO WILLINGLY ?
HA! WHO CARES ABOUT HIM, SANE OR CRAZY? BUT DO NOT FRIGHTEN HIM - WE NEED HIM TO GUIDE US TO ALL THE TREASURE -
A FEW MORE DAYS - THEN WE LEAVE HIM AND HIS SLAVES BELOW - DYNAMITE THE NARROW SHAFT - AND FORGET THIS PLACE -
YES, MY FRIENDS - A FEW MORE DAYS, YOU SAY - HA! HA! WELL, WE SHALL SEE - YES - WE SHALL SEE!
HAROLD GRAY 5-26-37
BUT, LEMME LIZARDS! WHAT'LL THOSE GUYS DO WHEN THEY SEE ME?
DON'T WORRY, ANNIE - YOU'LL FIND IT QUITE SAFE -
S 27-37
HO! HO! I HAVE A GOOD SHOW IN STORE FOR YOU - IT'S SOMETHING I'M SURE YOU'LL ENJOY - A SPECTACLE I WOULDN'T HAVE YOU MISS -
LOOK! IT IS THE BRAT - SHE ESCAPED THE MASSACRE -
YES - WITHOUT DOUBT SHE KNOWS ALL THAT HAPPENED -
WELL, WHAT OF IT? ALL THE OTHERS ARE DISPOSED OF---
NOW SHE HAS BLUNDERED INTO OUR HANDS - IT IS SIMPLE - SHE WILL BE WITH OLD WHISKERS DOWN BELOW WHEN WE SEAL THE EXIT ---- FOREVER - SO WHAT?
AND I SAY SHE'S O.K. - WHAT IF SHE DOES KNOW ENOUGH TO HANG US? WHO CAN SHE TELL? ANOTHER TWO DAYS AND WE'LL BE READY TO CHECK OUT - THEN SHE AND THE REST OF THESE FOOLS MAY TALK---IN THEIR SEALED TOMB
OH, MR. AM! MR. AM---!
SH-H-H- NOT SO LOUD, ANNIE - I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT - NO NEED TO WORRY -
5-28-37
B-B-BUT, MR. AM - THEY'RE GOIN' TO---
I THINK NOT, MY CHILD - OH, I SHALL USE NO FORCE - I SHALL LEAVE THEIR PUNISHMENT TO THEIR OWN TOO HUMAN WEAKNESSES -
HAROLD GRAY
AH, GENTLEMEN - I SEE YOU MAKE GOOD PROGRESS - TRULY A GREAT HAUL - BUT YOU HAVE MISSED THE MOST IMPORTANT OBJECT - TUT! TUT! DON'T ASK NOW! YOU MUST LEAVE THE BEST TILL LAST!
HO! HO! HO!
THEY'RE ABOUT DONE ROBBIN' THIS PLACE - THEY'VE ALMOST CLEANED IT OUT - TH' MINUTE THEY'RE DONE THEY'LL BLAST TH' EXIT AND WE'LL BE LEFT HERE ---- TO DIE -
S-29-37
HO! HO! DON'T BE SO-AH, JITTERY, ANNIE - YOU FORGET THAT TWO GREAT TRAITS OF HUMANITY ARE ON OUR SIDE --- GREED AND CURIOSITY -
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND -
THIS PECULIAR LITTLE CHEST - IN IT REPOSES OUR COMPLETE SAFETY - SEE IT? OLD - FAR OLDER THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE -
B-BUT WHAT'S INSIDE? C-CAN'T WE OPEN IT?
HO! HO! HO! EXACTLY - WHAT IS INSIDE THAT LITTLE CHEST? OUR FRIENDS WILL INSIST ON KNOWING THAT -
?
HAROLD GRAY

Little Orphan Annie

FOR A WEEK, SIROB AND HIS COMPANIONS HAVE BEEN BUSY SORTING OUT A VAST TREASURE FROM AM'S BURIED CITY- NOW, THEY PLAN TO QUIET THE HARMLESS OLD MAN, ALL HIS SERVANTS, AND ANNIE FOREVER, AND BE ON THEIR WAY-

BUT, MR. AM! I HEARD 'EM TALKIN'- THEY'VE GOT US ALL DOWN HERE, 'WAY UNDER GROUND- THEY'RE GOIN' TO LEAVE US HERE- DYNAMITE THE SHAFT SHUT- BURY US ALIVE!

NO, ANNIE- I'M QUITE SURE YOU'LL SEE THEY WILL NOT EVEN TRY TO CARRY OUT THAT PLAN- HUSH, MY CHILD-

THERE- THE LAST OF THE TREASURE IS IN THESE BAGS-

AND THE OLD FOOL AND ALL THOSE WITH HIM ARE HERE IN THIS PLACE KNOWN TO NO OTHERS-

AH- NOW IS THE MOMENT- TO THE ELEVATOR- AND LET US GO QUICKLY, LEST SOME TRY TO FOLLOW US-

AH! SOME FINE SPECIMENS THERE, MY FRIENDS- YOU ARE WELCOME TO THEM- BUT YOU OVERLOOKED THE MOST WONDERFUL OF ALL-

WHAT? WHERE? WHAT CAN IT BE?

A SMALL CHEST- SEE? IT IS NOT IMPRESSIVE- BUT OF MOST CURIOUS DESIGN- AND OLD- OLD EVEN BEYOND THE IMAGINATION OF MOST MEN-- TAKE IT, IF YOU WISH- BUT NEVER OPEN IT!

WHY, IT'S ONLY AN OLD BOX-

MIGHT BE SOMETHING IN IT-

REMEMBER! I WARN YOU! A STRANGE MAGIC MAY AWAIT HIM WHO LIFTS THAT LID-

MAGIC! BOSH!

IT FEELS HEAVY-

HAND ME THAT CHISEL-

AH- CURIOSITY! IT HAS BEEN THE UNDOING OF COUNTLESS MILLIONS- TCH! TCH! TCH!

EMPTY! NO-- A SORT OF SMOKE----

IT'S A SWEETISH PERFUME---

LOOK--- IT---!-

MR. AM! MR. AM! LOOK!

YES, MY CHILD- BUT HAVE NO FEAR-

HE! HE! HE!

CHIT! CHIT!

K-K-K K-K-

WHY?--WHAT--? HOW? WHY. HAVE THEY GONE CRAZY?

OH, NO- NOT AT ALL- THEY MERELY GOT A WHIFF OF PRE-HISTORIC ATMOSPHERE, LET US SAY-

EEK EEK

URK

SBP!

PREHISTORIC! I'LL SAY SO- WHY THEY'RE ACTING JUST LIKE MONKEYS-

EXACTLY- WHAT CAME FROM THAT ANCIENT CHEST TURNED THEM BACK TO MONKEYS, MENTALLY-

AK

BLERK

TEK TEK TEK

5-30-37

B-B-BUT, THAT'S A TERRIBLE THING! WILL THEY GET OVER IT, WHEN IT WEARS OFF?

NO, ANNIE- IT WON'T WEAR OFF- THEY'LL BE MONKEYS FROM NOW ON- BUT WHY SO TERRIBLE? THEY PLANNED TO BURY US ALIVE-

ICHY KIK

EEEK

HAROLD GRAY

I AVOID DESTRUCTION- PEACEFUL WAYS ARE BETTER- THEY ARE RENDERED QUITE HARMLESS- THEY SHOULD BE VERY HAPPY IN THE FOREST- COME, ANNIE - SHALL WE, TOO, GO UP? ON THE ELEVATOR, OF COURSE---

LEAPIN' LIZARDS!

SNEERING AT AM'S WARNING, SIROB AND HIS COMPANIONS PRIED OPEN THE ANCIENT LITTLE CHEST THAT HAD BEEN SEALED FOR COUNTLESS CENTURIES--- AND THEN--- BUT LOOK!

ICHY KIK!

CHIT! CHIT!

URK!

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! I CAN'T GET OVER IT- UP CAME TH' LID AND OUT CAME WHAT LOOKED LIKE SORT OF SMOKE- ONE WHIFF, AND THEY CHANGED, RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES-

YES, ANNIE- CURIOSITY AND GREED HAVE TURNED MILLIONS OF HUMAN BEINGS INTO BEASTS!

TEK TEK

BLERK

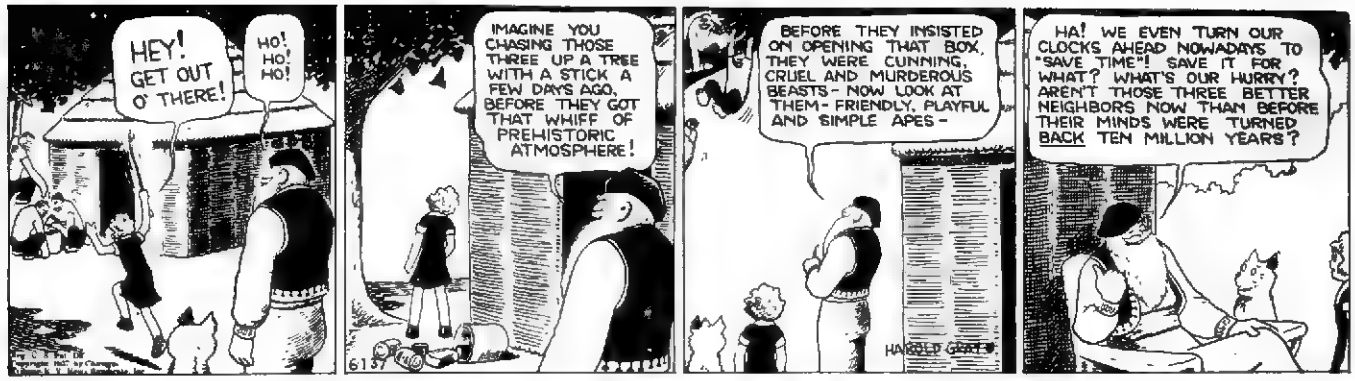
AK AK AK

GEE! BUT NOT LIKE THAT- ONE MINUTE MEN- THE NEXT MINUTE, MONKEYS- AND YOU SAY THEY'LL ALWAYS BE THAT WAY- IT'S HORRIBLE!

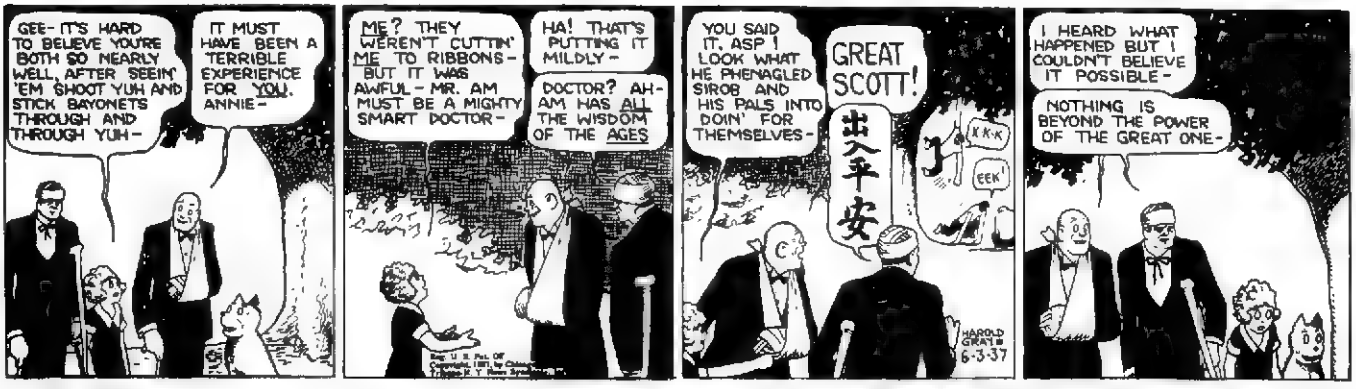
NONSENSE! WHAT'S HORRIBLE ABOUT IT? THEY WERE ALL READY TO SEAL US IN THAT PLACE DOWN THERE TO DIE-

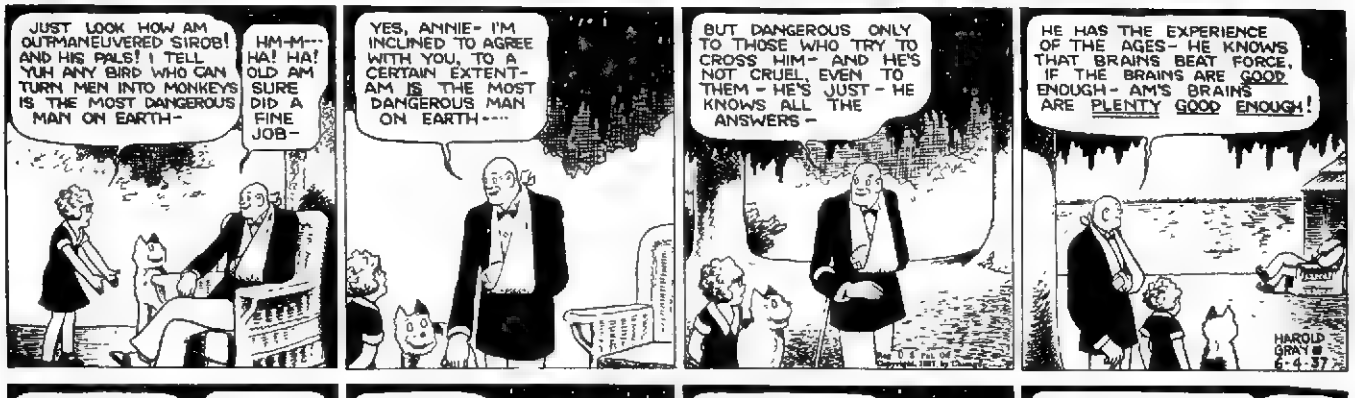
I DIDN'T FANCY THAT IDEA- NOW THEY ARE HARMLESS- THEIR MINDS TURNED BACK TO APES- THEY'LL BE QUITE HAPPY HERE IN THE FOREST--- AND BOTHER NO ONE-

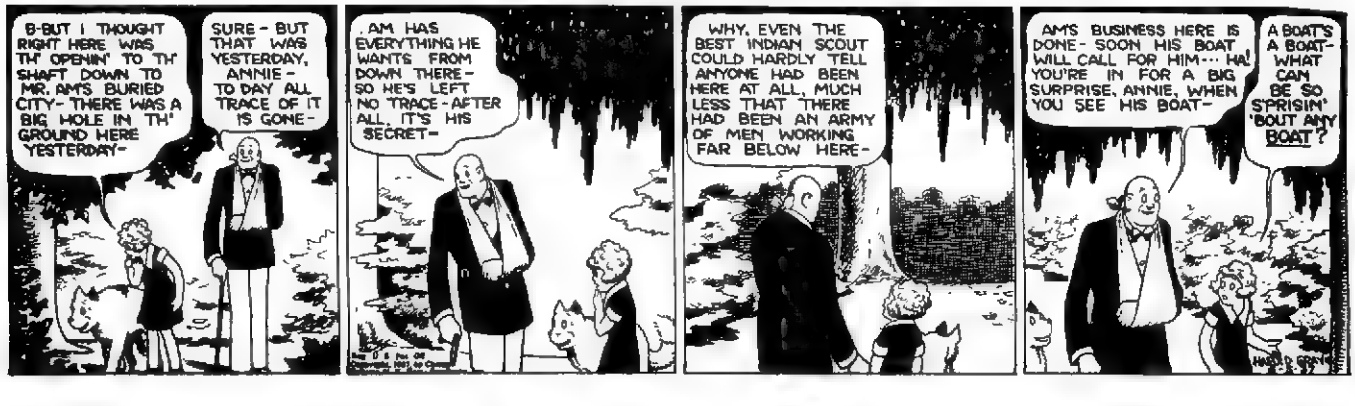
HAROLD GRAY 5-31-37


HEY! GET OUT O' THERE!
HO! HO! HO!
IMAGINE YOU CHASING THOSE THREE UP A TREE WITH A STICK A FEW DAYS AGO, BEFORE THEY GOT THAT WHIFF OF PREHISTORIC ATMOSPHERE!
BEFORE THEY INSISTED ON OPENING THAT BOX, THEY WERE CUNNING, CRUEL AND MURDEROUS BEASTS - NOW LOOK AT THEM - FRIENDLY, PLAYFUL AND SIMPLE APES -
HAROLD GRAY
HA! WE EVEN TURN OUR CLOCKS AHEAD NOWADAYS TO "SAVE TIME"! SAVE IT FOR WHAT? WHAT'S OUR HURRY? AREN'T THOSE THREE BETTER NEIGHBORS NOW THAN BEFORE THEIR MINDS WERE TURNED BACK TEN MILLION YEARS?

DOG GONE! LOOK AT 'EM - TH' MINUTE YER BACK IS TURNED THEY'RE INTO EVER'THING -
SH-H-H--- DID YOU EVER HEAR A PYTHON HISS? IT CAN BE A MOST ELECTRIFYING SOUND - LISTEN!
CHIT CHIT
ICK ICK
UNK
HISSSSSSSH!
HO! HO! HO! LOOK AT THEM GO!
IPPY KAK
CHIX
BK
I'M A PEACEFUL OLD FELLOW, ANNIE - RENDERING SUCH ONES HARMLESS IS FAR BETTER THAN HURTING THEM - WHO AM I TO JUDGE OR CONDEMN ANYONE?
HAROLD GRAY


GEE - IT'S HARD TO BELEVE YOU'RE BOTH SO NEARLY WELL, AFTER SEEIN' 'EM SHOOT YUH AND STICK BAYONETS THROUGH AND THROUGH YUH -
IT MUST HAVE BEEN A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE FOR YOU, ANNIE -
ME? THEY WEREN'T CUTTIN' ME TO RIBBONS - BUT IT WAS AWFUL - MR. AM MUST BE A MIGHTY SMART DOCTOR -
HA! THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY -
DOCTOR? AH - AM HAS ALL THE WISDOM OF THE AGES
YOU SAID IT, ASP! LOOK WHAT HE PHENAGLED SIROB AND HIS PALS INTO DOIN' FOR THEMSELVES -
GREAT SCOTT!
出入平安
KKK
EEK!
HAROLD GRAY 6-3-37
I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED BUT I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT POSSIBLE -
NOTHING IS BEYOND THE POWER OF THE GREAT ONE -


JUST LOOK HOW AM OUTMANEUVERED SIROB AND HIS PALS! I TELL YUH ANY BIRD WHO CAN TURN MEN INTO MONKEYS IS THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN ON EARTH -
HM-M--- HA! HA! OLD AM SURE DID A FINE JOB -
YES, ANNIE - I'M INCLINED TO AGREE WITH YOU, TO A CERTAIN EXTENT - AM IS THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN ON EARTH----
BUT DANGEROUS ONLY TO THOSE WHO TRY TO CROSS HIM - AND HE'S NOT CRUEL, EVEN TO THEM - HE'S JUST - HE KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS -
HE HAS THE EXPERIENCE OF THE AGES - HE KNOWS THAT BRAINS BEAT FORCE, IF THE BRAINS ARE GOOD ENOUGH - AM'S BRAINS ARE PLENTY GOOD ENOUGH!
HAROLD GRAY 6-4-37


B-BUT I THOUGHT RIGHT HERE WAS TH' OPENIN' TO TH' SHAFT DOWN TO MR. AM'S BURIED CITY - THERE WAS A BIG HOLE IN TH' GROUND HERE YESTERDAY -
SURE - BUT THAT WAS YESTERDAY, ANNIE - TO DAY ALL TRACE OF IT IS GONE -
AM HAS EVERYTHING HE WANTS FROM DOWN THERE - SO HE'S LEFT NO TRACE - AFTER ALL, IT'S HIS SECRET -
WHY, EVEN THE BEST INDIAN SCOUT COULD HARDLY TELL ANYONE HAD BEEN HERE AT ALL, MUCH LESS THAT THERE HAD BEEN AN ARMY OF MEN WORKING FAR BELOW HERE -
AM'S BUSINESS HERE IS DONE - SOON HIS BOAT WILL CALL FOR HIM--- HA! YOU'RE IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE, ANNIE, WHEN YOU SEE HIS BOAT -
A BOAT'S A BOAT - WHAT CAN BE SO S'PRISIN' 'BOUT ANY BOAT?

Little Orphan Annie
THAMAS TO AM, WARBUCKS AND THE ASP ARE WELL ON THE ROAD TO COMPLETE RECOVERY··· THEIR ERSTWHILE DEADLY ENEMIES, TRANSFORMED TO GIBBERING APES, PLAY HAPPILY AND HARMLESSLY IN THE FOREST··· SOON OUR LITTLE BAND WILL LEAVE THIS JUNGLE AND RETURN TO CIVILIZATION··
GEE, "DADDY"- IT ALL SEEMS LIKE A TERRIBLE DREAM- I'LL BE GLAD TO GET BACK WHERE THINGS ARE REAL- IT'LL BE LIKE WAKIN' UP-
YES- IT'S BEEN A PRETTY TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE- I DON'T WONDER IT HASN'T SEEMED REAL TO YOU, ANNIE-
BUT WHEN YOU'VE LIVED AS MUCH AS I HAVE, NOTHING WILL SEEM ENTIRELY IMPOSSIBLE- NOT EVEN OUR FRIEND, AM- OR WHAT YOU SAW HAPPEN TO SIROB AND HIS PALS, WHEN THEY OPENED THAT OLD, FORBIDDEN CHEST-
BR-R-R····· THAT WAS TERRIBLE! ONE MINUTE THEY WERE MEN··· THE NEXT THEY WERE GRINNING, CHATTERING BABOONS-
TERRIBLE? HM-M- ONE MINUTE THEY WERE MURDERERS WHO PLANNED TO KILL US ALL···
THE NEXT, HARMLESS AND HAPPY ANIMALS- A VERY KIND-HEARTED WAY TO DISPOSE OF THEM, I SHOULD SAY- AM IS A MOST RESOURCEFUL CHAP-
WHY··· WHY "DADDY"- HE'S TH' MOST DANGEROUS MAN ON EARTH, I BETCHA-
GRANTED- ALONE HE COULD WIPE OUT AN ARMY- HE'S DONE IT- BUT HE IS JUST- HE'S A FINE FRIEND TO HAVE IN CASE OF TROUBLE-
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! WHAT'S THAT?
HO! HO! HO! GAVE YOU QUITE A START, EH? IT'S HAD THAT EFFECT ON QUITE A FEW PEOPLE-
THAT'S ONLY AM'S YACHT, ANNIE- IT'S A SUBMARINE, BUT THE RIVER IS TOO SHALLOW FOR IT TO SUBMERGE-
PRETTY FANCY-LOOKING CRAFT, DON'T YOU THINK? HA! IT'S SCARED OUR SIMIAN FRIENDS INTO HYSTERICS-
G-G-GEE! IT SCARED ME, TOO, ALMOST, AS BAD!
USED TO RUN ON THE SURFACE A LOT- SAILORS WOULD TAKE HOME TALL TALES OF THE SEA SERPENT THEY'D SEEN- FEW PEOPLE EVER BELIEVED THEM-
BUT THE PAST HUNDRED YEARS OR SO, WITH SO MANY BIG SHIPS EVERYWHERE, IT'S BEEN SAFER TO STAY DOWN PRETTY DEEP- ATTRACTS LESS ATTENTION, TOO-
B-BUT A SUBMARINE! AND HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD- WHY, I THOUGHT··
GEE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK···
SURE- YOU CAN'T HELP THINKING AM IS EITHER CRAZY OR A CHAMPION LIAR- I DON'T BLAME YOU- I'VE FELT THE SAME-
MAYBE HE'S BOTH; OR MAYBE LIFE IS ONLY A DREAM, AS SOME SAY- FACT IS, WE ALL HAVE A LOT TO LEARN- KEEP AN OPEN MIND, ANNIE, AND YOU'LL BE HAPPY, NO MATTER WHAT-
I'M HAPPY ENOUGH- AND I'M WILLIN' TO LEARN- BUT SOME THINGS SURE DO GET ME AWFUL MIXED UP-
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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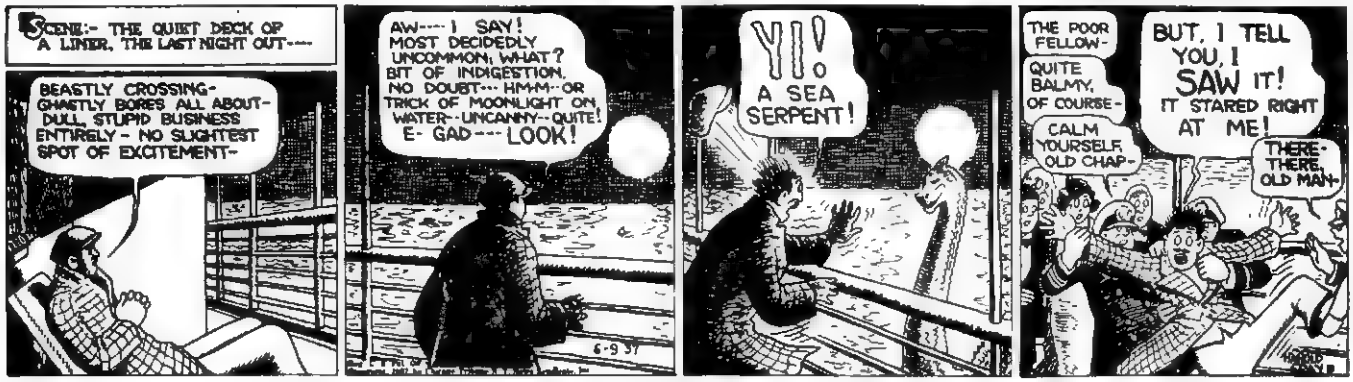
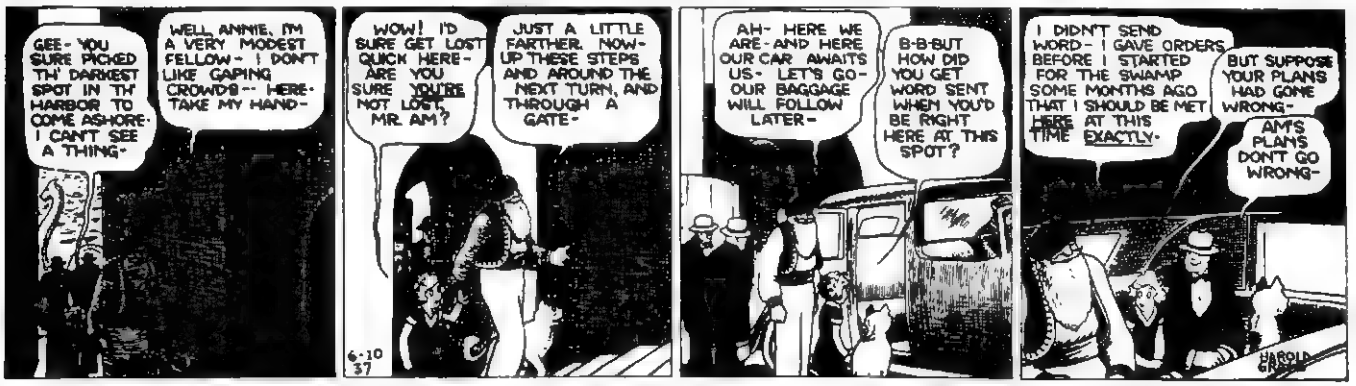
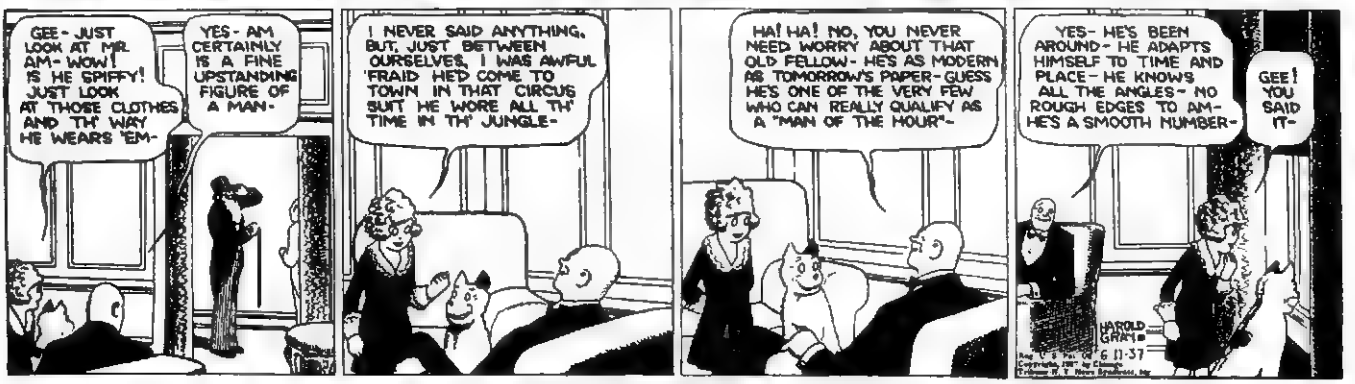
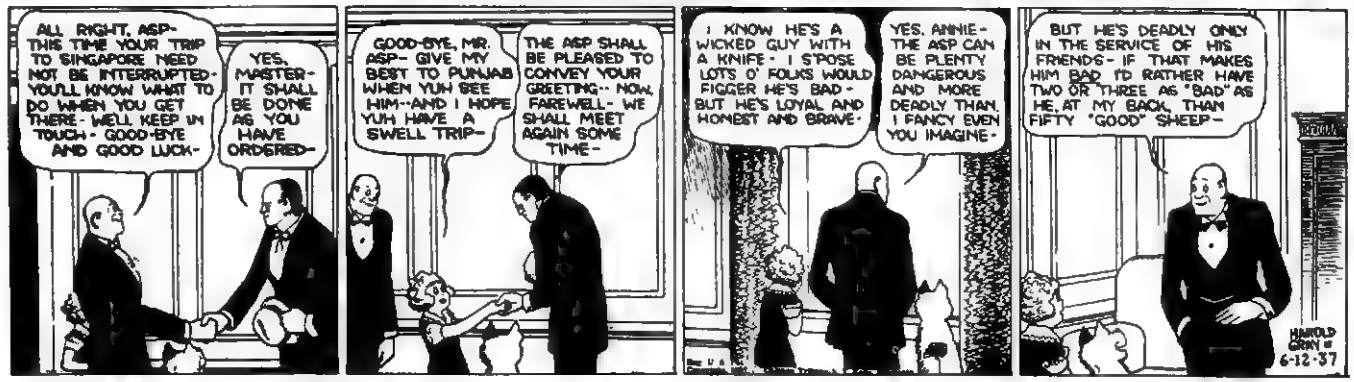
HAROLD GRAY 6-6-37
YESTERDAY, FOR THE FIRST TIME, ANNIE SAW AM'S SHIP- TODAY, IN THIS STRANGE CRAFT, OUR FRIENDS LEAVE THIS PLACE OF HAPPINESS AND HORROR, FOREVER-
WELL, I GUESS WE'RE READY TO GO- ALL ABOARD-
YOU'LL HAVE TIME TO EXPLORE LATER- COME NOW TO THE OBSERVATION ROOM-
WHY- IT'S A PERISCOPE, ISN'T IT?
AH, I BELIEVE THEY DO CALL SUCH A THING A PERISCOPE NOWADAYS- THIS ONE, OF COURSE, IS AGES OLD- HMM··· SEE OUR FRIENDS YONDER IN THE TREE-TOP?
LEAPIN' LIZARDS!
WHILE FROM THE VANTAGE POINT OF A TREE-TOP, SIROB AND HIS COMPANIONS, WITH MINDS TURNED BACK A BILLION YEARS, STARE AND CHATTER, AS THEIR FORE BEARS MAY HAVE DONE, AT THE SPECTACLE OF A SEA SERPENT PUTTING OUT TO SEA-
CHIT! CHIT!
ICK! ICK!
TCH! TCH!
HAROLD GRAY 6-7-37

SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY, AM'S STRANGE CRAFT SLIPS THROUGH THE WATER---
YES, ANNIE, IT'S QUITE A YACHT- I'VE BEEN AROUND THE WORLD IN IT, I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY TIMES --
USED TO HAVE A LOT OF FUN SCARING THE WITS OUT OF SAILORS- HO! HO! THE WILD STORIES OF SEA SERPENTS THEY'D TAKE HOME--- BUT HARDLY ANY ONE EVER BELIEVED SUCH TALES-
GEE! I'VE HEARD SUCH STORIES-
YES- ONCE IN A WHILE I RUN UP NEAR THE SURFACE AND SOME ONE CATCHES A GLIMPSE- BUT WITH ALL THE BIG SHIPS THESE PAST HUNDRED YEARS, IT'S MUCH SAFER TO CRUISE DOWN FAIRLY DEEP-
BUT WHAT RUNS THIS BOAT- AND WHAT MAKES IT SO LIGHT IN HERE, JUST LIKE DAY?
OH, THAT- IT'S A TRICK PEOPLE TODAY HAVEN'T RE-DISCOVERED- THE ENERGY OF THE SUN- IT'S CANNED SUNSHINE, YOU MIGHT SAY-
HAROLD GRAY 6-8 37


SCENE:- THE QUIET DECK OF A LINER, THE LAST NIGHT OUT---
BEASTLY CROSSING- GHASTLY BORES ALL ABOUT- DULL, STUPID BUSINESS ENTIRELY - NO SLIGHTEST SPOT OF EXCITEMENT-
AW---- I SAY! MOST DECIDEDLY UNCOMMON, WHAT? BIT OF INDIGESTION, NO DOUBT--- HMM--OR TRICK OF MOONLIGHT ON WATER--UNCANNY--QUITE! E- GAD--- LOOK!
6-9 37
YI! A SEA SERPENT!
THE POOR FELLOW-
QUITE BALMY, OF COURSE-
CALM YOURSELF, OLD CHAP-
BUT, I TELL YOU, I SAW IT! IT STARED RIGHT AT ME!
THERE- THERE, OLD MAN-


GEE- YOU SURE PICKED TH' DARKEST SPOT IN TH' HARBOR TO COME ASHORE- I CAN'T SEE A THING-
WELL, ANNIE, I'M A VERY MODEST FELLOW- I DON'T LIKE GAPING CROWDS -- HERE- TAKE MY HAND-
WOW! I'D SURE GET LOST QUICK HERE- ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT LOST, MR. AM?
JUST A LITTLE FARTHER. NOW- UP THESE STEPS AND AROUND THE NEXT TURN, AND THROUGH A GATE-
6-10 37
AH- HERE WE ARE- AND HERE OUR CAR AWAITS US- LET'S GO- OUR BAGGAGE WILL FOLLOW LATER-
B-B-BUT HOW DID YOU GET WORD SENT WHEN YOU'D BE RIGHT HERE AT THIS SPOT?
I DIDN'T SEND WORD- I GAVE ORDERS BEFORE I STARTED FOR THE SWAMP SOME MONTHS AGO THAT I SHOULD BE MET HERE AT THIS TIME EXACTLY-
BUT SUPPOSE YOUR PLANS HAD GONE WRONG-
AM'S PLANS DON'T GO WRONG-
HAROLD GRAY


GEE- JUST LOOK AT MR. AM- WOW! IS HE SPIFFY! JUST LOOK AT THOSE CLOTHES AND TH' WAY HE WEARS 'EM-
YES- AM CERTAINLY IS A FINE UPSTANDING FIGURE OF A MAN-
I NEVER SAID ANYTHING, BUT, JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES, I WAS AWFUL 'FRAID HE'D COME TO TOWN IN THAT CIRCUS SUIT HE WORE ALL TH' TIME IN TH' JUNGLE-
HA! HA! NO, YOU NEVER NEED WORRY ABOUT THAT OLD FELLOW- HE'S AS MODERN AS TOMORROW'S PAPER- GUESS HE'S ONE OF THE VERY FEW WHO CAN REALLY QUALIFY AS A "MAN OF THE HOUR"-
YES- HE'S BEEN AROUND- HE ADAPTS HIMSELF TO TIME AND PLACE- HE KNOWS ALL THE ANGLES- NO ROUGH EDGES TO AM- HE'S A SMOOTH NUMBER-
GEE! YOU SAID IT-
HAROLD GRAY 6-11-37


ALL RIGHT, ASP- THIS TIME YOUR TRIP TO SINGAPORE NEED NOT BE INTERRUPTED- YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU GET THERE- WE'LL KEEP IN TOUCH- GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK-
YES, MASTER- IT SHALL BE DONE AS YOU HAVE ORDERED-
GOOD-BYE, MR. ASP- GIVE MY BEST TO PUNJAB WHEN YUH SEE HIM--AND I HOPE YUH HAVE A SWELL TRIP-
THE ASP SHALL BE PLEASED TO CONVEY YOUR GREETING-- NOW, FAREWELL- WE SHALL MEET AGAIN SOME TIME-
I KNOW HE'S A WICKED GUY WITH A KNIFE - I S'POSE LOTS O' FOLKS WOULD FIGGER HE'S BAD - BUT HE'S LOYAL AND HONEST AND BRAVE-
YES, ANNIE- THE ASP CAN BE PLENTY DANGEROUS AND MORE DEADLY THAN I FANCY EVEN YOU IMAGINE-
BUT HE'S DEADLY ONLY IN THE SERVICE OF HIS FRIENDS- IF THAT MAKES HIM BAD I'D RATHER HAVE TWO OR THREE AS "BAD" AS HE, AT MY BACK, THAN FIFTY "GOOD" SHEEP-
HAROLD GRAY 6-12-37

Little Orphan Annie

BACK TO CIVILIZATION --- WHILE AM WAS ALL RIGHT IN A JUNGLE, ANNIE FEARED HE'D BE AWKWARD, STRANGE, AND VERY CONSPICUOUS IN THE CITY--- WELL, TONIGHT "DADDY" WARBUCKS IS BUSY, SO AM HAS INVITED ANNIE TO HELP HIM SEE THE SIGHTS--- HERE WE FIND THEM FINISHING THEIR DINNER IN A RESTAURANT----
WOW! WHAT A WHOPPIN' BIG MEAL I TUCKED AWAY-
DO YOU GOOD, ANNIE- IT WILL GIVE YOU STRENGTH FOR A NICE LONG STROLL- WE HAVE A LOT TO SEE-
GET A LOAD O' THEM SHIRT STUDS, "BOSTON"-
AND THAT ROLL!
THAT RING'S TEN KARATS EASY-
C'MON- HE'S CHECKIN'-LET'S GET OUTSIDE-
KEEP THE CHANGE-
THANK YOU! THANK YOU, SIR!
LET'S SEE, NOW- SHALL WE WALK OVER TOWARD THE RIVER? THIS CROWD IS RATHER STUFFY-
GEE- YOU SURE KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND- BET YOU'VE SPENT YEARS IN THIS TOWN-
NO- FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN HERE SINCE THIS CITY WAS BUILT- BUT ALL MODERN CITIES ARE A LOT ALIKE--- BABYLON, JERICHO, THIS ONE, ALL OF 'EM-
WERE YOU HERE BEFORE THIS CITY WAS BUILT?
OH, MANY TIMES- SAILED OVER HERE WHEN THIS WAS ALL UNDER WATER- LATER, HUNTED HERE WHEN IT WAS ALL HIGH, FLAT LAND- I RECALL WHEN THE GLACIER WAS DIGGING THAT RIVER--
SAY- MY WATCH HAS STOPPED- I WONDER WHAT TIME IT IS-
NOW? SEVEN AND A HALF MINUTES AFTER EIGHT--- I MUST TEACH YOU HOW TO TELL TIME BY THE STARS, SOME TIME, ANNIE--- HELLO- WE HAVE COMPANY-
OH! LOOK OUT, MR. AM- IT'S A STICK-UP-
ALL RIGHT, BOYS- DON'T FOOL WITH HIM- HE'S TOO BIG- THESE SILENCERS WILL QUIET TH' ROSCOES- LET 'EM HAVE IT!
TCH! TCH! TCH! THE OLDEST TRADE- HEIGH HO- I HATE TO DO THIS, BUT----
L-L-LOOK! THEY JUST STAND THERE, AS IF THEY'D BEEN FROZEN!
HM-M-- IN A WAY THEY HAVE BEEN FROZEN- THAT STUFF HAS A STRANGE ACTION- THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT AGAIN, BUT NOT UNTIL THE POLICE HAVE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO FIND THEM THERE-
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! SHOULDN'T YOU EXPLAIN TO TH' COPS? THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT-
NO- WHEN THOSE FOUR REGAIN THEIR SENSES THEY'LL BABBLE THE TRUTH, THOUGH I DOUBT IF THEY'LL BE BELIEVED
YOU SEE, ANNIE, I TAKE THE WORLD AS I FIND IT- I NEVER TRY TO PUNISH OR REFORM THOSE WHO DON'T HAPPEN TO LIVE AS I THINK IS PROPER- I MERELY INSIST THAT OTHERS SHALL NOT INJURE ME OR MINE-
WOW! AND YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO INSIST!

A Family Album of

Hi and Lois

By Brian Walker

In a field replete with "family" and "suburban" strips—Blondie, The Berrys, Dotty Dripple, Trudy, *and many others*—Hi and Lois *has been a strip that has somehow simultaneously been an almost documentary reflection of middle-American family life and a remarkably unself-conscious humor strip about the relationships and pitfalls of managing a household and growing up in America.*

Creators Mort Walker and Dik Browne fashioned a gentle masterpiece without heavy reliance on slapstick or the predictable cliches of suburban living; and on the other side of the spectrum, produced Hi and Lois *in such a way that virtually all the gags are dependent upon the very strong personalities of the memorable characters. The strip is not a mere family sitcom with interchangeable punch-lines.*

Perhaps the most amazing factor in Hi and Lois*'s quality and popularity is that the collaboration was sustained while Walker and Browne worked independently on other creative projects—Walker on* Beetle Bailey *and many other comic strips; Browne on advertisng and* The Tracy Twins *(for* Boys' Life*), at first, and then his own* Hagar the Horrible.

Set for release in late 1986 is The Best of Hi and Lois*, a 32-year retrospective edited by Brian Walker, published by Comicana Books and distributed by Henry Holt and Co. It will run 240 pages and contain approximately 90 Sunday pages and 300 daily strips as well as comments by Mort Walker and Dik Browne detailing the history and growth of the strip.*

Following are comments on Hi and Lois *by Brian Walker, edited from a conversation with Rick Marschall, and a preview-portfolio of strips from* The Best of Hi and Lois. *—REM*

To put *The Best of Hi and Lois* together, I started by reading the entire run of the strip, which started in 1954—well over 10,000 strips.

I was born in 1952, so I grew up with the strip that my father wrote. Reading through the entire strip was really like a nostalgia trip. There are certain strips I can point to and say, "that specifically happened," or "that conversation happened in our family almost verbatim;" and my father has always said that one of the fun things about *Hi and Lois* is that it kind of wrote itself. Of course we had seven kids in our family, and in *Hi and Lois* there are only four. . . so that everyone was not all that closely related, but each of us might have placed any of the characters at any time during our childhoods.

Mort and Dik were always conscious of making a strip that was warm and loving, and certainly that has a lot to do with their personalities and their approach to their own families. They did not want to make a kind of rolling-pin, shrill, henpecked type of situation in the strip. A number of years ago, Bill Blackbeard wrote about *Hi and Lois* and referred to the *angst*, and poor Hi struggling to escape the outdated marriage situation; and Mort responded by saying, "all the stuff you read into the strip is not what we intended!" To which Bill replied, "Yeah, but it's there. . ." So you can read into the strip what you want, but I think of *Hi and Lois* as a comfortable strip that everyone likes—it may not be everyone's favorite strip, but it never places on the lists of "least liked" strips in newspaper surveys at all.

It's one of the classic collaborations of all time. My dad is certainly recognized as one of the real innovators of the modern-day humor strip. . . and Dik is one of the greatest natural talents ever to work in the field. *Hi and Lois* is in more than 1000 newspapers, a line that was crossed just at its 30th anniversary two years ago.

I myself have been contributing gags to *Hi and Lois* for the last year or so [Brian Walker also writes the *Betty Boop and Felix* strip for King Features Syndicate —Ed.] and I find it really fun. We've got a baby on the way, so I'm probably going to start specializing in baby gags. A number of years back Mort decided that Lois staying at home all the time was a little bit unrealistic, so he gave her a job as a real-estate agent. Bud Jones, one of the writers on *Hi and Lois*, started doing a lot of gags on that theme, because his wife Dolores was herself then a real-estate agent. When I started writing, Mort said that since my wife Abby works, perhaps I could do gags on how we share the chores, who does what, etc.

Mort's writing staff is Jerry Dumas, Bud Jones, Bob Gustaf-

GOLLY! I CAN'T GET HER TO PUT ON HER BIB!
SHE PROBABLY SEES THAT NONE OF US IS WEARING ONE! SHE WANTS TO BE GROWN UP!
DO YOU THINK THAT'S IT?
SURE, LOIS! SHE WANTS TO DRESS LIKE WE DO!
8-27
DIK BROWNE

son, and Greg Walker, my brother. My gags go into Mort's pile, he pencils them—so it frees him up for an extra golf game. I told this to Charles Schulz recently, and he said, jokingly, "Gosh . . .does your dad ever work any more?" He does—and even now he's at the drawing board dreaming up a new strip, as always.

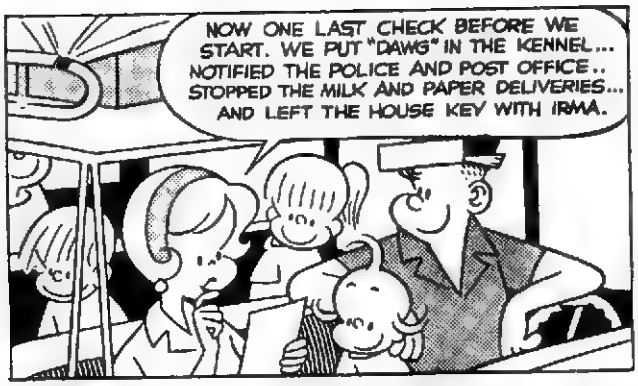
In the book readers will discover the origin of *Hi and Lois*. It wasn't just a sudden creation in 1954—Lois is Beetle's sister and she and Hi appeared occasionally in *Beetle Bailey* well before they got their own strip. In the beginning of the book I have the introduction of the characters, and how they developed and consolidated themselves through the years. Then there are theme sections—including the "Theory of the Month" (where adults' sayings are proved wrong), and running themes like Chip on his paper route, the family's vacation, etc. And I also take notice of current events like rock music, the growth of the suburbs, fancy cars. *The Best of Hi and Lois* is not really a chronological history of the United States in the past three decades, but it does really reflect a lot of what's been going on.

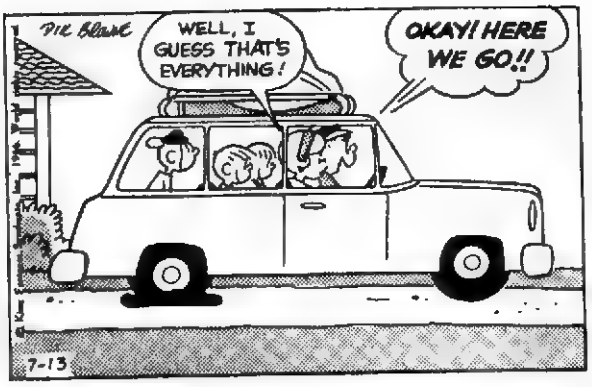
All the characters are there, including the minor ones through the years: Foo Young, the Chinese laundryman; Mr. Foofram, Hi's boss; Abercrombie and Fitch, the garbagemen; Dawg; and the next-door neighbor Thirsty, who began as a minor character, but now gets some of the best lines in the strip. And of course, changing with the times, Hi and Lois, Chip, Dot and Ditto, and Trixie. n

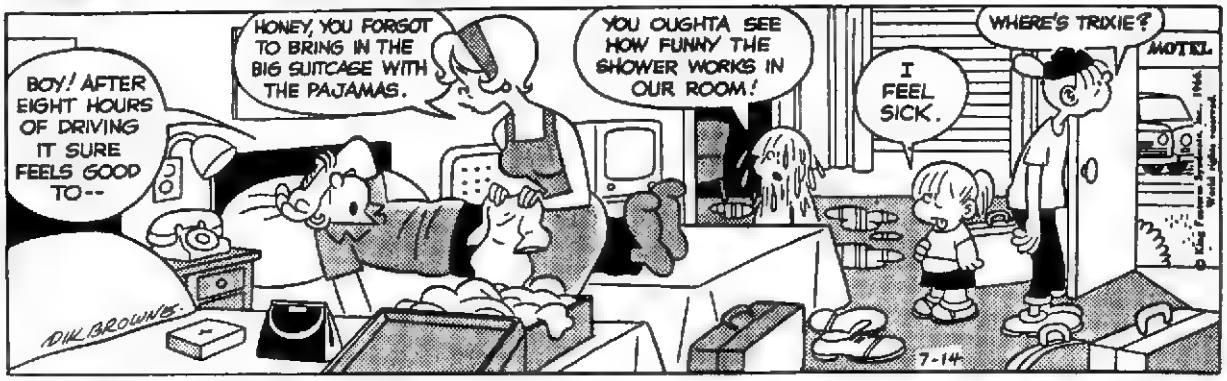
EN FAMILLE—The next two pages reprint the very first *Hi and Lois* strips (10-18-54 to 10-27-54) and the following dailies are from the 1966 vacation sequence.

WHY CAN'T WE EVER HAVE A NICE CANDLELIGHT DINNER LIKE WE USED TO WHEN WE WERE FIRST MARRIED, LOIS?
WOULD YOU LIKE THAT, HI? MAYBE IT WOULD BE FUN
DIK BROWNE 10-18
WHAT DID YOU SAY, LOIS?
I SAID ISN'T THIS ROMANTIC?
I'D LIKE TO BUY A HOUSE AND GET OUT OF THIS APARTMENT
MAYBE WE CAN DO IT SOMEDAY, LOIS
JUST THINK OF IT, HI....A YARD FOR THE CHILDREN...
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR
RING
RING
REAL ESTATE
10-19
I'M FROM THE BECK REAL ESTATE AGENCY. I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE GOING TO BUY A HOUSE
THESE PEOPLE ARE PSYCHIC!
39
3A
NOW, HERE'S A NEW LITTLE PLACE FOR A YOUNG FAMILY
WE HAD SOMETHING LARGER IN MIND
MODEL HOME
IF YOU'RE HANDY WITH TOOLS PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE THIS FINE, OLDER HOUSE...
10-20
AS I WAS SAYING BEFORE... FOR A YOUNG FAMILY...
MODEL HOME
NOTICE THE NICE WOODWORK IN THIS HOUSE
DING-DONG
DING DONG
DING DONG
DING DONG
10-21
I SAID...THE ASKING PRICE IS $20,000..
DING DONG
DING DONG
DING DONG
DING DONG
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, HI?
WELL, THE KIDS LIKE THE DOOR CHIMES

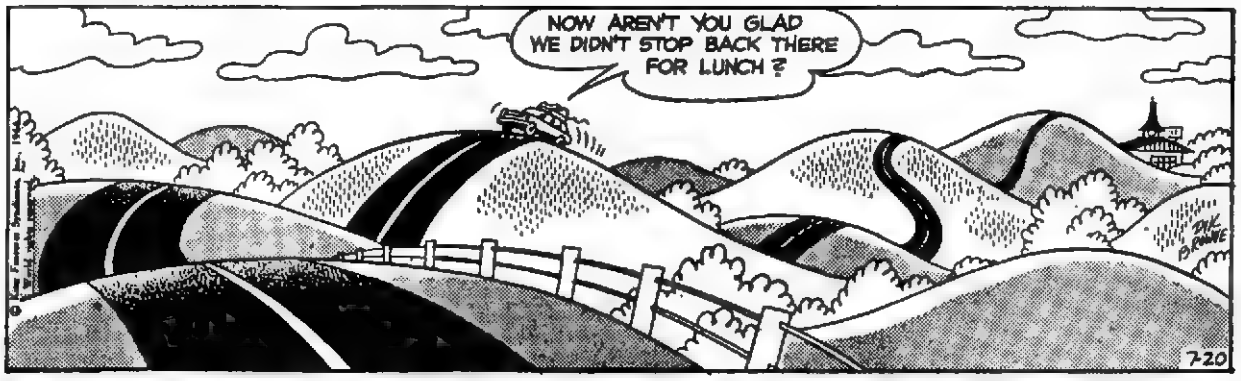
LISTEN TO THIS... "MAMMOTH ESTATES..SIX LAVISH ROOMS, 1½ BATHS, MODERN COUNTRY LIVING AT ITS BEST"
WOW! LET'S GO SEE
ISN'T IT CUTE?! JUST WHAT WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!
WHERE IS IT? I'M STILL LOOKING FOR IT
MOTH ATES
$24,990 AND UP
SINGLE LINE
FURNISHED BY MODERN ERA
BUILT BY COUNTRY SQUIRE, INC.
MODEL HOME
NOW IF YOU'LL GIVE ME YOUR CHECK AND SIGN HERE---
OH! I'M SO HAPPY!
LET'S SEE---THERE'S THE MOVING BILL... REAL ESTATE TAXES, CLOSING FEES, MORTGAGES, PAYMENTS---
I CAN'T WAIT TO TELL MOTHER WE BOUGHT A HOUSE!
I FEEL SO SECURE AND SETTLED, OWNING A HOME
NOW FOR ANOTHER LITTLE LOOK AT THE BANKBOOK
WON'T IT BE NICE TO MOVE OUT OF THIS APARTMENT INTO OUR NEW HOUSE?
YES, BUT LET'S WAIT UNTIL WE BUY ALL OUR FURNITURE AND GET IT ALL PERFECT BEFORE WE MOVE IN.
DIK BROWNE
YIPE! NO HOT WATER!
IT'S A WARM DAY. THE JANITOR PROBABLY TURNED OFF THE BOILER.
COULD YOU GET A MOVING VAN FOR TOMORROW?
I SEE OUR NEW NEIGHBORS ARE MOVING IN.
MY, WHAT A BIG TRUCK FOR SUCH A SMALL HOUSE.
MOVING
DIK BROWNE
WELCOME TO MAMMOTH ACRES!
I'M LOIS FLAGSTON.
GOLLY, YOU MUST HAVE A LOT OF THINGS!
MOVING
WE THOUGHT WE DID WHEN WE ORDERED THE TRUCK!
?
JUST THINK, HI! OUR OWN HOME!
WE'RE VERY LUCKY, LOIS.
THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS TO DO, I HARDLY KNOW WHERE TO START.
HOW ABOUT CURTAINS AND BLINDS?
HOW ABOUT DINING-ROOM FURNITURE?
ORANGES


NOW ONE LAST CHECK BEFORE WE START. WE PUT "DAWG" IN THE KENNEL... NOTIFIED THE POLICE AND POST OFFICE.. STOPPED THE MILK AND PAPER DELIVERIES... AND LEFT THE HOUSE KEY WITH IRMA.


Dik Browne
WELL, I GUESS THAT'S EVERYTHING!
OKAY! HERE WE GO!!
7-13

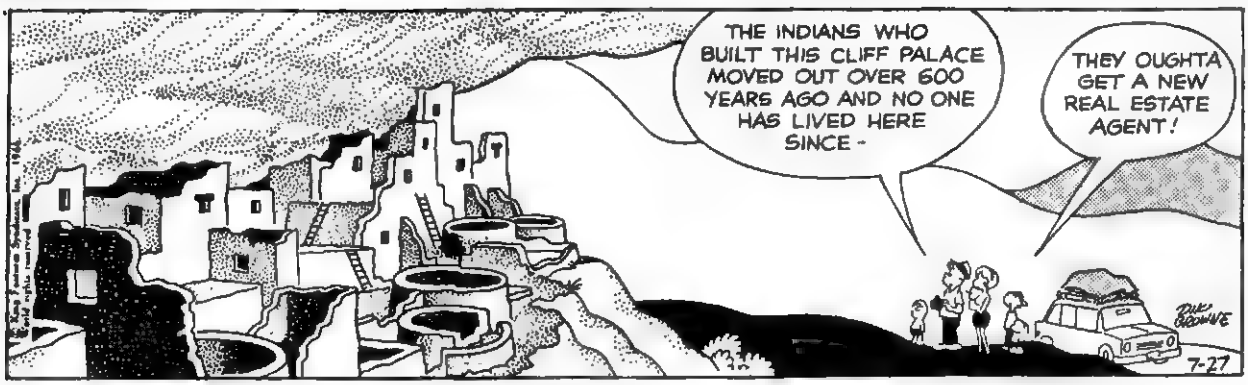

BOY! AFTER EIGHT HOURS OF DRIVING IT SURE FEELS GOOD TO--
HONEY, YOU FORGOT TO BRING IN THE BIG SUITCASE WITH THE PAJAMAS.
YOU OUGHTA SEE HOW FUNNY THE SHOWER WORKS IN OUR ROOM!
I FEEL SICK.
WHERE'S TRIXIE?
MOTEL
DIK BROWNE
7-14

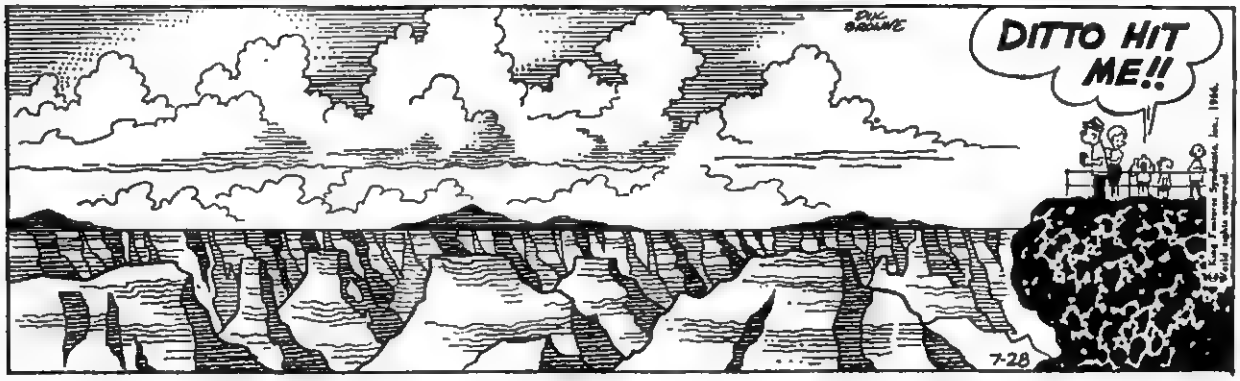
Old Country Store
BOOTS
CIDER
WASN'T THAT INTERESTING? EVERYTHING IS JUST THE WAY IT WAS 100 YEARS AGO.
EXCEPT THE PRICES!
7-19

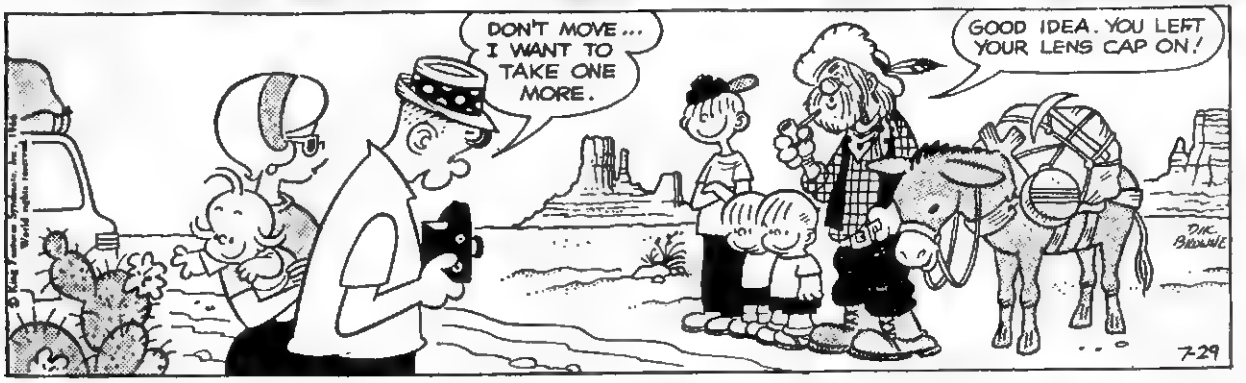

NOW AREN'T YOU GLAD WE DIDN'T STOP BACK THERE FOR LUNCH?
DIK BROWNE
7-20

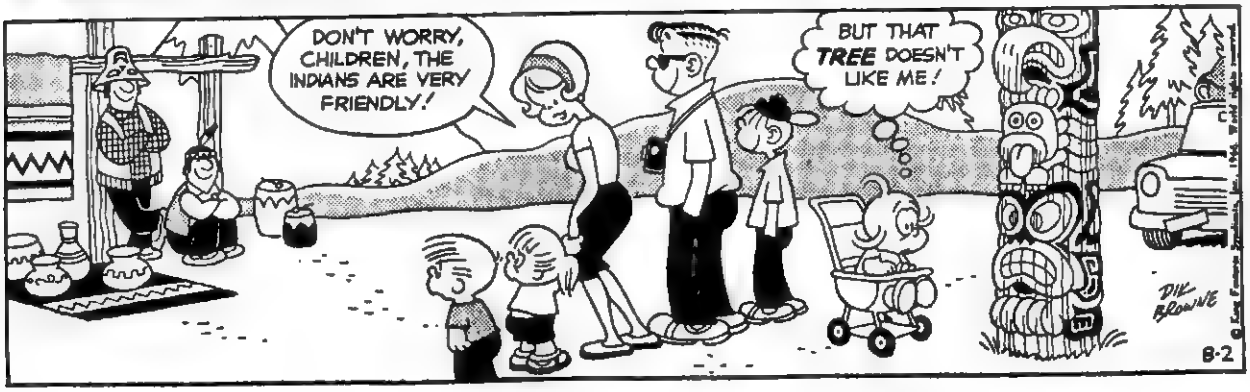
HEY! I CAN SEE AN AMUSEMENT PARK!
OH BOY!
CAN WE GO, DAD? CAN WE?
DIK BROWNE
7-21

I TOLD YOU TO KEEP THAT PET LIZARD IN THE JAR, CHIP!
DIK BROWNE
7-26


THE INDIANS WHO BUILT THIS CLIFF PALACE MOVED OUT OVER 600 YEARS AGO AND NO ONE HAS LIVED HERE SINCE -
THEY OUGHTA GET A NEW REAL ESTATE AGENT!
DIK BROWNE
7-27


DIK BROWNE
DITTO HIT ME!!
7-28

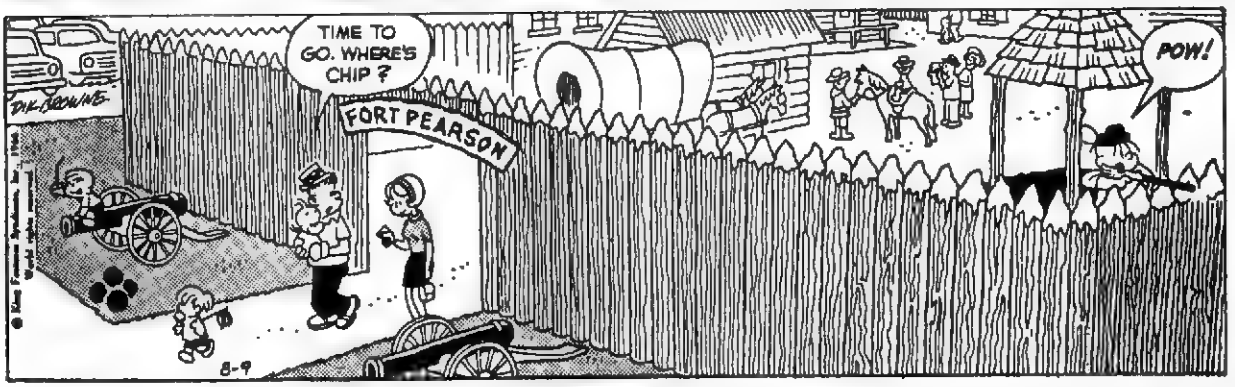

DON'T MOVE... I WANT TO TAKE ONE MORE.
GOOD IDEA. YOU LEFT YOUR LENS CAP ON!
DIK BROWNE
7-29


DON'T WORRY, CHILDREN, THE INDIANS ARE VERY FRIENDLY!
BUT THAT TREE DOESN'T LIKE ME!
DIK BROWNE
8-2

BOY, AM I EVER GOING TO SLEEP TONIGHT!
WE CERTAINLY COVERED A LOT OF MILES TODAY!
Motel

ARE YOU TRYING TO RELAX?
8-3

LOOK AT THAT SUNSET! ISN'T THAT FANTASTIC!?
WOW! IT REMINDS ME OF THE JULY 4TH FIREWORKS!
IT REMINDS ME OF AN EXPLOSION!
IT REMINDS ME OF A GIANT FINGER PAINTING
IT REMINDS ME THAT WE HAVEN'T GOT A MOTEL YET FOR TONIGHT!
8-8


TIME TO GO. WHERE'S CHIP?
FORT PEARSON
POW!
8-9

HA-HA! CAN'T HIT ME NOW!!
DOT, STOP THAT TALK!
OH, YEAH? I CAN GET YOU LATER!
DITTO, YOU DON'T SOUND AS IF YOU WANT A CHOCOLATE MILK SHAKE WITH YOUR LUNCH!
ONE MORE KID IN THIS FAMILY AND THE WHOLE SEATING ARRANGEMENT WOULD FALL APART!
8-10

IT'S GOING TO BE NICE TO BE HOME AGAIN!

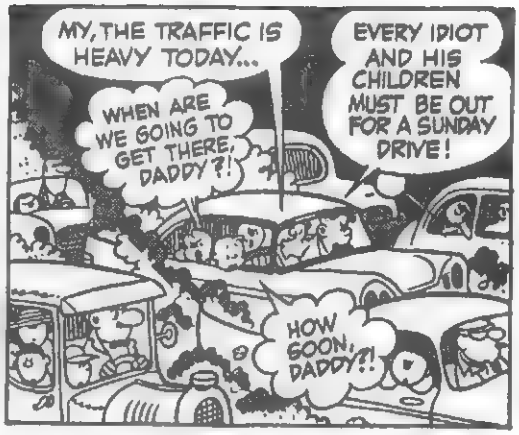
NO MORE LIVING OUT OF SUITCASES...
NO MORE WAITING IN THE LAUNDROMAT...

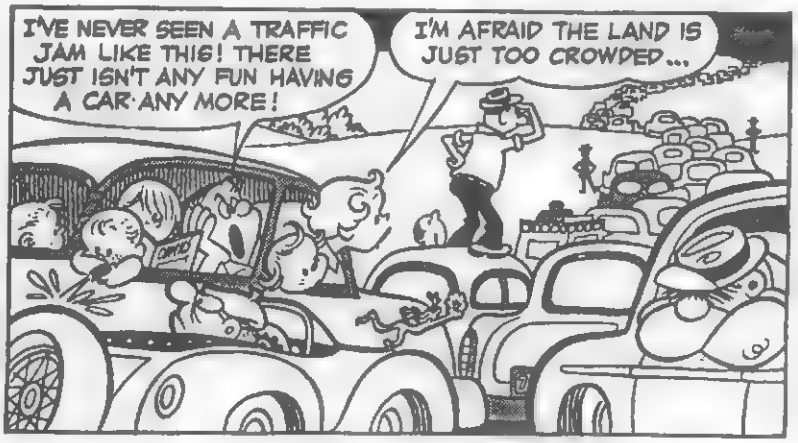
NO MORE GAS STOPS... NO MORE GIFT SHOPS...
AND NO MORE MONEY.
8-11

Hi and Lois

by MORT WALKER and DIK BROWNE

ARE YOU SURE THAT TAKING THEM FOR A RIDE IS A GOOD IDEA, HI? THEY WERE PLAYING SO NICELY...
NONSENSE! I LOVED GOING FOR A RIDE WITH MY FAMILY WHEN I WAS A KID!


MY, THE TRAFFIC IS HEAVY TODAY...
WHEN ARE WE GOING TO GET THERE, DADDY?!
EVERY IDIOT AND HIS CHILDREN MUST BE OUT FOR A SUNDAY DRIVE!
HOW SOON, DADDY?!



THE WIND IN YOUR HAIR, A STOUT SHIP BENEATH YOU, AND BEYOND --THE LIMITLESS FREEDOM OF THE --
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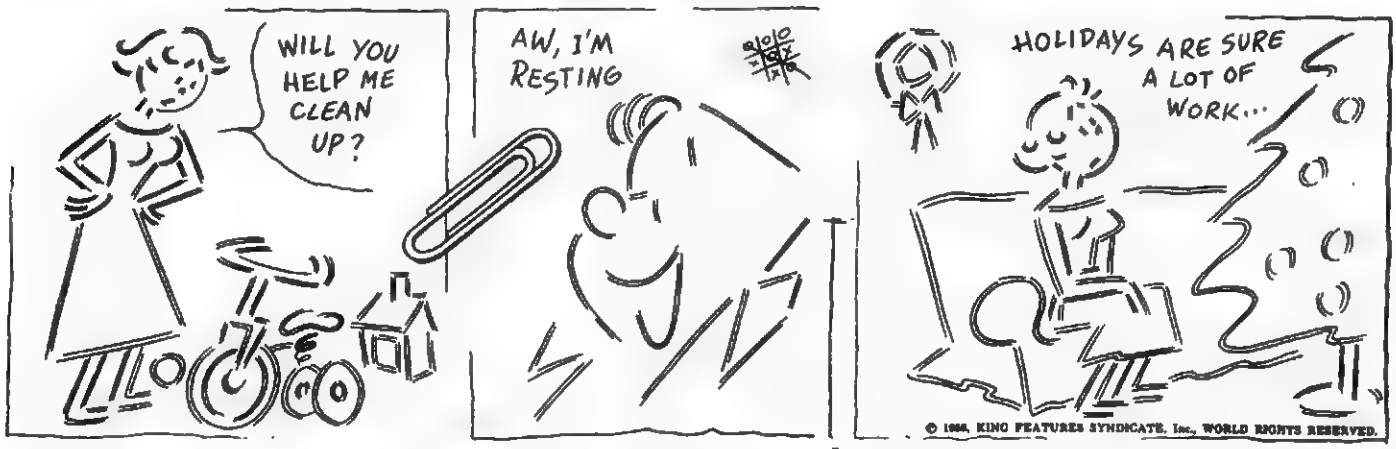
Hi and Lois

by MORT WALKER and DIK BROWNE


WILL YOU HELP ME CLEAN UP?
AW, I'M RESTING
HOLIDAYS ARE SURE A LOT OF WORK...
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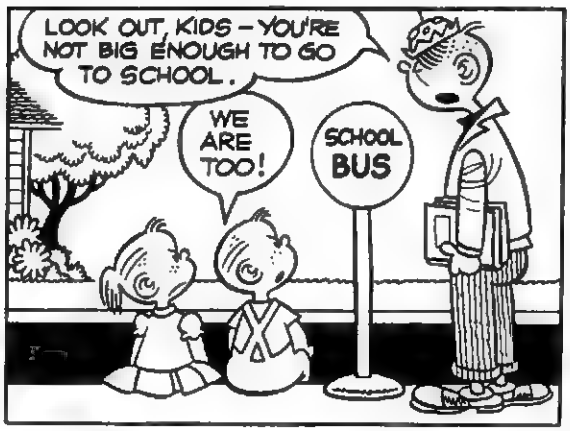
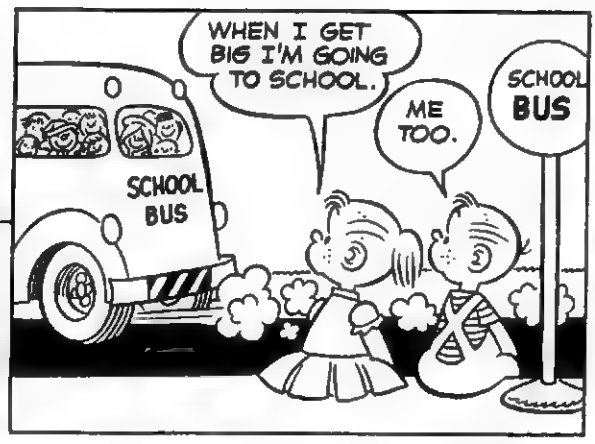
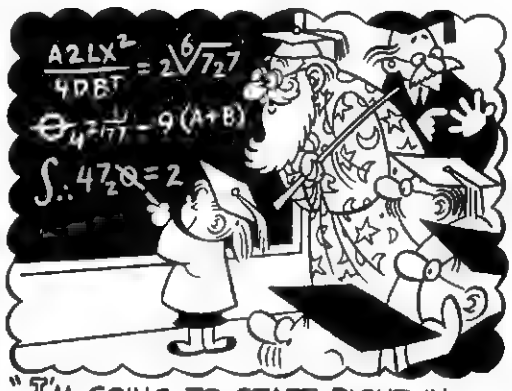
WELL, THEY'RE OVER. NOW WE CAN RELAX..
OH, WELL, I GUESS WE CAN GET BY FOR A FEW DAYS WITHOUT DOING MUCH...
D.B.
1-5
THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH HOLIDAYS... WHEN THEY'RE OVER NOBODY WANTS TO DO ANYTHING!

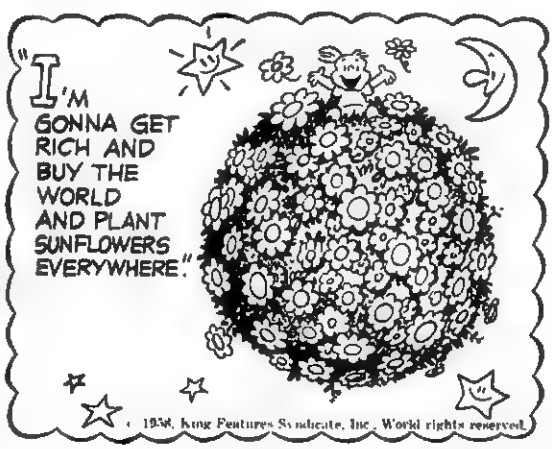
Hi and Lois

by MORT WALKER and DIK BROWNE








"I'M GONNA GET RICH AND BUY THE WORLD AND PLANT SUNFLOWERS EVERYWHERE."
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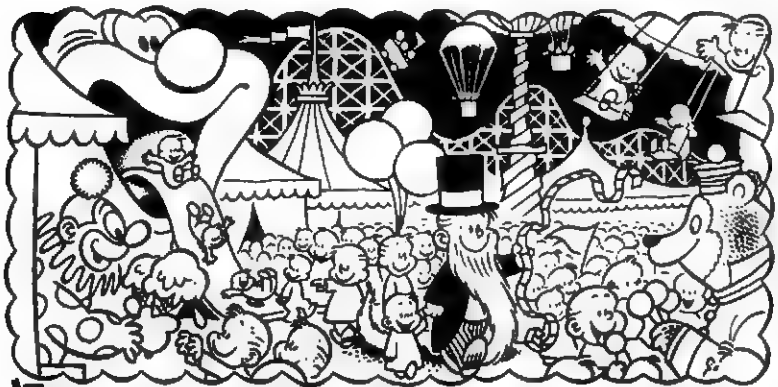
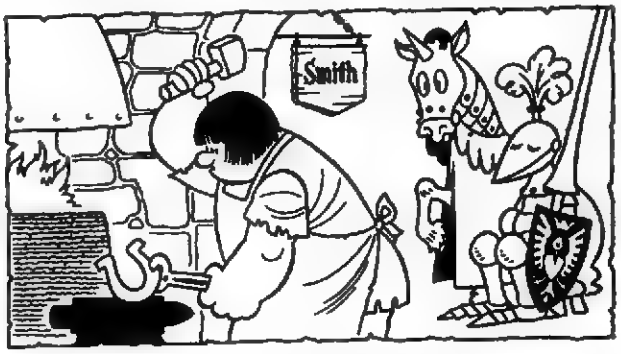


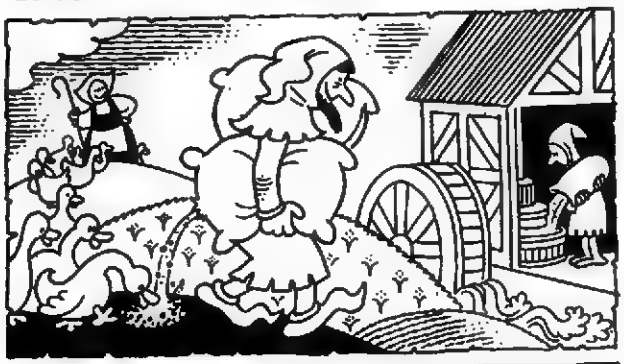
Hi and Lois

by MORT WALKER and DIK BROWNE

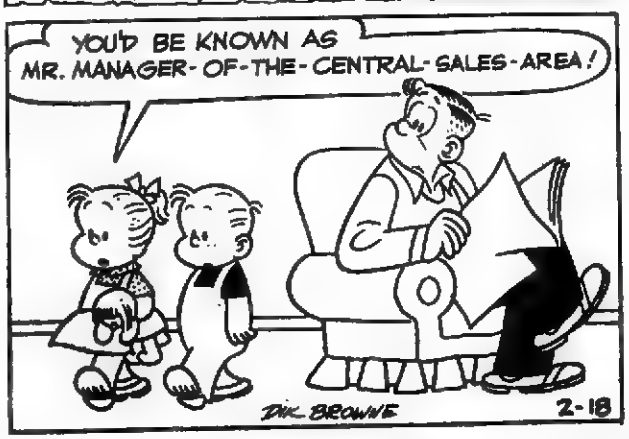
FOR INSTANCE, THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH WAS KNOWN AS MR. SMITH...



THE MAN WHO OPERATED THE FLOUR MILL WAS CALLED MR. MILLER...



AND, OF COURSE, THE MAN WHO MADE CLOTHES WAS CALLED MR. TAYLOR.



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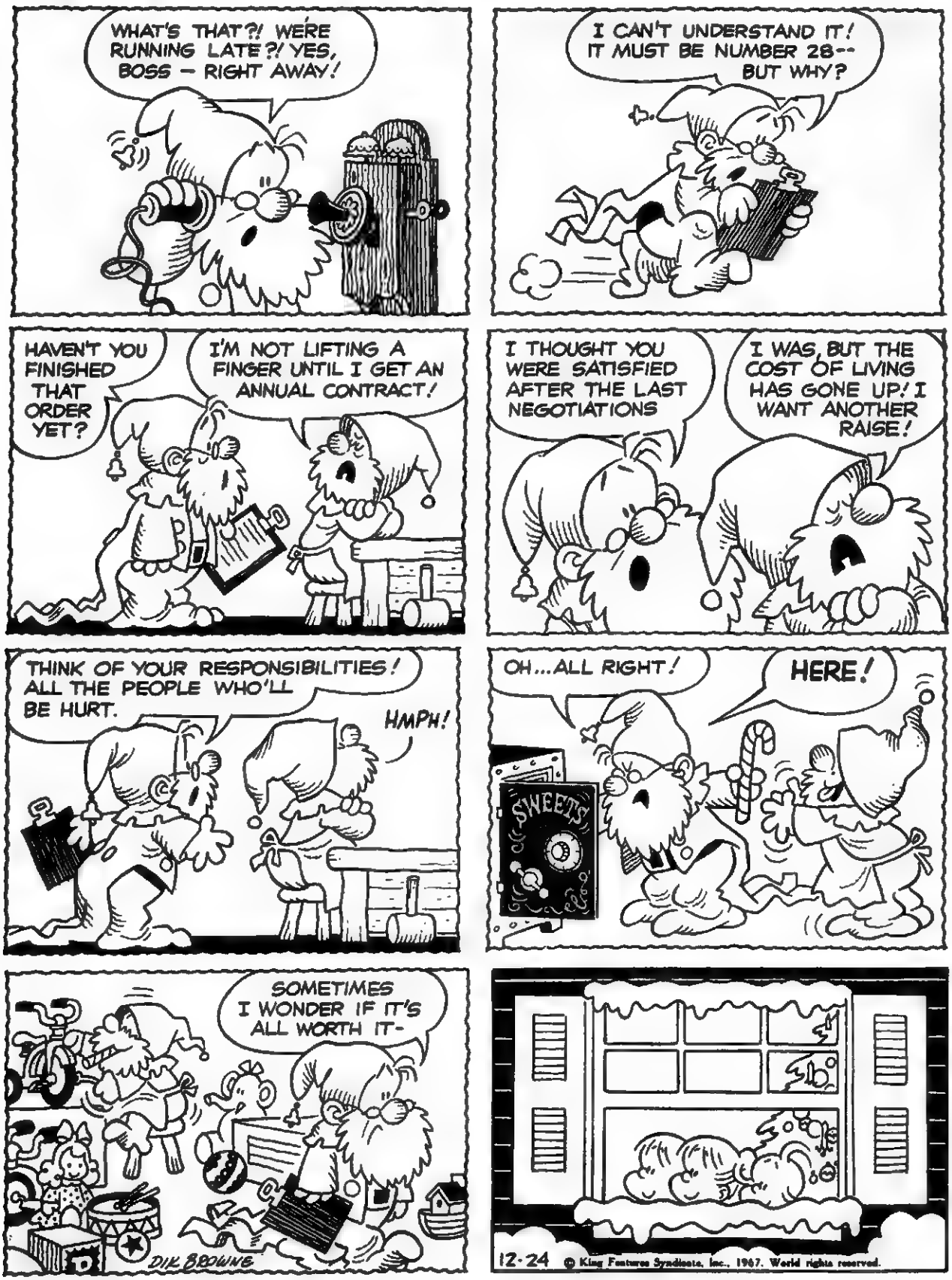
Hi and Lois by MORT WALKER and DIK BROWNE


WHAT'S THAT?! WE'RE RUNNING LATE?! YES, BOSS — RIGHT AWAY!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! IT MUST BE NUMBER 28-- BUT WHY?
HAVEN'T YOU FINISHED THAT ORDER YET?
I'M NOT LIFTING A FINGER UNTIL I GET AN ANNUAL CONTRACT!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE SATISFIED AFTER THE LAST NEGOTIATIONS
I WAS, BUT THE COST OF LIVING HAS GONE UP! I WANT ANOTHER RAISE!
THINK OF YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES! ALL THE PEOPLE WHO'LL BE HURT.
HMPH!
OH...ALL RIGHT!
HERE!
SWEETS
SOMETIMES I WONDER IF IT'S ALL WORTH IT-
DIK BROWNE
12-24
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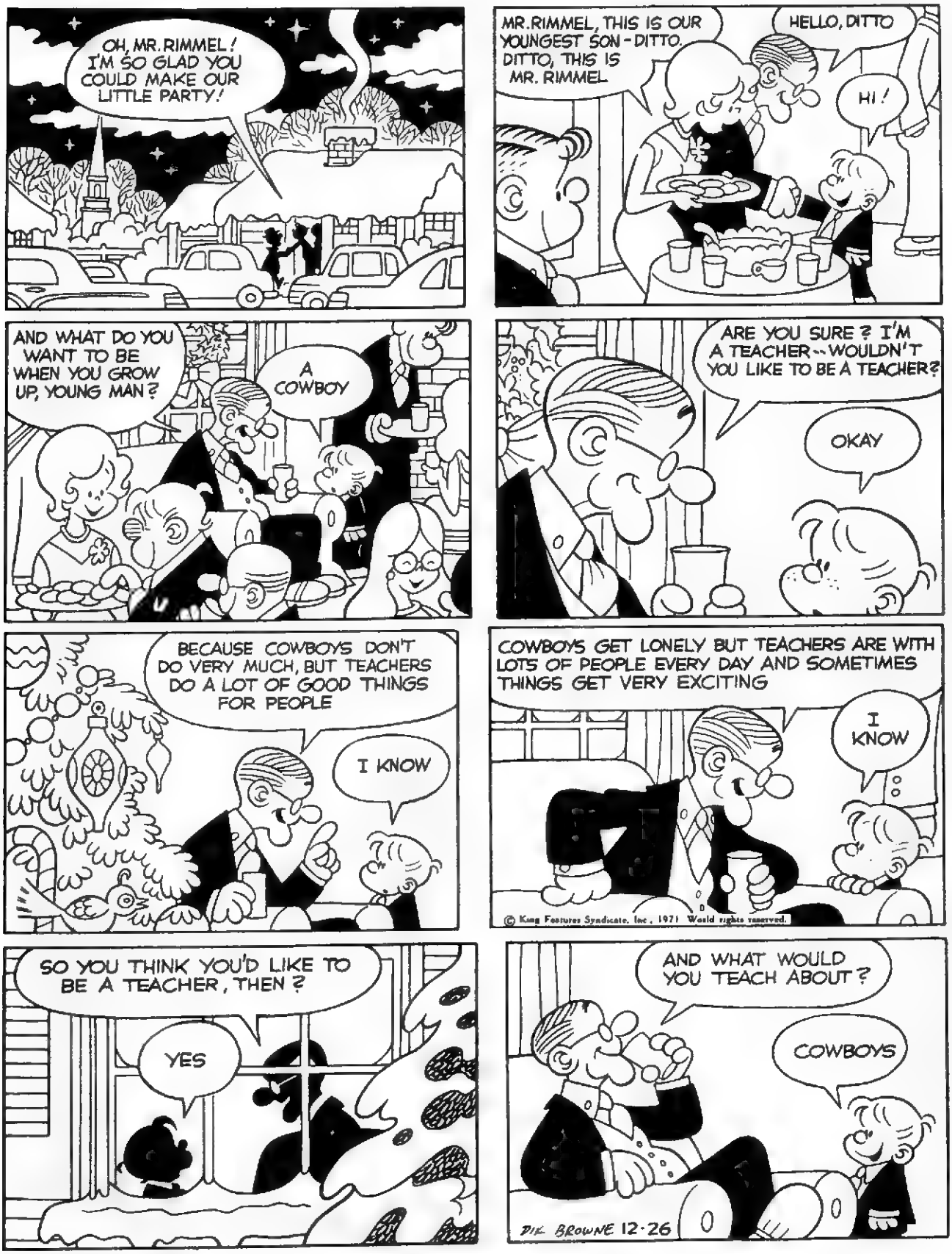
Hi and Lois

by MORT WALKER and DIK BROWNE


OH, MR. RIMMEL! I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD MAKE OUR LITTLE PARTY!
MR. RIMMEL, THIS IS OUR YOUNGEST SON - DITTO. DITTO, THIS IS MR. RIMMEL
HELLO, DITTO
HI!
AND WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP, YOUNG MAN?
A COWBOY
ARE YOU SURE? I'M A TEACHER -- WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE A TEACHER?
OKAY
BECAUSE COWBOYS DON'T DO VERY MUCH, BUT TEACHERS DO A LOT OF GOOD THINGS FOR PEOPLE
I KNOW
COWBOYS GET LONELY BUT TEACHERS ARE WITH LOTS OF PEOPLE EVERY DAY AND SOMETIMES THINGS GET VERY EXCITING
I KNOW
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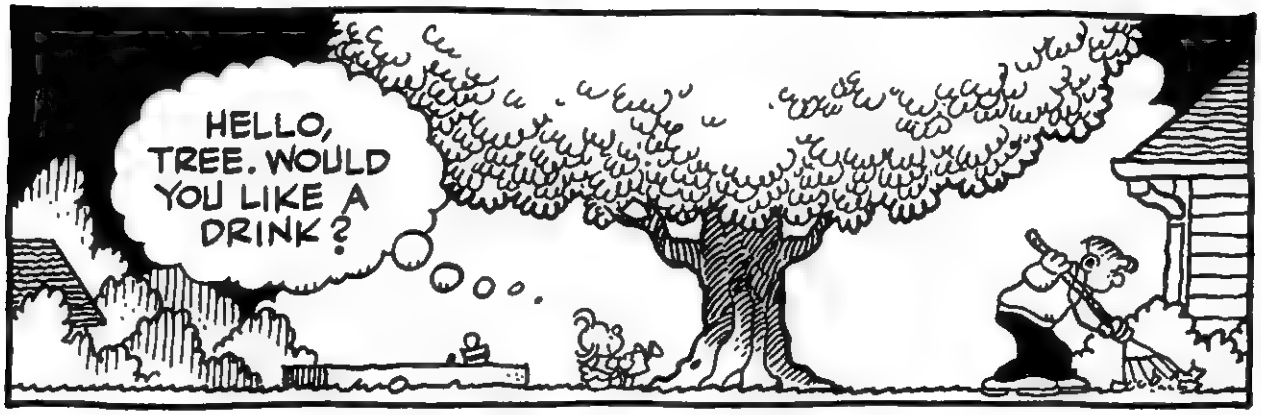
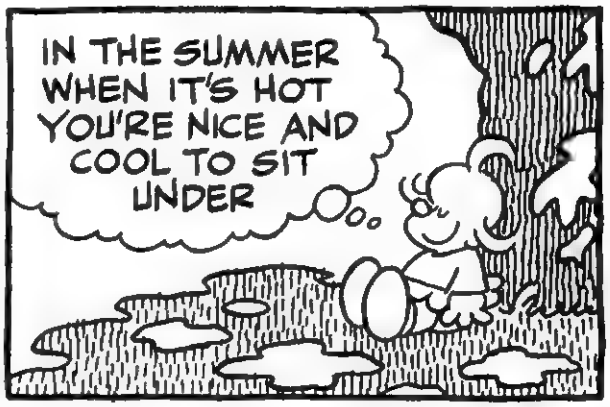
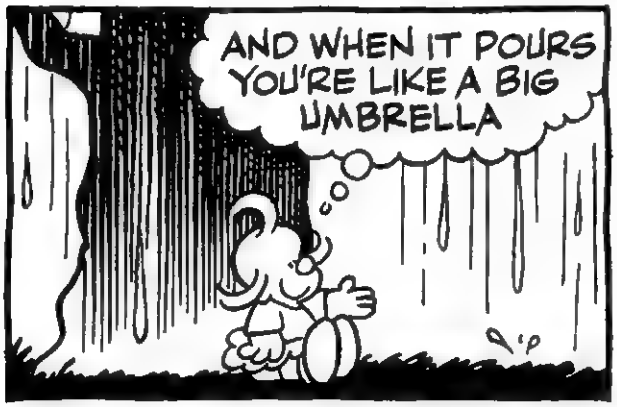
SO YOU THINK YOU'D LIKE TO BE A TEACHER, THEN?
YES
AND WHAT WOULD YOU TEACH ABOUT?
COWBOYS
DIK BROWNE 12-26

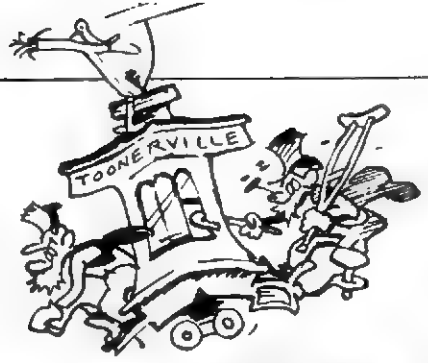
Hi and Lois

by MORT WALKER and DIK BROWNE









On The Fox Chase

The World's Longest Trolley Ride

Fontaine Fox had one of the most individual drawing styles of any cartoonist. He also possessed an individual sense of humor and whimsy, and the combination earned his work a special place in cartoon history.

From the beginning of his career, Fox's work was marked by simplicity; lines were few, shading was minimal, and backgrounds only sketchy. The airy quality of the linework was complemented by composition and panel arrangement that was casual in the extreme—sometimes circles would replace rectangles around the frame of a drawing, and balloon lines were usually hinted at or eliminated altogether.

Also from the beginning his themes were those that he kept his whole career: vignettes of small-town folk; gentle character or situational humor; a keen instinct for personality and dialect.

Fox was born Louisville, Kentucky, in 1884. He attended the University of Indiana for two years and then began cartoonng for the *Louisville Herald*. He later switched to the *Louisville Times* before joining the *Chicago Post* in 1910. In 1915 syndication of his work was picked up by the Wheeler Syndicate, and Fox's feature—*Toonerville Folks*—was thereafter syndicated by Wheeler's successor, Bell Syndicate, and McNaught. Before naming the Toonerville community, his organic neighborhood just grew on his drawing board, and the earliest stars were Thomas Edison, Jr., and Sissy Johnson. When the Trolley line was laid through Toonerville, Fox's work was assured of immortality. *Toonerville Folks* ended in 1955, and Fox died in 1964.

Arthur Clark once told me that, although he assisted, sometimes heavily, on the feature, one of the trademark signs of Fox's own work was the group of six parallel lines over the "F. Fox." If there were more or fewer lines, Clark said, that was an indication of the ghost artist's predominant contribution.

The following reminiscence by Clark is provided by Walt and Roger Reed of Illustration House, and *Nemo* is grateful for their sharing of the manuscript.

—Rick Marschall

For 28 years I worked for what was probably the most widely known streetcar company in America—"The Toonerville Trolley That Meets All The Trains"—the cartoon creation of Fontaine Fox. Down through those years, I assisted in the production of more than 7,500 of the approximately 15,000 cartoons Mr. Fox turned out in the 40 years that Toonerville appeared in the newspapers of America. This certainly adds up to a very long trolley ride, indeed.

Actually, the Toonerville Trolley, although the best known, was only one of 50 or more cartoon characters created by Mr. Fox. The Trolley appeared only once in each week's output of six daily cartoons; the remaining five drawings depicting the doings of "Toonerville Folks." Among these "folks" were The Powerful Katrinka; The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang; Mickey (Himself) McGuire; Aunt Eppie Hogg; Stinky Davis; Suitcase Simpson; Myrtle Wortle; Handlebar Hank; The Absent-Minded Professor; Old Man Fisher's Famous Flivver; Grandpa Sims; The Hide-Bound Republican; Tomboy Taylor; etc., etc.

I believe that no other cartoonist has fathered so many various brain-children. With latter-day cartoonists, as with the modern family, fewer offspring seems to be the rule.

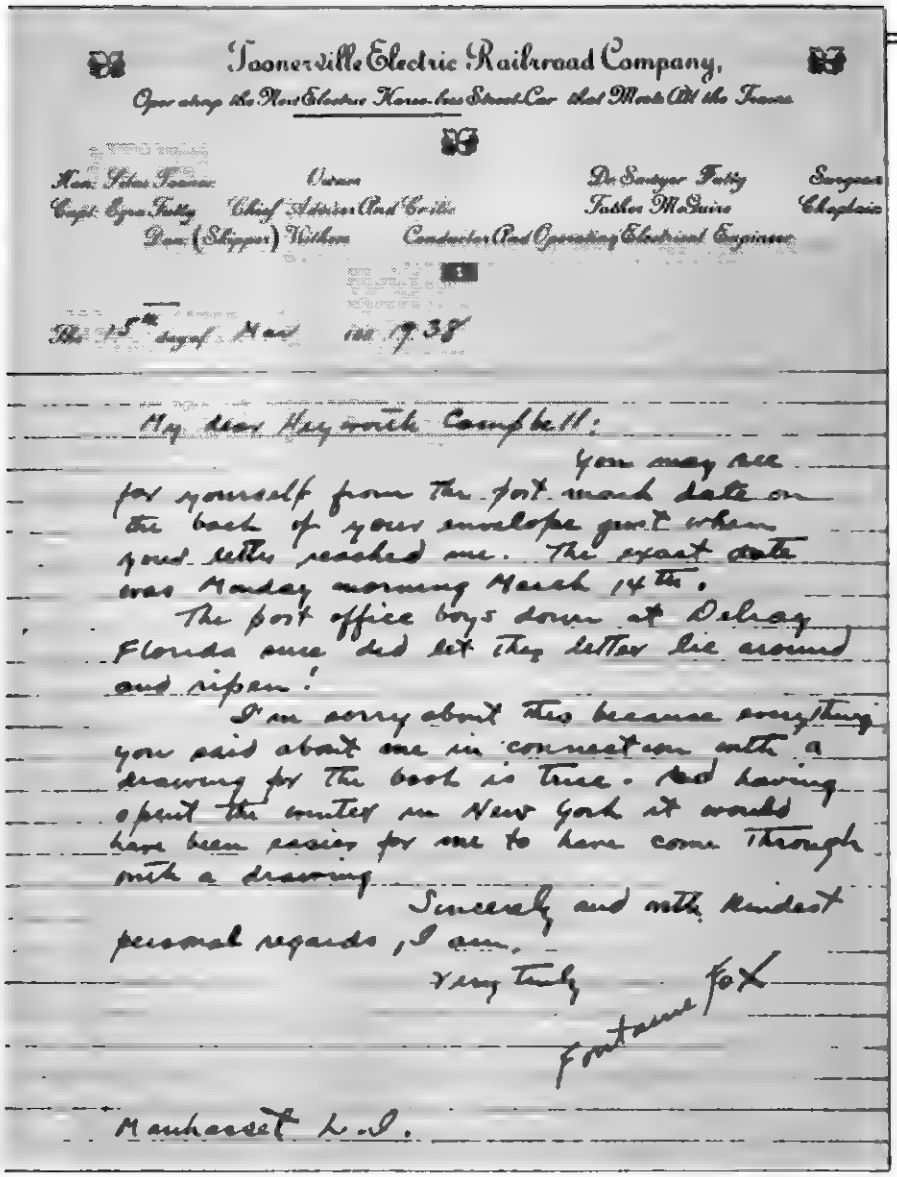
Excepting *Mutt & Jeff*, *Bringing Up Father*, and *The Katzenjammer Kids*, I cannot think of any cartoon characters that have been as long-lived as *Toonerville Folks*. I first recall it from the years of World War I, when I was about 12 years old. An uncle, who lived near us in East Orange, New Jersey, used to save the Sunday comics for me from the several newspapers to which he subscribed. These we always referred to as the "Toonervilles" since the Fox full-page cartoon appeared on the front of the comic section I most enjoyed.

It was also about that time that a friend of the family brought me one of the first *Toonerville Trolley* toys that were put on the market, a fascinating oddity that, due to off-center axles driven by a clockwork motor, rolled and rocked along the floor while a tin figure of the Skipper turned the control handle on the front platform. I still have this toy, although, like the pen and ink

By Arthur "Ted" Clark

Collection of Walt Reed

Fontaine Fox with a toy model of the Toonerville Trolley.



Toonerville Electric Railroad Company,

Operating the Most Electrical Horse-less Street Car that Meets All the Trains

Mgr. Silas Toonerville — Owner — Dr. Sawyer Tutty — Surgeon
Capt. Cyrus Tutty — Chief Adviser And Critic — Tubbs McGuire — Chaplain
Dan (Skipper) Withers — Conductor And Operating Electrical Engineer

The 15th day of March 1938

My dear Haywood Campbell:

You may see for yourself from the post mark date on the back of your envelope just when your letter reached me. The exact date was Monday morning March 14th.

The post office boys down at Delray Florida sure did let that letter lie around and ripen!

I'm sorry about this because anything you said about me in connection with a drawing for the book is true. And having spent the winter in New York it would have been easier for me to have come through with a drawing.

Sincerely and with kindest personal regards, I am,

Very truly Fox

Fontaine Fox

Manhasset L.I.

Collection of Rick Marschall

POSTED—A letter from 1938 from Fontaine Fox in response to a fan's request, showing, in the stationery design, the extent to which Fox enveloped himself in his cartoon world. Also revealed, even if never in the strip itself, is the name of the Trolley's skipper—one of comics' most obscure trivia bits: Dan Withers.

original, it no longer operates.

Some might say that these early omens may have portended that I was somehow destined to become a part of *Toonerville*. It would make a better story if I could say that thereafter I dedicated myself to that end, but after finishing my schooling, a round of newspaper offices started me as an apprentice artist on the New York *Daily News*.

Shortly afterwards, a fellow artist happened to pass on a rumor to the effect that Fontaine Fox might be in need of an assistant. The one he had (a girl, my friend said) was leaving to be married. It occurred to me that I might induce Mr. Fox to take me on, at least on the basis that impending matrimony could not cancel his investment in me. I had already married, only six months before.

My wife had taken a dim view of my night-side *News* job (6 p.m. to 2 a.m.) as keeping me "out all night," so she approved the idea of a change. On my next day off I made the trip out to the Fox studio on Long Island and was immediately hired—much to my surprise at the time.

Mr. Fox's style of drawing was so unique that none of his previous assistants had been able to completely imitate it. And neither was I. He worked quite fast, having once said of himself that he drew "as though he had St. Vitus' Dance." In theory, it was my duty to finish up his pencilled sketches in ink but he invariably made it his practice to proceed with the inking himself as soon as he'd pencilled them in. This left me with plenty of time and so little to do that I began to be in doubt as to who was assisting whom.

However, I continued to practice and also to work more and more into the creation of ideas. And that is the question most often asked of a cartoonist—"where (or how) do you get your ideas?"

The way Mr. Fox got his and I got mine was to sit down before a blank piece of paper, light a cigarette and start doodling with a pencil on the paper. At this point, we differed. Mr. Fox progressed to vigorously scratching his head while I took to chewing my knuckles. The doodling continued, of course, and finally something for the little figures to do would pop into our heads. The next move was to turn over the paper and sketch a rough layout. Mr. Fox being an absolute perfectionist, the first draft was by no means the last. The idea might be sketched in pencil in several different compositions before the first touch of ink. I often saw him snatch a finished cartoon from the completed output for the week and draw it all over again, so as to incorporate some small detail that he thought would add to its humor.

Our work week went something like this: On Monday Mr. Fox would sketch out at least three cartoon ideas in pencil. Tuesday, three more, to complete the six required for a week's release. For my part, I endeavored to submit a minimum of six ideas of my own, from which he might cull one or two as usable. Wednesday, if the six drawings had been achieved (at least in pencil) he played golf. If he did, I delivered him to the club by car and devoted the rest of the day to secretarial work mailing out drawings to fans who wrote requests for them (sent through the office of the newspaper nearest the reader), mounting drawings for occasional exhibitions, and handling all correspondence that did not require his personal attention.

There was a certain amount of bookkeeping and records to be kept for his income tax reports and also, at times, I was entrusted with payment of numerous bills through a power of attorney. I recall that, when first drafted into this unexpected field of activity, some error on my part necessitated an explanation from Mr. Fox to the party concerned.

"Mr. Clark," stated Mr. Fox in his most lordly manner, "is an artist, not a bookkeeper." I cherished these kind words for nearly a year—until a certain cartooning effort of mine evoked from him almost, but not quite, the same comment.

"Mr. Clark is a bookkeeper, *not* an artist! . . ."

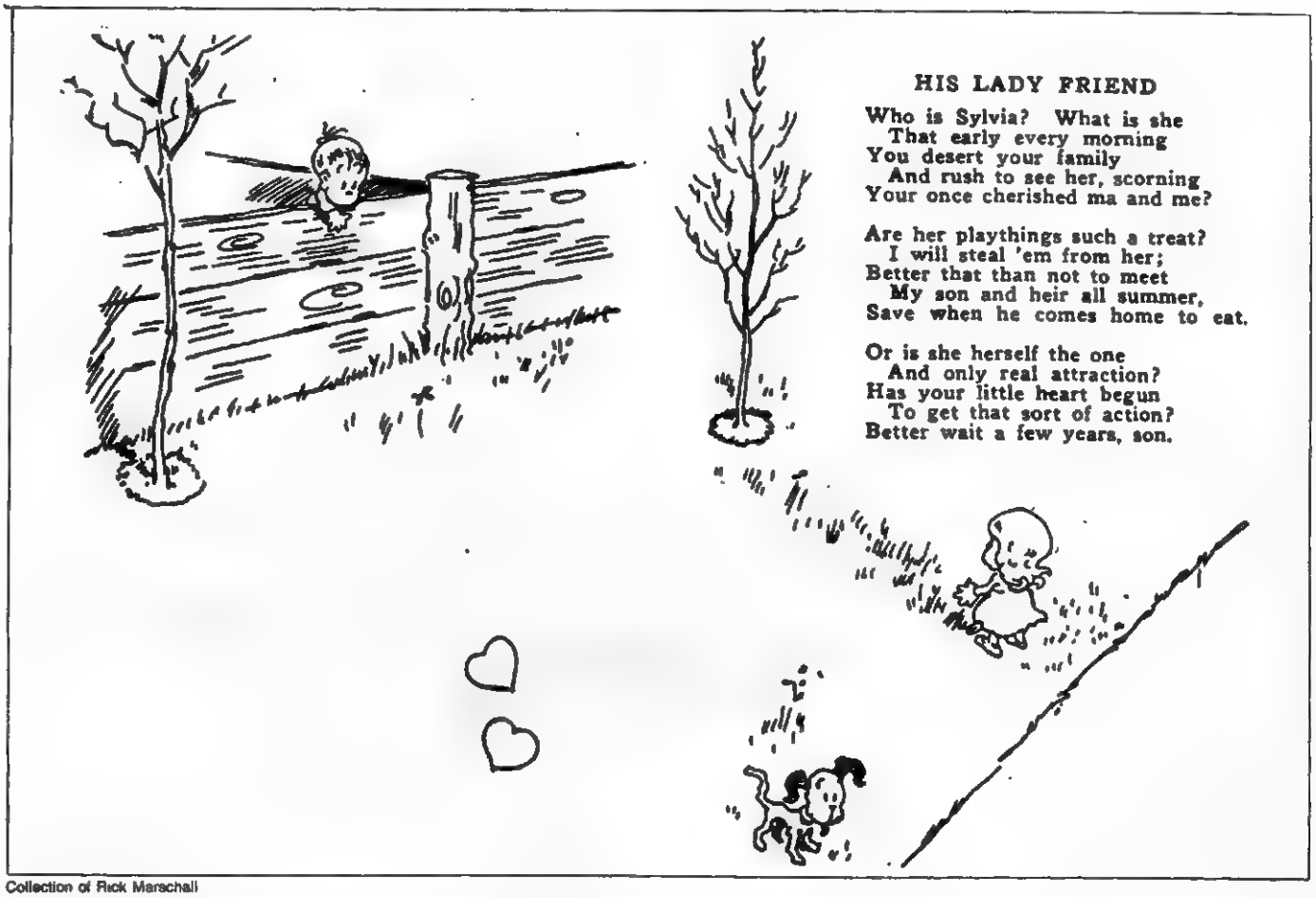
But that was a long while ago. After that, Mr. Fox was heard to admit that I became both a better bookkeeper and a better artist.

On Thursday we selected, from the reserve of drawings in pencil, the six to be finished in ink and turned into the syndicate. The syndicate received these six daily cartoons only two weeks before publication. This was a much tighter schedule than most syndicates maintain and not exactly to their liking, but Mr. Fox had good reasons for working so close to release: he often based a cartoon on a current event or topical subject and time lost before publication weakens the appeal of such drawings.

Late Thursday afternoon, the six selected drawings were finished in ink, lettered, cleaned up and made ready for mailing. The lettering was done by me, in a style calculated to blend with but not overweigh the finely accented pen lines characteristic of the Fox cartoons.

As far as possible, the arrangement of the six cartoons followed a certain pattern of variety. In each week, we tried to have two drawings about kids, another with a "family" background, a topical or "timely" idea, if possible, and something in the line of sport. Plus, of course, the regular weekly appearance of the Trolley.

The six dailies done, we turned on Friday to the creation of the Sunday Page: a 12-panel item for color reproduction. Here again I was called upon to submit


HIS LADY FRIEND
Who is Sylvia? What is she
That early every morning
You desert your family
And rush to see her, scorning
Your once cherished ma and me?
Are her playthings such a treat?
I will steal 'em from her;
Better that than not to meet
My son and heir all summer,
Save when he comes home to eat.
Or is she herself the one
And only real attraction?
Has your little heart begun
To get that sort of action?
Better wait a few years, son.

Collection of Rick Marschall

as many ideas as I could muster. To save time, I did not sketch out my suggestions for these. Moving from drawing table to typewriter, I set down a rough story outline of several ideas. From these, Mr. Fox made a selection and proceeded to draw it up.

Getting the Sunday page down in pencil form took most all of Friday, and on Saturday we finished it together in ink. I also traced off a tissue overlay, in water color, to accompany the page to the engravers, indicating the colors to be used in the printing.

This was the general pattern of the week but each day was often enlivened by Mr. Fox breaking suddenly into song as he sat at his drawing board. For mental stimulation he relied strongly on old ballads with unhappy themes—"The Baggage Coach Ahead" or "Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage," claiming that their sadness put him in the right mood for turning out something humorous. This paradox never seemed to work for me.

If a sad-type song failed to invoke the muse, he would slap his disreputable old felt hat on his head and take himself for a walk through the local cemetery from which he would return, obviously refreshed, and often with the best idea of the week at his finger-tips.

I believe that to most people he appeared to be a lonely eccentric although he was uniformly pleasant and friendly to all who came to his studio. His two marriages had resulted in divorce and separation, so that for the later part of his life he lived alone and seemed to care little for social contacts outside of his golfing activity. I did not play golf but I understand he was considered a formidable opponent at the game and at one time held the championship at his favorite club on Long Island.

There is a theory that cartoonists make poor businessmen but Mr. Fox certainly seems to have been good at both. In addition to his cartooning, he kept a sharp eye on his large investments in real estate and the stock market. In later years, when the sale of his feature sagged somewhat due to the onslaught of adventure and continuity strips, his Reynard Corporation brought him a sizable income from stock investments. While he employed a competent investment counsel, it is my belief that he was likely to outcounsel the counselor in many instances. And, to my knowledge, his business judgment was remarkably accurate.

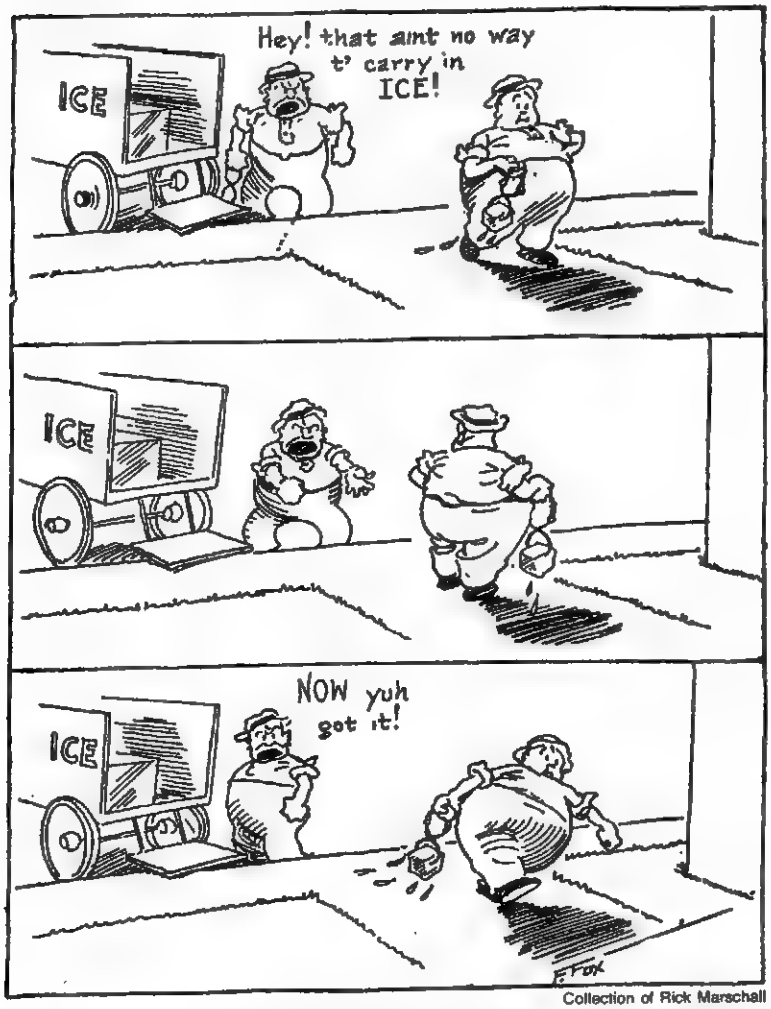
Toonerville Folks brought Fontaine Fox, at the height of its popularity in the 1920s and 1930s, considerable additional income from royalties on the sale of toys, games, and novelties. A series of two-reel comedies featuring Toonerville characters appeared on the silent screen for several years, and were succeeded by a number of animated Toonerville cartoons with sound. Although made many years ago, these continued to pay dividends to Mr. Fox through their use on television programs.

There was another potential source of income from the cartoons and this he firmly refused to accept. Somehow a rumor spread across the country that the Toonerville cartoons carried a daily tip on the races. This was simply not true but letters poured in asking for instructions on how to "de-code" the cartoon to find the name of the winning horse. Some claimed they had easily worked out the horse and the race but were not sure what track was meant. Almost all offered payment of a clue to the "system."

After attempting a few patient denials, Mr. Fox finally took refuge in silence, letting the letters go unanswered—except those which contained money, which they sometimes did. Betting on what he presumed to be a bona-fide "tip," a horse-player occasionally hit upon a winner and in gratitude would send

RURAL WHIMSY—Early in the careers of both men, around 1915, Ring Lardner and Fontaine Fox collaborated on poems and cartoons of childhood, eventually published in a book called *Bib Ballads*.

JUST WATCH YOUR ICEMAN SOME MORNING



Collection of Rick Marschall

Mr. Fox a five- or ten-dollar bill. These donations were always returned with thanks and the comment that since the sender had been willing to risk a loss, he was entitled to all of the gain.

My first contact with this sort of thing occurred not along after I went to Toonerville. I was working alone in the studio one day when a young colored man whom Mr. Fox employed as butler and chauffeur asked if he might have a word with me. He was sure that I, as Mr. Fox's right-hand man, must know the horses that were going to win each day for weeks to come and wanted me to let him in on it in advance. The more I denied any knowledge of such a "system," the less he was convinced. He finally offered me $300 a week for my "co-operation." When he finally left, grumbling over my refusal, I was almost ready to believe that I was really working for a gambling syndicate.

Feeling that I had to know, I took it up with Mr. Fox, who explained that it was only a fiction. He had a great laugh over his butler's attempt to suborn me. Whether this had anything to do with the butler's departure a few days afterward, I do not know. Could be, since Mr. Fox had deep feelings on loyalty as a virtue.

My loyalty to Mr. Fox paid me well over the years and may have had something to do with the fact that I was the only assistant who ever remained more than a few years on the job. It seems that few artists are willing to accept the complete anonymity of this type of work for very long and, naturally enough, yearn for fame of their own.

I will admit that there was a time when, my trolley ride seeming particularly rough, I considered jumping off and starting over again. Mr. Fox, sensing my restlessness, decided that he had best be prepared. He brought in another young fellow as "assistant in reserve," a brilliant young college graduate with a great deal of talent, who had already won some success as a freelance contributor to humorous magazines.

Jack M. and I hit it off instantly and became fast friends. In fact, I enjoyed our association so much that I decided to remain right there aboard the Toonerville Trolley. The three of us got along just as amicably for a few years although I think Mr. Fox was probably a bit puzzled to find that in trying to avoid a famine of assistance he had actually provided a feast.

Instead of me, it was Jack who voluntarily departed for greener fields. Through previous contact with the Hearst newspaper organization, he was offered a chance to be on the staff of a Wisconsin paper as editorial cartoonist. He decided to accept this and was soon on his way to the Northwest.

I missed him greatly, and when reports indicated that his work was being particularly well received, I regretfully concluded that our paths would not cross again. Neither of us could know that the paper to which he had been assigned was due to cease publication within a year.

Crestfallen, he returned to Long Island and Toonerville, where he was welcomed as a lost sheep returned to the fold. Mr. Fox did, however, take a sly dig at his "wandering boy" by composing the following commemorative verse:

Ain't it too bad!
(What happened to Jack)
The East sent him West
And the West sent him back!

Although Jack remained with us for another several years, I don't think he ever really forgave Mr. Fox for that one. When he left us the second time, the connection he made had much happier results. He wound up successfully drawing a strip under his own name, his wounded ego completely repaired.

Mr. Fox's talent for verse found public expression through one of his cartoon characters, "John Greenleaf Wortle, Poet-Laureate of Toonerville." John Greenleaf was usually pictured standing on a stump or packing case, declaiming his homemade verse to the hangers-on at the general store.

Spring has come to Toonerville,
Every one in town is ill.
For the doc and the apothecary,
A bit of rest there ain't been nary!

Another cartoon showed him running for his life from the manager of the local movie house, upon whose walls he had inscribed an ode to the large-mouthed star of the advertised attraction:

The noise was heard the world aroun'
When Martha Raye kissed Joe E. Brown!

Once, when feeling the need for a change of scene, Mr. Fox pushed aside his drawing board, stood up on his chair and, with a gesture worthy of John Greenleaf Wortle, declared:

"I'm in that mood
When open road
And distant hills are calling.

Get out the car,
We'll ride afar
And have our tea in Pawling!"

And drive to Pawling (N.Y.) we did, not especially to see the place itself, but he could think of no other destination that would rhyme with "calling!"

But to get back to the Trolley again. My long ride was not confined to that vehicle alone. As the automobile bus increasingly replaced the street car, Mr. Fox came under some pressure from editors and publishers to

Collection of Walt Reed

"modernize" the Toonerville Traction Co. So, in 1941, "The Bus That Connects with the Toonerville Trolley" appeared, operated by the Skipper, as an extension of service beyond the track terminus.

This bus extension operated for only a couple of years until Mr. Fox seized upon the wartime shortage of gasoline and tires as as excuse to retire it from service. Through the next nine years, the old trolley rode the rails as usual until it left them one day in a shattering smashup. The Skipper mounted the car body on the chassis of a borrowed truck and resumed service as a bus again.

Thus began the second era of bus operation, involving a later substitution of an old railroad caboose body. While this may have pleased the publishers who felt the trolley had lost its appeal, there were those who felt differently.

Letters began to arrive from the readers of the feature, asking that the trolley be restored in its original form. A great number of these letters were from railroad enthusiasts and model builders who deluged Mr. Fox with petitions to "put that trolley car back on the track."

Mr. Fox was happy to oblige. The hybrid "caboose-bus" was retired and the final version of the Toonerville Trolley returned to the rails—a roadside "diner" mounted on trolley trucks, the Skipper at the controls and a chef inside to serve "breakfast en route to the depot! It seemed to me that this was a "Foxy" touch indeed, this combination of two typically American institutions, the trolley car and the hamburger stand.

But with the advent of his seventieth birthday, Mr. Fox began to think seriously of retirement. He discussed it with me at great length; how the Trolley had had a remarkably long and successful "trip" and he preferred that his own career should end at its apex. He felt strongly that its perpetuation by other hands would be anticlimactic and on this point, I certainly agreed. With the utmost consideration for my personal interest, he laid plans to cushion my period of transition.

So it was planned that the last run of the Toonerville Trolley should take place on February 12, 1956. Mr. Fox thought the birthday of The Great Emancipator particularly appropriate to mark his own emancipation—"from 50 years of slavery at the drawing board."

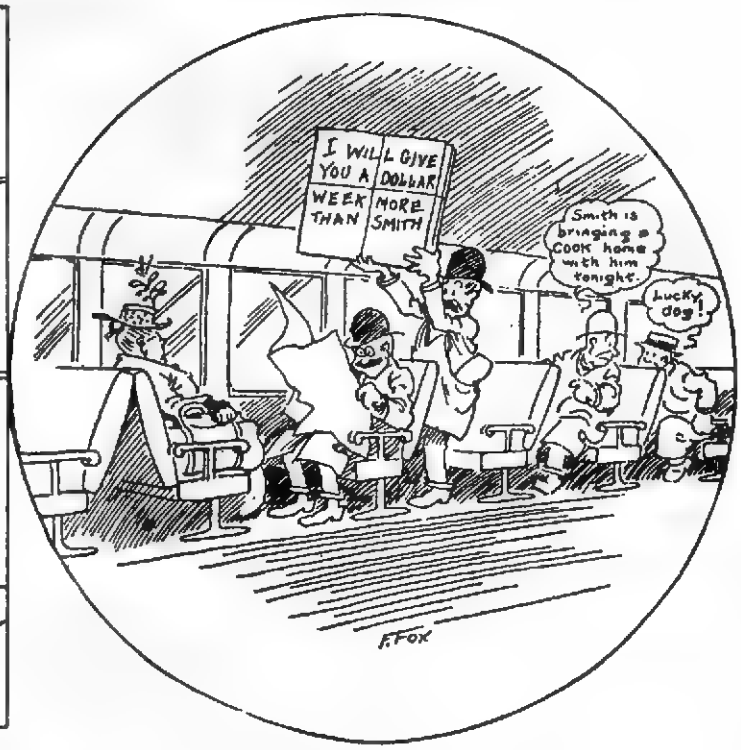
This particular cartoon was appropriate to the occasion. It showed the Trolley-Diner leaving the tracks and rolling downgrade in a field. The Skipper, thrown off by the derailment, is watching the car disappear from sight and saying, "I'll make a note of where she ends up, then I'll set down and rest a while."

My long trolley ride ended on that day also, in keeping with that old legend that used to be displayed in the vestibules of *all* trolley cars: "Do Not Board Or Leave This Car While It Is In Motion."

And I was with it until it did come to a complete stop. n

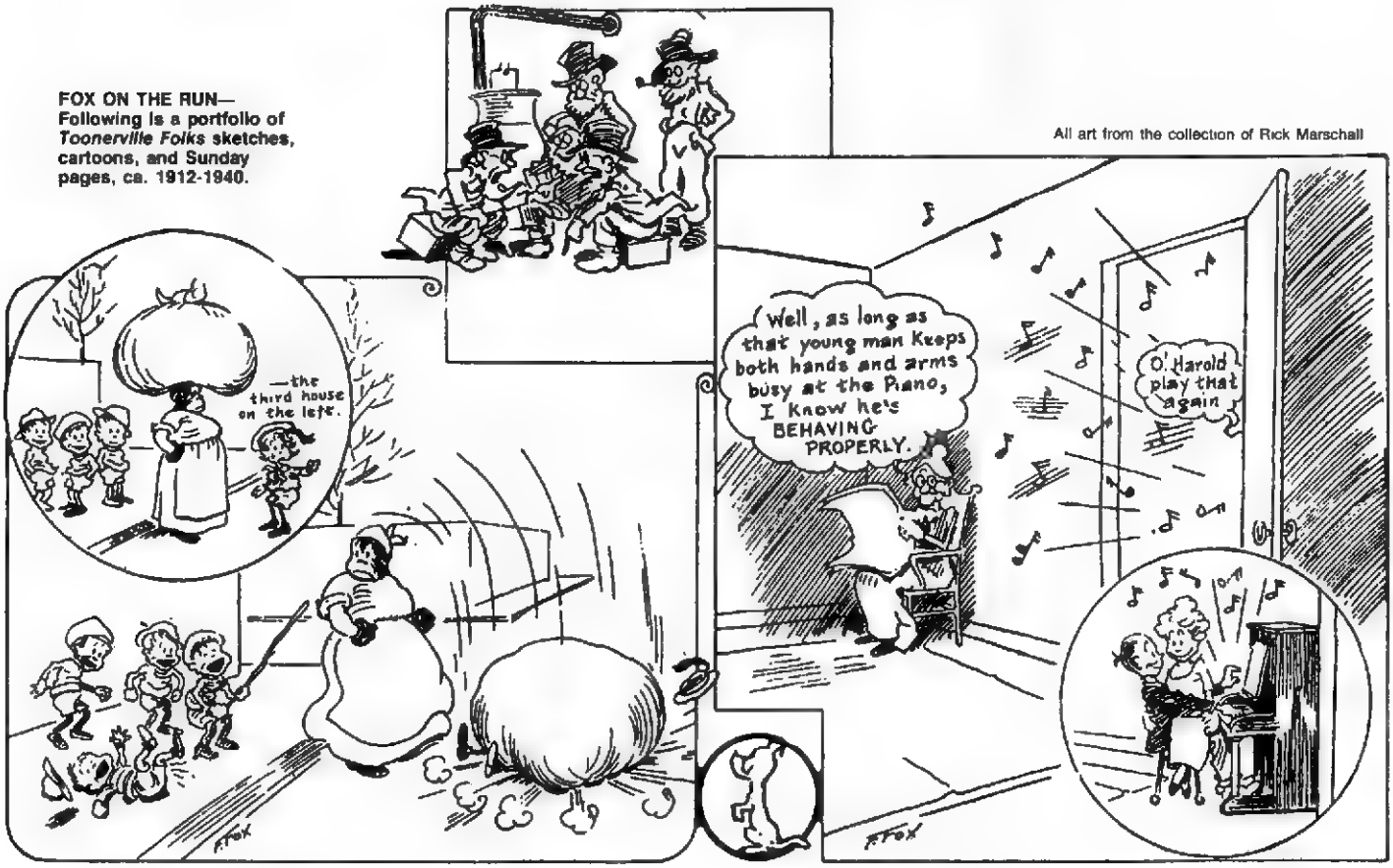
MORE FUN THAN EATING NUTS.

THE DESPERATE COMMUTER.



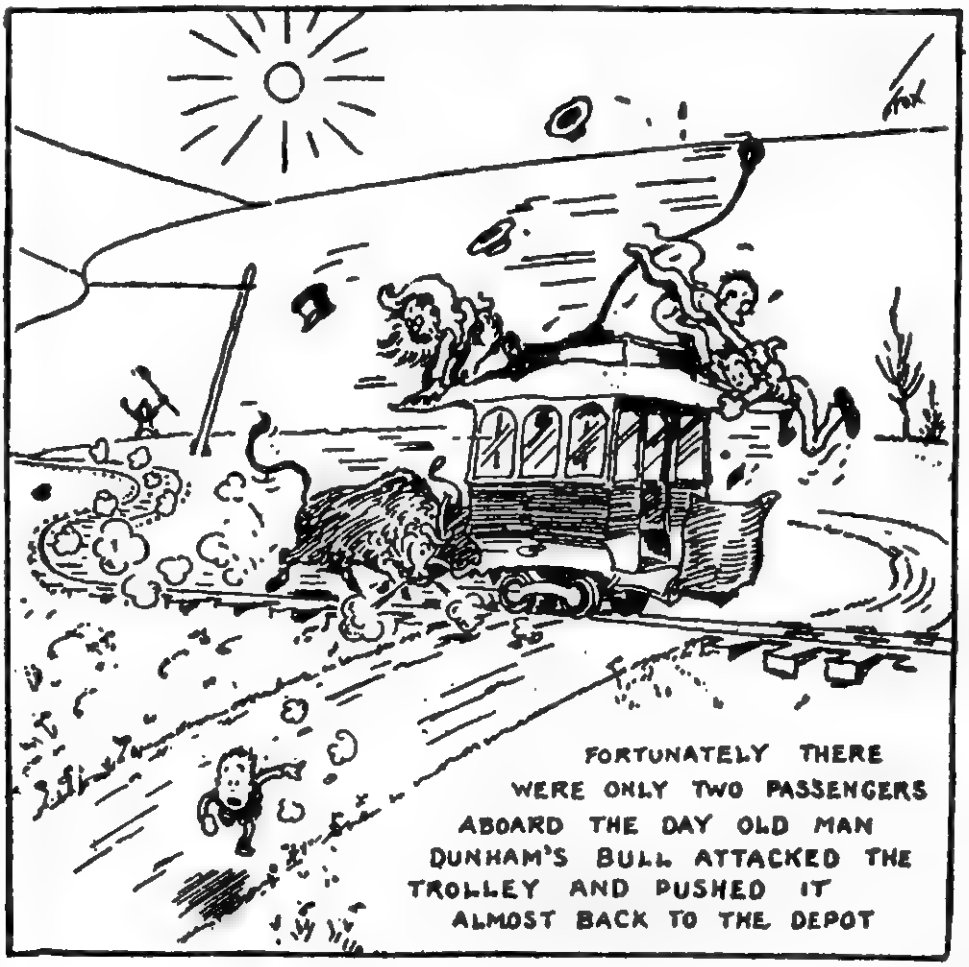
FOX ON THE RUN—
Following is a portfolio of *Toonerville Folks* sketches, cartoons, and Sunday pages, ca. 1912-1940.

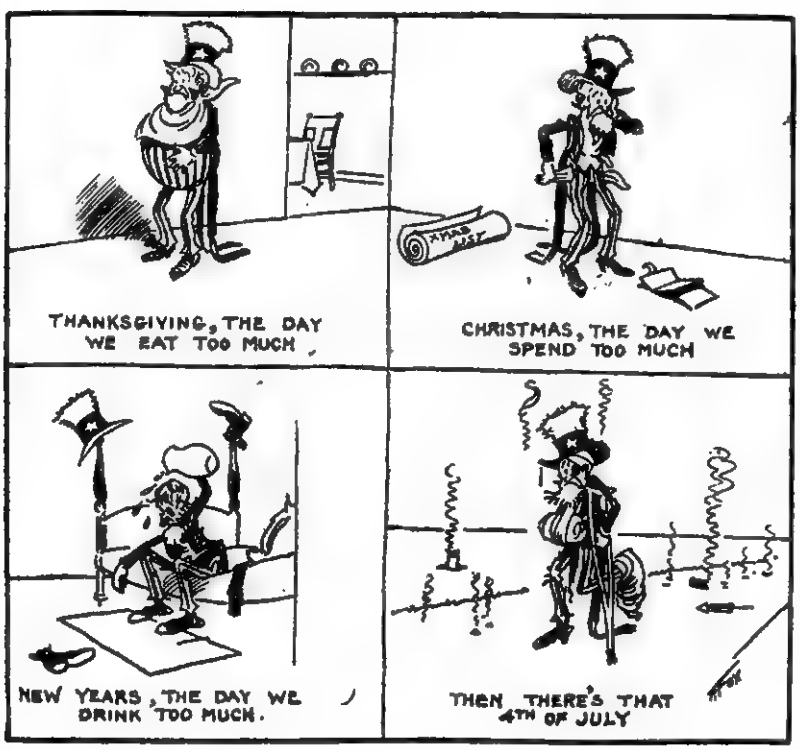
All art from the collection of Rick Marschall


—the third house on the left.
Well, as long as that young man keeps both hands and arms busy at the Piano, I know he's BEHAVING PROPERLY.
O' Harold play that again
F.FOX
F.FOX

THE GANG AND "SISSY" JOHNSON.

THE DEMON CHAPERON FOILED.


FOX
FORTUNATELY THERE WERE ONLY TWO PASSENGERS ABOARD THE DAY OLD MAN DUNHAM'S BULL ATTACKED THE TROLLEY AND PUSHED IT ALMOST BACK TO THE DEPOT


THANKSGIVING, THE DAY WE EAT TOO MUCH
CHRISTMAS, THE DAY WE SPEND TOO MUCH
NEW YEARS, THE DAY WE DRINK TOO MUCH.
THEN THERE'S THAT 4TH OF JULY

WHEN A RIVAL DONS LONG PANTS.

ABOVE—Pencil sketch for the Trolley cartoon on opposite page.

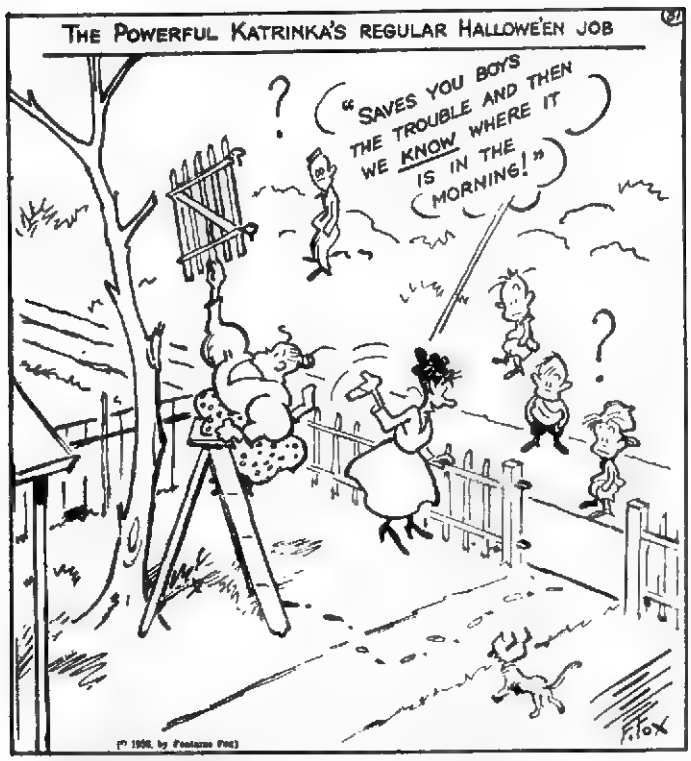
HE DON'T HEAR SO GOOD. THE LAST TIME THE BACK PLATFORM FELL OFF HE WENT FOUR MILE BEFORE HE NOTICED IT.
TOONERVILLE
F. FOX
21

THE POWERFUL KATRINKA
IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN USE FLEM PRODDY'S LATEST INVENTION
A DEEVICE FOR GETTIN' KITTENS DOWN OUTA TREES. THE PLATFORM SWINGS LEVEL AT ENNY ANGLE WITH A BOWL O' MILK AN' A CATNIP BALL!
F. FOX

THE FAT BOY THAT MICKEY MCGUIRE IS ALWAYS "AFTER"
"SURE, I KNOW THIS IS POISON IVY, BUT MCGUIRE WON'T COME IN HERE AFTER ME!"
F. FOX

THE TERRIBLE TEMPERED MR. BANG
EV'RY TIME I MAKE A DATE TO PLAY GOLF! RAIN!
F. FOX

FOX
"IS THIS THE RIGHT WAY TO THE FIRE ENGINE HOUSE?"

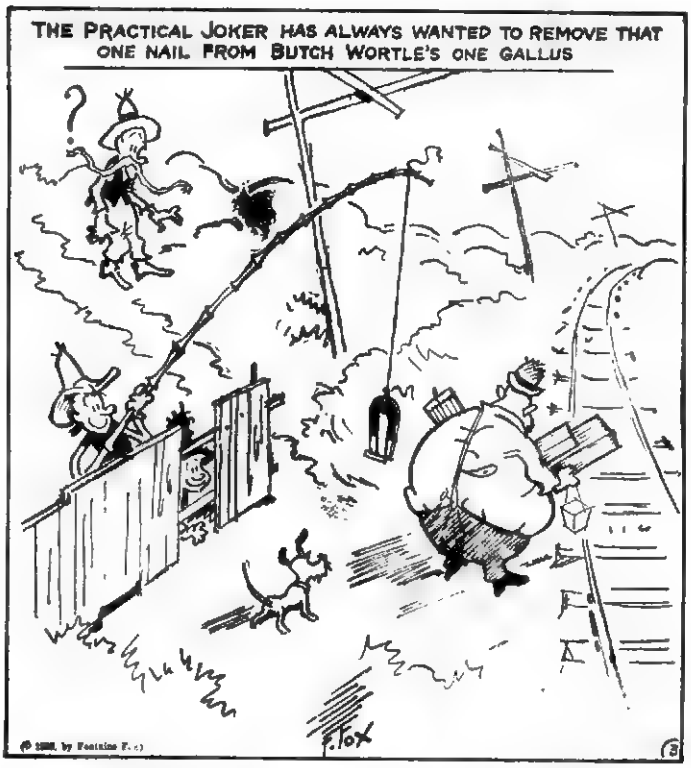

THE POWERFUL KATRINKA'S REGULAR HALLOWE'EN JOB
"SAVES YOU BOYS THE TROUBLE AND THEN WE KNOW WHERE IT IS IN THE MORNING!"
FOX

"FLYTRAP" FINNEGAN, THE WORLD'S WORST CADDY
"SURE I KNOW HE NEVER KEEPS HIS EYE ON THE BALL BUT HE KEEPS THE FLIES AND GNATS OFF MY HEAD!"
FOX

AS A RULE, "SUITCASE" SIMPSON IS NOT SENSITIVE ABOUT THE SIZE OF HIS FEET.
"....AND HE HOLLERS, 'DIDJA HAVE THAT CORN PLASTER MADE TO ORDER,!"
FOX

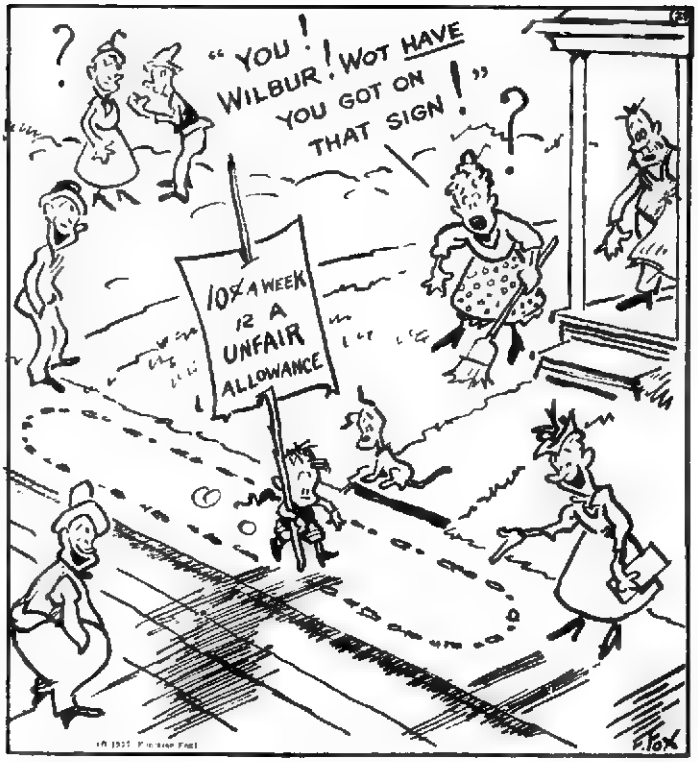
"NAW, IT DON'T NEED MENDIN'! I'M GONNA SEE IF I CAN'T PUT IT IN PAWN TILL WARM WEATHER SETS IN!"
F.Fox

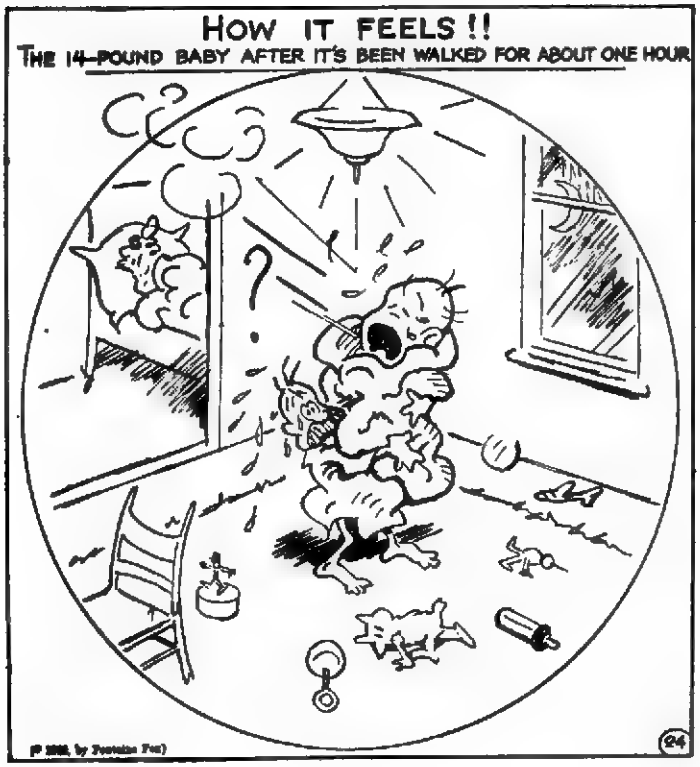
"HE'S EITHER 'JITTERBUGGIN' OR ELSE HE'S JUST PUT ON HIS HEAVY WINTER UNDERWEAR!"
F.Fox

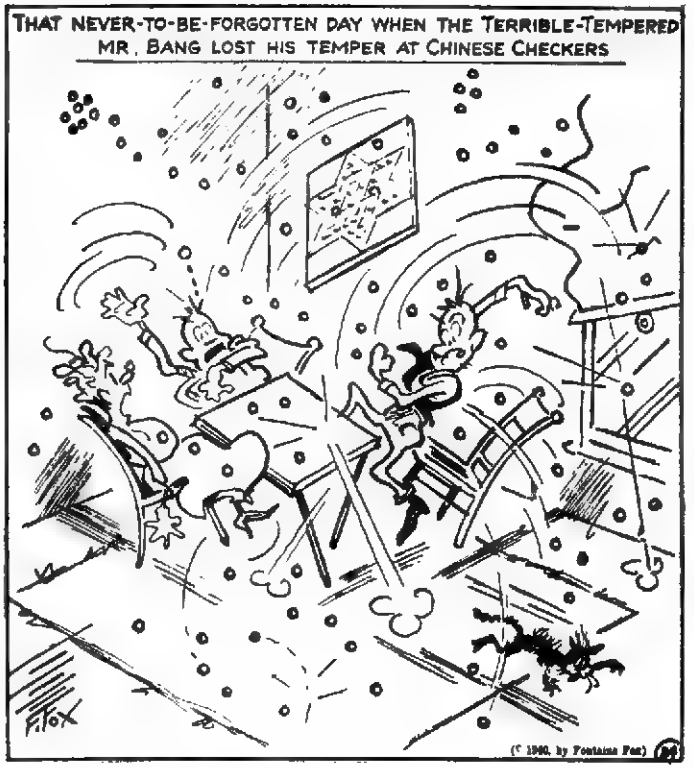

THE PRACTICAL JOKER HAS ALWAYS WANTED TO REMOVE THAT ONE NAIL FROM BUTCH WORTLE'S ONE GALLUS
F.Fox

THE FAMOUS WORTLE FAMILY-WILKINS FAMILY FEUD
"JUST LOOK AT 'EM! SITTIN' OUT THERE IN THE SHADE OF OUR TREE!"
F.Fox

"SNAG" SANDERS, TOONERVILLE'S FAMOUS MUSTACHE ARTIST, TRIES HIS HAND AT A GIGANTIC MURAL
F. FOX


"YOU! WILBUR! WOT HAVE YOU GOT ON THAT SIGN!"
10¢ A WEEK IS A UNFAIR ALLOWANCE
F. FOX


HOW IT FEELS!!
THE 14-POUND BABY AFTER IT'S BEEN WALKED FOR ABOUT ONE HOUR


THAT NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN DAY WHEN THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED MR. BANG LOST HIS TEMPER AT CHINESE CHECKERS
F. FOX

"IT SEZ 'PARLOR MATCHES' ON THE BOX; I THOUGHT MAYBE THEY MIGHT WORK IN HERE!"
F.Fox

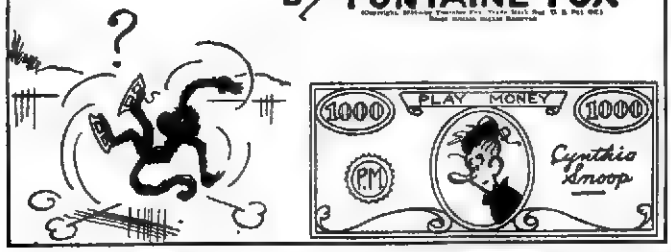
THEY'RE A HARD-BITTEN LOT IN TOONERVILLE
"YOU LOOK YERSELF! I AIN'T FORGOT THAT TODAY'S APRIL FUST!"
F.Fox

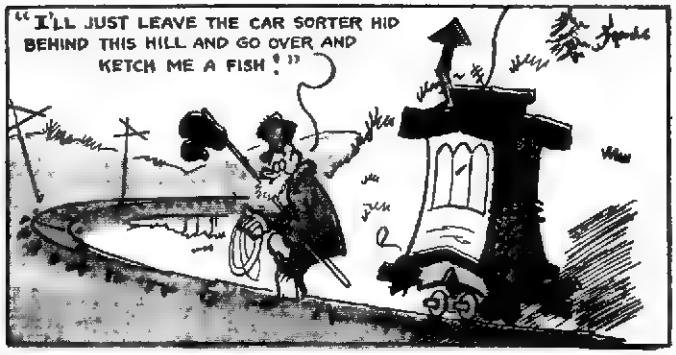
COL. HENRY CLAY MEDDERS, THE HOSS PISTOL EXPERT
"TERRIBLE DROUGHT! NOBODY HAD ANY WATER 'ROUND HERE BUT THE DOGGONE RAIL-ROAD!"
F.Fox

"WHY DON'T SOME OF US HELP HIM? HELP HIM WOT FUR? THAT'S THE ROAD COMMISSIONER!"
F.Fox

TOONERVILLE FOLKS

BY FONTAINE FOX

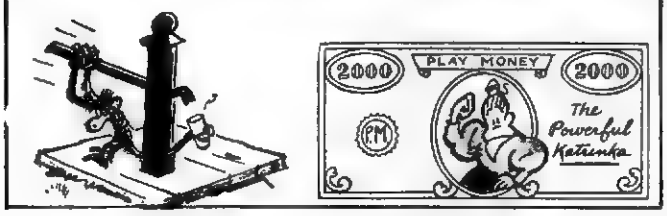


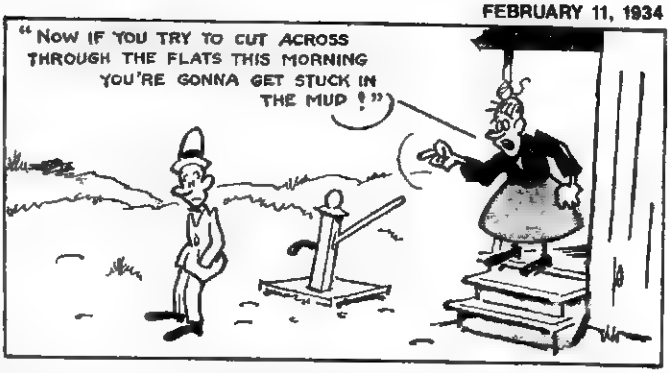


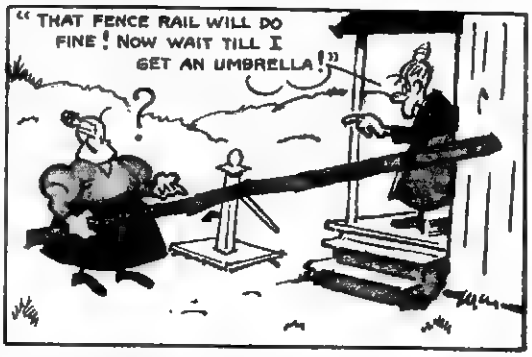
LITTLE STANLEY

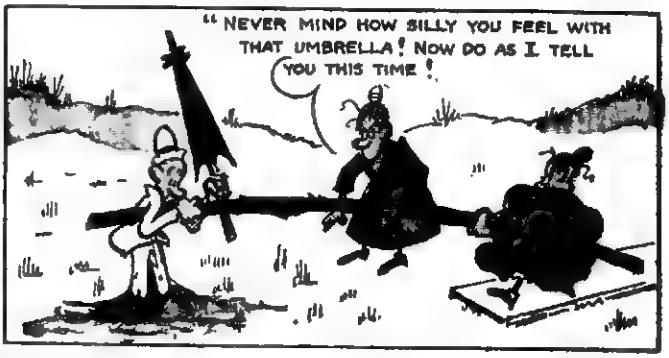
TOONERVILLE FOLKS

BY FONTAINE FOX







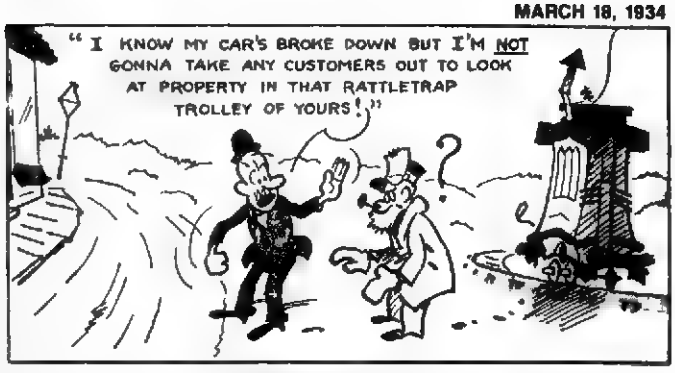


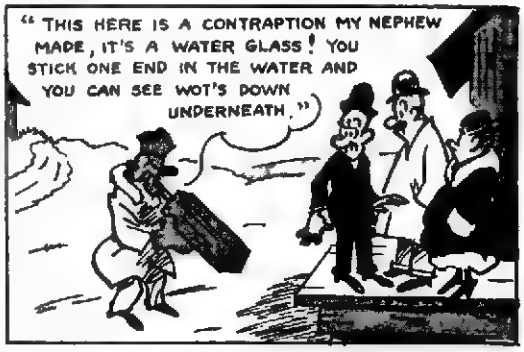
LITTLE STANLEY

"NAW, YA CAN'T HOLD ON BEHIND. HE CAN HARDLY PULL ME AS IT IS!"
"THAT DAWG COULD PULL EIGHT OR NINE OF US!"
F. FOX
"WOT'S THAT YOU SAID ABOUT HIS HARDLY BEIN' ABLE TO PULL YOU?"

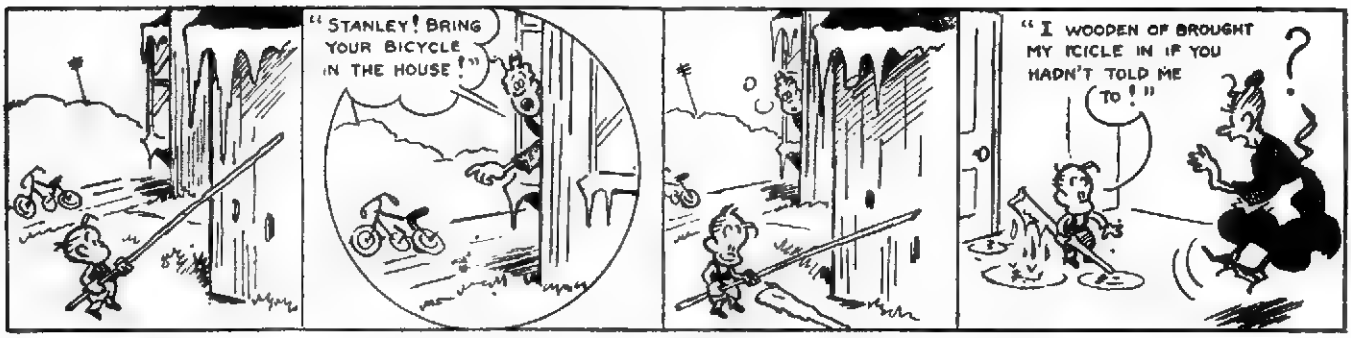
TOONERVILLE FOLKS

BY FONTAINE FOX

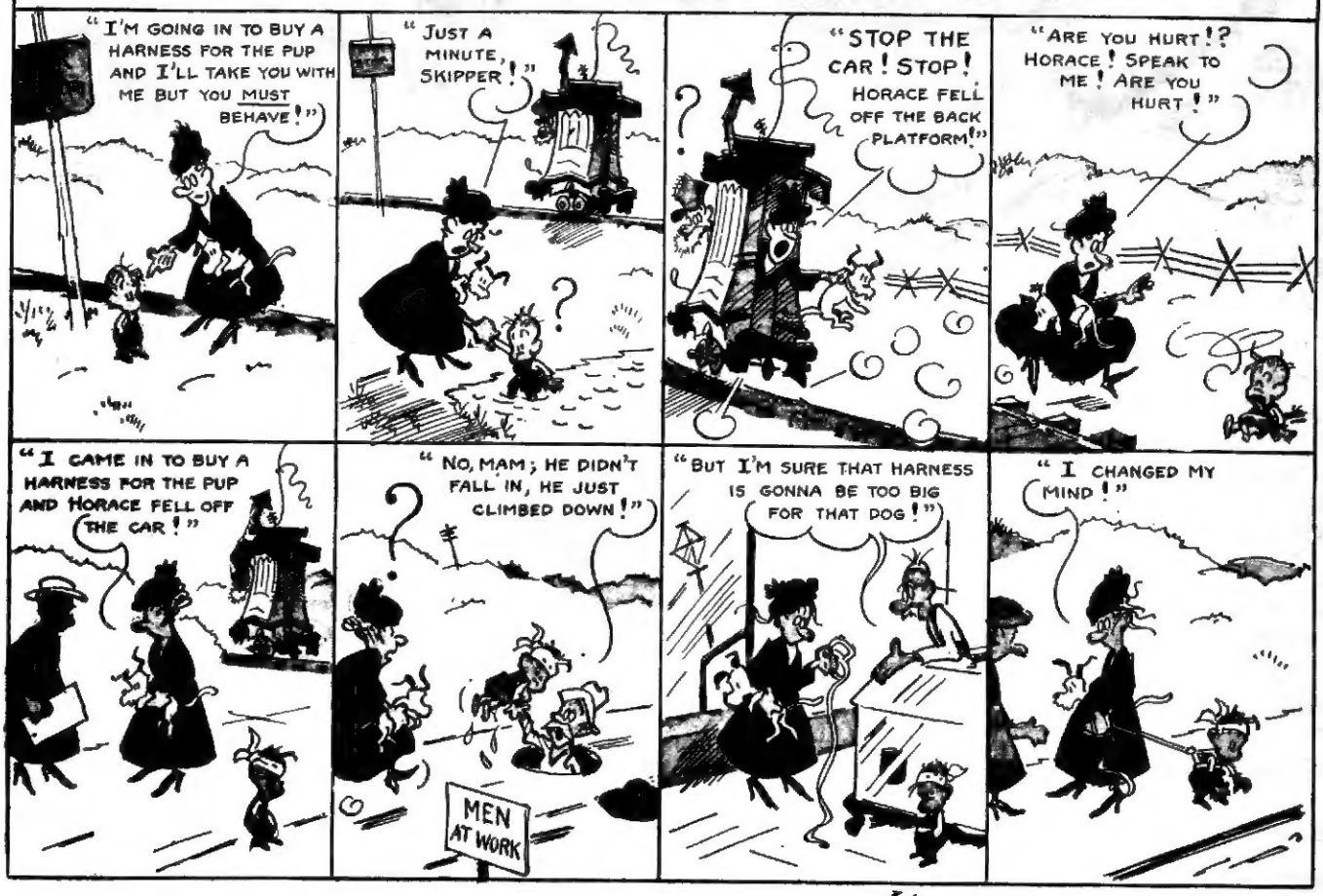



" THIS HERE IS A CONTRAPTION MY NEPHEW MADE, IT'S A WATER GLASS ! YOU STICK ONE END IN THE WATER AND YOU CAN SEE WOT'S DOWN UNDERNEATH. "

LITTLE STANLEY

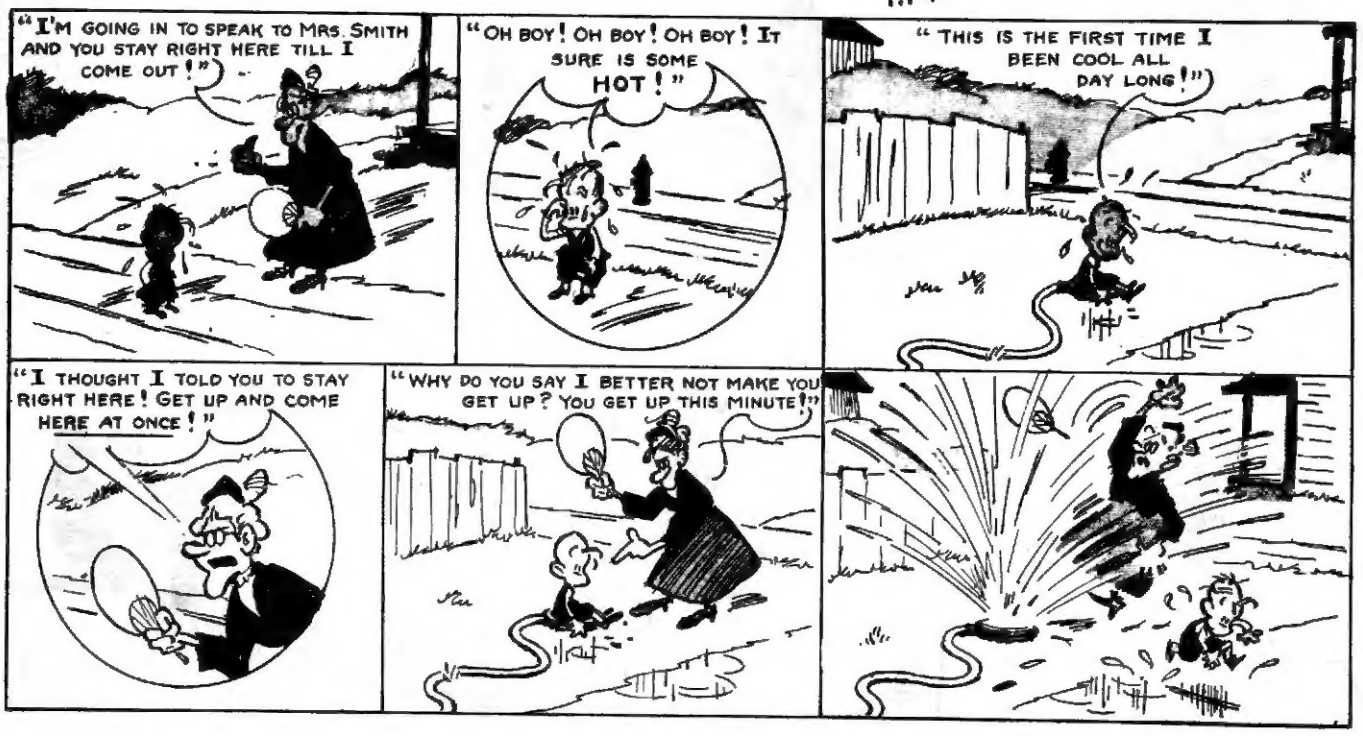


TOONERVILLE FOLKS by FONTAINE FOX


"I'M GOING IN TO BUY A HARNESS FOR THE PUP AND I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME BUT YOU MUST BEHAVE!"
"JUST A MINUTE, SKIPPER!"
"STOP THE CAR! STOP! HORACE FELL OFF THE BACK PLATFORM!"
"ARE YOU HURT!? HORACE! SPEAK TO ME! ARE YOU HURT!"
"I CAME IN TO BUY A HARNESS FOR THE PUP AND HORACE FELL OFF THE CAR!"
"NO, MAM; HE DIDN'T FALL IN, HE JUST CLIMBED DOWN!"
MEN AT WORK
"BUT I'M SURE THAT HARNESS IS GONNA BE TOO BIG FOR THAT DOG!"
"I CHANGED MY MIND!"

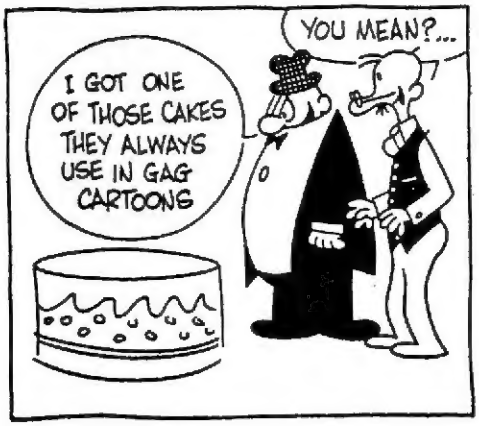
LITTLE STANLEY

F. Fox


"I'M GOING IN TO SPEAK TO MRS. SMITH AND YOU STAY RIGHT HERE TILL I COME OUT!"
"OH BOY! OH BOY! OH BOY! IT SURE IS SOME HOT!"
"THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I BEEN COOL ALL DAY LONG!"
"I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO STAY RIGHT HERE! GET UP AND COME HERE AT ONCE!"
"WHY DO YOU SAY I BETTER NOT MAKE YOU GET UP? YOU GET UP THIS MINUTE!"

SAM'S STRIP RETURNS!

by Mort Walker and Jerry Dumas



WHAT'S THAT POUNDING ?
I CALLED SOMEONE IN TO FIX THAT STICKY WINDOW
BAM BAM
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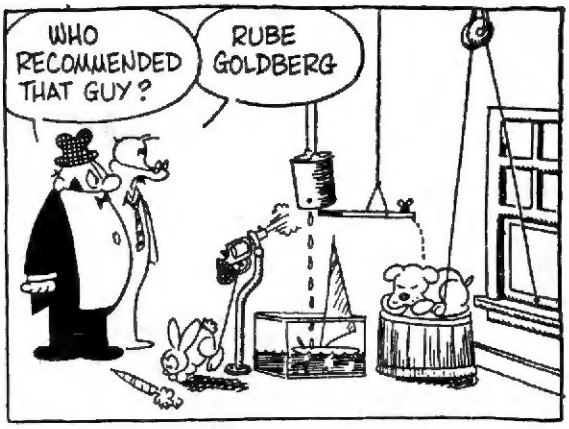

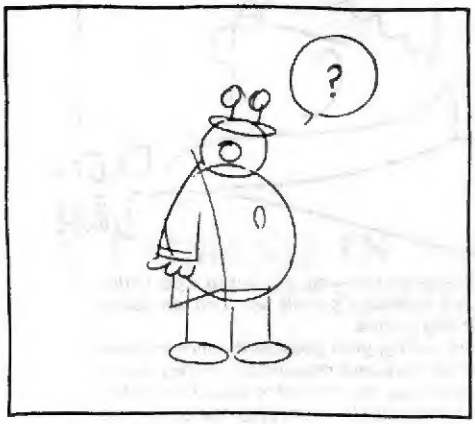
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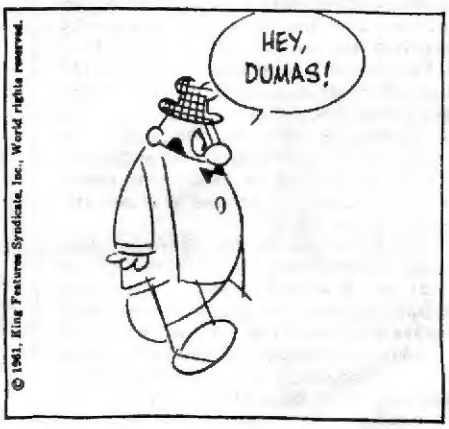
HEY, DUMAS!
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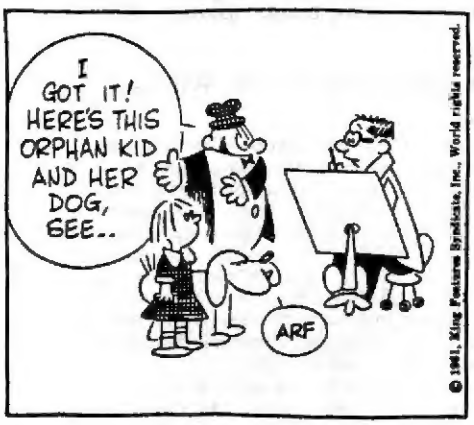
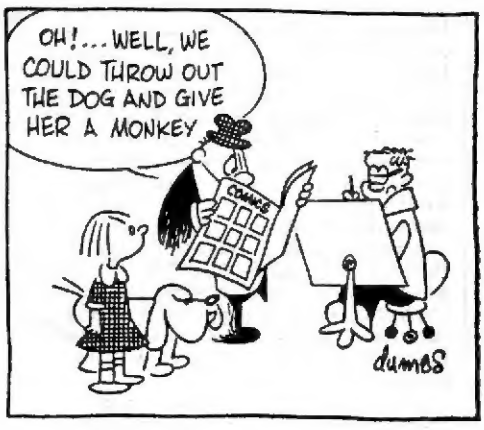
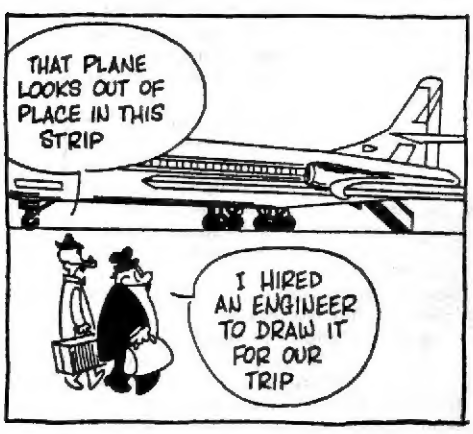
STOP GIVING CARTOON LESSONS ON COMPANY TIME!
dumas
12-18


I GOT IT! HERE'S THIS ORPHAN KID AND HER DOG, SEE..
ARF
© 1981, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.

AND SHE TRAVELS AROUND THE COUNTRY LIVING WITH DIFFERENT FOLKS AND..
SAM!
COMICS
12-20


OH!... WELL, WE COULD THROW OUT THE DOG AND GIVE HER A MONKEY
COMICS
dumas


THAT PLANE LOOKS OUT OF PLACE IN THIS STRIP
I HIRED AN ENGINEER TO DRAW IT FOR OUR TRIP

WHY DIDN'T YOU HAVE DUMAS JUST DRAW ONE OF HIS REGULAR CARTOON PLANES?
© 1981, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.

WHO WANTS TO FLY IN A FUNNY AIRPLANE?
dumas
1-2

CARTOON PROP ROOM
WHERE DID THIS COME FROM?
REMEMBER? THAT WAS AFTER YOU SAW YOUR FIRST SHIRLEY TEMPLE MOVIE

CARTOON PROP ROOM
YEAH. I GUESS I USED TO BE A BIT OF A DREAMER
USED TO BE?!
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CARTOON PROP ROOM
BRIGITTE BARDOT
dumas
1-3

letters

Reflections

Dear Rick,

O.K.! I've been patient long enough! I figured J.R. Williams was too fine a chronicler of American life to go unfeatured for long in your classy and thoughtful flagship of cartoonery and comicdom. But, except for a couple of panels in an early issue (#5? #6?), it seems you've forgotten this wonderful writer and artist.

The *Out Our Way* panels and Sunday strips seem to have run uncannily parallel to my own life. I'm certain that part of the warmth I feel for my younger brother is a result of the love Willis had for *his* runny-nosed little sibling. The age difference of five or six years is the same, and although I remember that the sister was some what older, (mine was considerably younger) I think that there was, in Willis's household, as in mine, a prominent grandmother.

In those panels of machine-shop and factory life, it seems the future (for me) was somehow eerily predicted. I've spent the last 25 years as a mechanic and factory hand, and I can give expert testimony as to the accuracy of Williams's portraits of that life.

the vignettes of end-of-an-era ranch/cowhand life in the Southwest take me right back to my early childhood outside of Phoenix, Arizona. My dad and mother grew up there, along with dozens of cousins, aunts, uncles, and friends. My uncle Ray and cousin "Pard" ran a ranch outside of town and were the very models of laconically humorous westerners so precisely caricatured by Williams.

So, you see, my feelings of kinship for this body of work are not unwarranted, and if you could reprint some of this great stuff, especially the Sunday strips, you'll make this fan real happy. Well actually, you've already done that with *NEMO* and all the other Fantagraphics goodies, so let me amend that to "happier."

You know, it seems to me that Fantagraphics has somehow plugged into my mind and extracted from it all my favorite artist, writer, character and strip preferences, and is proceeding to produce for my personal enjoyment each and every one of them—and in the exact format I would have chosen. I mean, *Prince Vaillant*—oversized and in color! For $7.95!! An answered prayer, for which I thank you. And thanks too, for Popeye—another bargain—and for the witty and beautiful *Dalgoda*.

Before I shut this down, I'd like to comment on Al Capp and Harold Gray. I was 7 or 8 when I started reading *Li'l Abner* in 1943-44. I believe the storyline was the "Are You Ready For Freddie" or "The Greatest" and was soon followed by "Lena the Hyena." Does my memory still serve? At any rate, I always read the strip because it was so much fun. The same reason that Mr. Capp gives, in your recently printed interview [Nemo #18], for having written it. When he stopped having fun—which he says happened in the '60s—so did I, and so did the rest of his audience. Bitterness is impossible to conceal in a strip like *Li'l Abner*, and totally destroys the fun. It wasn't so much that Al Capp's ability to search for, locate, and destroy establishment icons had diminished, but that he began to blast away at *all* humanity with an indiscriminate nastiness. He attacked *us*, his audience, and we could find no underlying sense of concern, that lightness of touch the sense of fun was gone.

Harold Gray, on the the other hand, was never inconsistent. His vision was as clear as the whites of Annie's eyes, and as unwavering. My grandmother, who always read the funnies to me, also read to me my first novel—an *Annie Big Little Book*—that sealed my fanhood for *Annie* forever. Harold Gray, as Al Capp says, *did* have dangerous thoughts, but he never compromised them, never watered them down, and he could draw like nobody's business. Reducing figures and landscape to their essential elements using black and white—light and darkness to create a palpable ominousness that truly gave you the shivers. Or he put you just behind Annie and Sandy as they approached some distant metropolis along an outlying road, and invested in that two-and-a-half by three-inch scene all the apprehension of a canvas by DeChirico. Or, as his protagonists entered the city itself, he described in those blocks of darkness the terrors of a nightmare—which Annie's adventures often became.

The man was a certified genius and deserves a reprint series of his own. How about it? Rick, you're pushing all the right buttons. Don't change a thing. Keep *NEMO* coming. Thank you, and my very best to you and your wonderful publication.

DAN MATLOCK
BAYONNE, NJ

Your memory re NEMO *and J.R. Williams is correct in the general but not in the specific. In issue #3, Donald Phelps's first essay for this magazine was a piece on Williams's charms, and we reprinted an even dozen cartoons, with a photo of the cartoonist in Western garb. But that's three years ago, and I am one who believes that one can never read enough J.R. Williams. He is one artist (Clare Briggs is another) who, when I have overdosed on comics and seek a respite—and it does happen—gets me right back in the mood, appreciating the potential of the wonderful art form, and the achievements that certain geniuses have reached. More Williams on the way, probably a portfolio of his cowboy panels as well as some Sunday pages.*

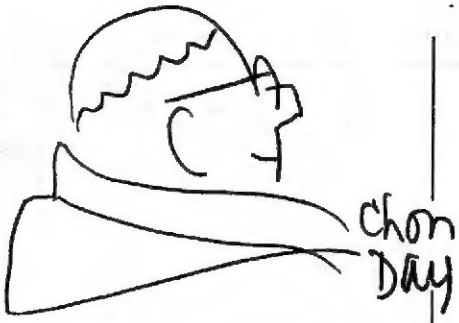
Regarding your prescient comments on Harold Gray and request for seeing more, I am happy to announce that The NEMO Bookshelf will be reprinting the entire run of Little Orphan Annie, *beginning with the suspenseful and exciting episodes of the early 1930s. Leapin' lizards! —REM*

NEMO invites correspondence on recent articles, suggestions for future coverage, and items of historical, biographical, and bibliographical interest.

Artwork and photos will be considered and will be handled with care and returned to correspondents.

In the meantime, and at appropriate intervals, sketches from the editor's notebooks by artists of the past and present will enliven the letter colums.

Write to NEMO, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.



Another Vote for J.R. Williams

Dear Richard,

When *NEMO* was first published my joy was overshadowed by the concern, "It would not last." I am happy I was wrong.

Your magazine has consistently turned out excellent articles on long-ago strips, many of which I grew up with as a youngster. Newark, N.J., was my hometown and the Mom and Pop candy store around the block was my source of comics and newspapers carrying those marvelous adventure or humorous strips.

I have a favor to ask. (Just as a fan, no other reason). Will you at least consider, someday, giving some space in *NEMO* to republishing a lovely old strip (Sundays only as I recall) called *"OUT OUR WAY (with the Willetts)"*? I'm ashamed to say I cannot recall the artist's name, but your sources will have it. Those family stories of the sister and brother, Lillian and Willie, were not only very funny but so true to life. While I grew up in the city and have very fond memories of city life, "Out Our Way" was about suburban living and always just a dream for many of us. As it turned out, that dream came true, and many many more in the following years. ing years.

Another strip which I feel may be of interest to your readers is *"Barney Baxter"* by Frank Miller. Aviation adventure stories were big then and I don't have to identify the really great ones—but somehow I feel that Miller's clear, clean artwork and stories are not known by today's collectors. And his girls weren't bad either!

I thank you for the first 17 issues (I have two of each to encourage, in some small way, your staying in business) and look forward to many many more in the future.

JOHN G. SCHREIBER
KINGSTON, NH

As you'll notice in the neighboring letter, J.R. Williams was the creator of "Out Our Way." Your warm memories evoked by Williams's cartoons reflect the major reason he is such an important talent in cartoon history; not only did he never sacrifice humor or characterization in his nostalgic cartoons, but he was able to mix domestic comedy, genre cartoons, and cowboy material with equal deftness. Stay tuned for more of his reprints, and thanks for the kind words. —REM